ÆSOP'S FABLES,

Dorothy With their Weld her

Book MORALS the giveſt

of my Brother IN Charles and Thomas

PROSE and VERSE, 1695

Grammatically Tranſlated,

Illuſtrated with Pictures and Emblems.

TOGETHER

With the Hiſtory of his LIFE and DEATH, newly and exactly Tranſlated out of the Original Greek.

Philoſtr. Imagin.
Κορυφαῖα δὲ τοῦ χοροῦ ἡ ἀλώπηξ.

The Twelfth Edition, exactly Corrected, by W. D.

LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Eglesfield*, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*, at Stationers Hall, 1691.

16—843

TO THE

READER.

READER,

I *Do not know thee, and therefore cannot fit thee with an* Epithet.. *Who, or whatever thou be, I here preſent thee with a new Edition of what thou haſt already had; only a little larger, a little better, and the method a little alter'd. Do not wonder to find ſo much* reaſon *in this little Book amongſt* Birds *and* Beaſts, *it is but what men have loſt, and they have gathered up: thou may'ſt well allow* Owls, Daws, Buzzards, Woodcocks, Apes *and* Aſſes, *to talk together in old times, when as we had the ſame creatures ordinarily in every* Pulpit: *ſo that what were* Fables *in* Æſop's *time, were too true of late.*

But Reader, *I am to inform thee, that there came out lately a* Paltry *thing, juſt of the ſame ſhape and higneſs with this Book in thy hand; and to compleat the cheat, it carries the ſame name, and hath counterfeited its* Ornaments, *the* Pictures; *the Brat might as well have come into the World, with the renowned Title of* Tom Thumb, *as be called* The Fables of Æſop. *Certainly the* Pye-corner Book-binder *forgot himſelf when he contrived it; for he hath been at the expence of Paper and Ink, to ſet forth the* Tales *that his* Grannam *told him in Winter Evenings, which I ſuppoſe might be all the diſcipline of his Education: could he not have plainly told that he preſented him with a piece of* Antiquity, *called* Mother Shiptons laſt words; *it would better have ſuited with the matter of his nonſence, than to call it* The Fables of Æſop, *the* Pictures *would have fitted*

it as well. I can assure the Reader, *that he shall in this Book find fair dealing; the Life of Æsop is exactly translated out of the Greek Copy, and the Fables with the like care, both in Prose and Verse; which is easily discerned by comparing of that counterfeit which is called* The Fables of Æsop, *and only in Prose: So with this I take my leave of the Man, that hath taken so much pains to deceive the World, and refer my Book and my self to thy Ingenuity. If with the* Sugar *of these* Fictions *thou take down the wholesome* Pills *of the* Moral, *the* Author *hath his end in writing, and I mine in publishing. Let Children look upon the* Pictures, *look thou further; if thou read the* Fables, *thou maiest be as merry as others with Sack and Claret; if thou read the* Application, *thou maist learn as much as in the Schools of the most severe Philosophers. Farewell, and enjoy it either for* Delight *or* Profit, *or (which is best of all) for both together.*

F. E.

These most useful Schole-Books *printed for* F. Eglesfield, *are to be Sold by* Randal Tayler *at* Stationer's Hall.

RHetorices Elementa, Quæstionibus & Responsionibus explicata in Usum *Scholæ Mercatorum Scissorum.*

Vestibulum Linguæ Latinæ Verum & Linguarum fundamenta exhibens, cum Dictionario Latino-Anglicano. *Both by* Guil. Duguard, *late Master of* Merchant-Taylors School.

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FAB. 1.

Of the Cock.

THe Cock, whilſt he turned over the dunghill, found a precious ſtone; ſaying, wherefore do I find a thing ſo bright? If a Jeweller had found it, none would have been more jocund than he, becauſe he knew the price of it. But, indeed it is of no uſe to me, neither do I greatly value it. Yea truly, I had rather have a grain of Barley than all Jewels in the World.

The Moral. *Underſtand by the* Jewel, *Art, and Wiſdom: by the* Cock, *a fooliſh man and voluptuous. Neither do fools love liberal Arts, ſeeing they know not the uſe of them: nor a voluptuous man, for that, pleaſure only delights him.*

A Cock (the dunghill ſcraping) chanc'd to ſpie,
Among the Dirt a precious *Jewel* lie.

Which he disdaining cries, what profit can
This yield to me? If happily a Man
(Knowing the vertue) had this Jewel found,
'T would make his heart with present joy abound
But in my Eye one Barley corn is more
Than all the Jewels on the *Indian* shore.

The Moral.

The Precious stone *described here, implies*
High prised Arts, *and their rich* Mysteries:
The Cock *a sordid Nature, whose desire*
(Like the dull Swine, that wallows in the mire)
Doth greater joy in earthly pleasures find
Than the endowments of a virtuous mind.

FAB. 2.
Of the Wolf *and the* Lamb.

A Wolf drinking at the head of the Fountain saw a Lamb afar off below drinking. He runneth and taunteth the Lamb, for that he troubled the Fountain. The Lamb trembled; besought him that would spare him, being innocent; that he could not himself trouble the drink of the Wolf, seeing

drank far beneath. The Wolf on the other ſide thundereth, ſaying, thou varlet, thou pleadeſt to no purpoſe; thou always doſt me miſchief; thy Father, Mother, all thy hateful Generation is conſtantly againſt me. I will be revenged on thee to day.

The Moral. *It is an old ſaying,* That it is an eaſie matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog. *A Man in power, if he liſt to hurt, eaſily takes occaſion of doing miſchief. He hath offended ſufficiently who cannot reſiſt.*

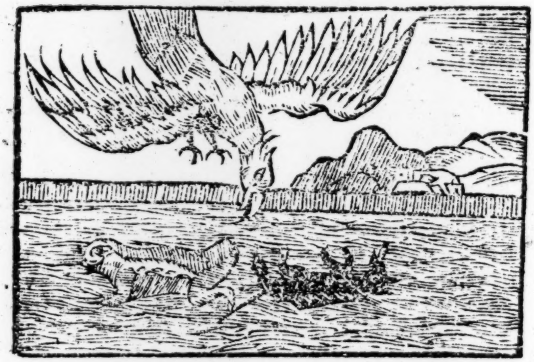
A Thirſty Lamb walks to a River ſide,
Where ſhe is by a ravenous Wolf eſpy'd;
Whoſe curriſh Nature (ſtill on miſchief bent)
Thus picks a quarrel with the Innocent
And harmleſs Beaſt: What (villain) mov'd thee thus
Juſt in our preſence (as in ſcorn of us)
Ere we could drink to foul the Cryſtal Spring?
The Lamb affrighted at his menacing,
Begs for his life, ſhall innocence thus ſpeed,
That neither hurts in will, nor yet in deed;
I drank below, but you drank far above.
Could this the Fountain, upward lying, move?
That ſtreams run backward is to me a wonder;
With that the Wolf 'gain horribly to thunder,
And anſwers, ſlave, thou ly'ſt: have not I ſeen
How ready thou and all thy friends have been
To croſs us ſtill; for which (without delay)
Thy blood for all thoſe former wrongs ſhall pay.

The Moral.

So great Men oftentimes o're ſway with might
The Poor, againſt reſpect of Law or Right.

FAB. 3.

Of the Mouſe *and the* Frog.



A Mouſe waged war with a Frog. They fought for the Soveraignty of the Fen. The battle was fierce and doubtful. The crafty Mouſe, lurking under the Graſs, ſets upon the Frog by ambuſcado. The Frog being better in ſtrength, and more able in valour and leaping, challengeth his enemy to the open Field. Each of them had a ſpear of a Bulruſh. Which Battel being ſeen afar off, the Kite maketh haſte unto them, and whilſt neither of them heeds himſelf for eagerneſs of fighting, the Kite ſnatcheth and teareth in pieces both the champions.

The Moral. *In like manner it happeneth to factious Citizens, who being inflamed with a deſire of rule, whilſt they contend amongſt themſelves to be made Magiſtrates, do put their Eſtates, and alſo their Lives very often in danger.*

THe Frog and Mouſe at variance did ſtand,
Who ſhould be King, and rule the Mooriſh land
And therefore to decide this fatal jar,
They undertake a long and doubtful War.

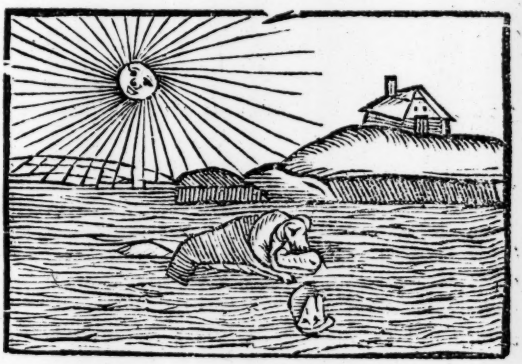
The crafty Mouſe in ambuſh cloſely lies,
That ſhe th' unwary Frog might ſo ſurpriz:;
The Frog ſuſpects the Plot, and therefore ſh:
To open combat dares her enemy,
Not willing to prolong the war. Agreed
Both parties meet; each brandiſhing a Reed
Inſtead of Spears: while at each others ſight
Their courage makes them eager of the fight.
Which ſcarce begun, the Kite comes flying by,
(To both of them a fatal enemy)
And ſtooping quickly parts the warriors fray,
Making both Mouſe and Frog become her prey.

The Moral.

So factious men inflamed with deſire
Of bearing rule, imprudently aſpire
Beyond their reach, and fooliſhly contend:
But haſten their own ruine in the end.

FAB. 4.

Of the Dog *and the* Shadow.



A Dog ſwimming over a River, carried a piece of Fleſh in his Mouth. The Sun ſhining, as it fell

out, the ſhadow of the fleſh ſhined in the water; which ſeen, he greedily cathing at it, loſt that which was in his Jaws. Therefore being daunted with the loſs both of the thing, and alſo of his hope, firſt he was aſtoniſhed, afterwards getting heart again, he barked out thus; O wretch, there wanted moderation to thy greedineſs. There was enough, and more than enough, if thou hadſt not doated: now thou haſt leſs than nothing by thy fooliſhneſs.

The Moral. *We are put in mind of modeſty by this Fable; we are put in mind of Wiſdom, that there be a moderation in our deſire, leaſt we loſe certain things for uncertain. Surely that* Sannio *in* Terence *ſpeaks cunningly;* I (*quoth he*) will not buy hope at that rate.

BY chance a hungry Dog had rob'd the Pot,
Or from the Cook a piece of Fleſh had got;
Wherewith he nimbly croſs the River flies,
To ſhun purſuit of following Enemies.
But as he paſt within the water clear
The fleſh's ſhadow did to him appear.
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for the ſhadow, lets the ſubſtance fall:
So both being loſt, when he could neither find,
He cries, Fool, thank thy greedy mind.

The Moral.

Be not too covetous t' increaſe thy ſtore,
But what thou undertak'ſt conſult before:
Leſt Fortune many thy undertakings croſs,
And thou buy future hopes with preſent loſs.

FAB. 5.

Of the Lion *and the* Beaſts.

THE Lion had made a covenant with the Sheep and with certain other Beaſts, that the Prey ſhould be common. They go a hunting, a Hart is taken. They divide him. Every one beginning to take up their ſeveral ſhares, as it was agreed, the Lion roareth out, ſaying, one part is mine, becauſe I moſt excel in ſtrength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, becauſe I have ſweat more in catching the Hart. And laſtly, unleſs you grant me a fourth part, farewell friendſhip. His fellows hearing this, do depart empty and ſtill, not daring to mutter at the Lion.

The Moral. *Faithfulneſs hath been ever rare; it is more rare now-a-days: but it is and hath been always moſt rare amongſt potent Men. Wherefore it is better that you live with your equal. For he that liveth with a potent Man, muſt neceſſarily part oft-times with his own right: you ſhall have equal dealings with your equals.*

A General day for hunting being decreed
Amongſt the Beaſts, they mutually agreed

(The ſport being ended) equal ſhare ſhould fall
Of what they ſlew to recompenſe them all.
So out they goe to hunt the nimble Hart:
Who ſlain, each beaſt according to deſert
Expects his ſhare. To whom the Lion thus
Firſt ſpeaks: you know my Friends, that unto us
Belongs one part by right of dignity;
A ſecond too pertaineth unto me,
In that my ſtrength doth above yours excel;
A third is alſo mine; you know it well,
'Cauſe in purſuit I took the greateſt pain:
A fourth part now there only doth remain,
Which grant you muſt the quarrel for to end,
Or elſe of me for ever loſe a friend.
So all the Beaſts depart, nor durſt they ſhew
An angry look, although deluded ſo.

The Moral.

As here the Lion (*right pretending*) *claims*
The others due, ſo for unlawful gains
(*Injuſtice oft prevailing*) *poor men ſtand*
A loof whilſt others do poſſeſs their Land,
Not daring ſeek their own, ſo much the fear
Of greatneſs aws them, though great wrongs they bear.

FAB.

FAB. 6.

Of the Wolf *and the* Crane.

THe Wolf devouring a Sheep, by chance the bones ſtuck in his throat. He goeth about, deſireth help, but no Man helpeth him. All ſay, that he had got a juſt reward of his greedineſs. At length he induceth a Crane by many flatteries, and more promiſes, that her long Bill being thruſt into his throat, ſhe would pluck out the bone which ſtuck in it. But ſhe asking her reward, he mocketh at her: Thou fool, quoth he, go thy way; haſt thou not enough that thou liveſt? thou oweſt me thy life. If it had pleaſed me, I might have bit off thy neck.

The Moral. *It is a common ſaying, That is loſt which thou doſt to an ungrateful Man.*

HUnger ſore bit the Wolf: which he to eaſe,
Roving for Prey, upon a Lamb did ſeize,
And it devoured. But through too much haſte
Of feeding, croſs his ravenous throat ſtuck faſt
One of the ribs: which ſo the Wolf did pain,
That he to many often did complain:
But none would lend him help. At length he goes;
And to the Crane his griefs ſad cauſes ſhows;

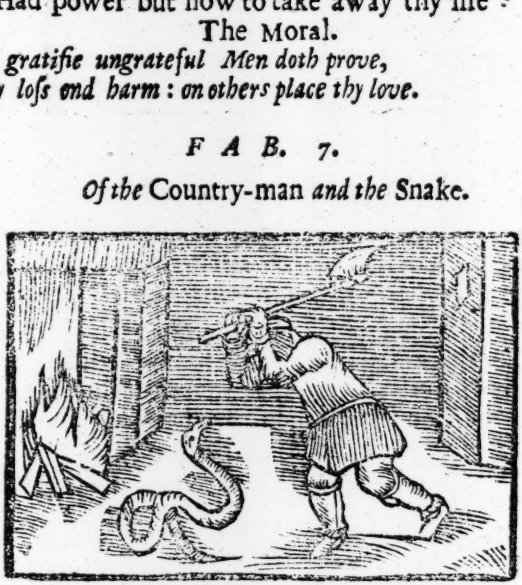
Entreating her to uſe her beſt of skill,
And down his throat by thruſting her long Bill
To draw the Bone that did afflict him ſo;
For which ſhe ſhould not unrewarded go;
But have her full content. The eaſie Crane
(Won with fair words and hope of future gain)
Effects the Cure, and then demands her pay,
To whom the ungrateful Wolf did ſcoffing ſay,
What pay, fond fool, canſt thou expect of me?
Is't not enough that thou eſcapeſt free,
Not hurt at all, when I with little ſtriſe
Had power but now to take away thy life?

The Moral.

To gratifie ungrateful Men doth prove,
Thy loſs and harm: on others place thy love.

FAB. 7.

Of the Country-man *and the* Snake.



THe Country-man brought home a Snake, which he found in the *Snow* almoſt dead with cold. He laid him to the fire. The *Snake* receiving ſtrength and poiſon from the heat, afterwards not enduring the flame, infected all the Cottage with hiſſing. The Country-man runneth unto him, and ſnatching up a

ſtake

ſtake, expoſtulates with him the wrong with words and blows, whether he would thus requite him? whether he went about to take away his life from him, who gave him his life?

The Moral. *It cometh to paſs ſometimes, that they will do you hurt to whom you have done good; and that they will deſerve ill of you, of whom you have deſerved well.*

The Moral.

IN depth of Winter (numb'd with cold) a Snake,
Seeming half dead, upon the ground did lie,
On which a Husband-man did pity take,
As he by chance that way was paſſing by:
So bears her home, then lays her by the fire;
The heat whereof did ſoon the cold expel,
That ſuddenly the Snake began t' reſpire,
And feeling ſtrength with her old venom ſwell;
But quite forgetful of the good receiv'd,
Or what the Man to ſave her life had done,
Whereof ſhe almoſt lately was bereav'd,
To throw abroad her poiſon ſhe begun,
And hiſſing flies at him with all her might.
Which he perceiving fetcheth weapons ſtraight;
Replying, Villain, doſt thou thus requite
My kindneſs, and my love purſue with hate?
For this ingratitude thy life ſhall pay;
And what I ſav'd, I now will take away.

The Moral.

So oftentimes we (by experience) ſee
Thoſe prove our greateſt enemies, whom we
Do moſt befriend; and thoſe to whom we ſhow
Moſt love, to us moſt ſpiteful often grow.

FAB. 8.

Of the Boar *and the* Aſs.

WHilſt the ſluggiſh Aſs mocked the Boar, he was wroth and gnaſhed his teeth, ſaying, O thou moſt ſloathful Aſs, truly thou haſt deſerved ill, but although thou haſt been worthy of puniſhment, yet I am unworthy to be revenged of thee. Mock on; thou maleſt do it ſafely, for thou art out of danger for thy ſluggiſhneſs.

The Moral. *Let us do our endeavour, that when we hear or ſuffer things unbeſeeming us we ſpeak not, nor do things unworthy of us: for evil Men and deſperate for the moſt part do rejoyce, if any good Man do reſiſt them. They value it much that they ſhould be accounted worthy to be avenged of. Let us imitate Horſes and great Beaſts, which paſs by little barking Curs with contempt.*

WHile the dull Aſs the ſturdy Boar derides,
The Boar, whom moderation wiſely guides,
Replies, dull villain, that the world may ſee
How much I ſlight thy ſcoffs, although from me
Thou juſt revenge deſerv'd, jeſt on thy fill,
Thy baſeneſs guards thee, and with-holds my will.

The Moral.

Be not much mov'd when bold aſperſions grow;
Leſt falſe untruths like verities may ſhow.

FAB.

FAB. 9.

Of the City-Mouſe, *and* Country-Mouſe.

IT pleaſed the City-Mouſe to walk into the Country. A Country-Mouſe ſaw him, inviteth him; preparation is made; they go to ſupper. The Country-Mouſe fetcheth forth whatſoever he had laid up for Winter, and bringeth out all his proviſion, that he might ſatisfie the daintineſs of ſo great a gueſt: notwithſtanding the City-Mouſe frowning condemneth the penury of the Country; and then highly extols the plenty of the City. Returning home, he leadeth the Country-Mouſe with him into the City, that he might make good in deed that which he had in words boaſted of. They go to the banquet which the City-Mouſe had gorgeouſly prepared. As they were at the banquet, the noiſe of a key is heard in the lock. They tremble and run away as faſt as they could. The Country-Mouſe both unacquainted, and ignorant of the place, had much ado to ſave himſelf. The ſervant departing, the City-Mouſe returneth unto the Table, calleth the Country-Mouſe. He ſcarcely having put away his fear, creepeth out and asketh the City-Mouſe, inviting him to drink, whether this danger be often. He anſwered that it was daily, and it ough:

ought to be ſlighted. Then ſaid the Country-Mouſe is it daily? Verily your dainties ſavour more of gall than of honey. I, in truth, had rather have my penury with ſecurity, than this plenty with ſuch anxiety.

The Moral. *Riches have indeed a ſhew of pleaſure, but if you look within them, they have danger and bitterneſs. There was one* Eutrapulus, *who when he would hurt his Enemies moſt of all, made them rich, ſaying he would revenge himſelf of them, for that they ſhould receive with their riches a great bundle of cares.*

THe City Mouſe that many days had ſpent
Within her native ſoil, on travel bent
The Countries ſweet varieties to ſee,
Is by a Country Mouſe met happily;
Who entertains her with the choiceſt fare
Her Larder did afford; nor did ſhe ſpare
For any coſt, which the delightful field
To welcome unexpected gueſts could yield.
Yet this pleas'd not the City Mouſe; the Meat
Seem'd too courſe, for her nice chaps to eat:
And therefore ſhe entreats the Country Mouſe,
To walk with her, and view her City Houſe,
To ſee what entertainment ſhe could give,
And how deliciouſly ſhe ſtill did live.
So both agree, and to the City come:
Which entred, they approach a ſpacious room,
And after welcome given, a dainty feaſt
The City Mouſe provided for her gueſt.
Both ſeat themſelves, and heartily do feed,
But midſt their junkets, with unwelcome ſpeed
[illegible]y hear a turning of a key, whoſe fear
[illegible]joins them quickly, to forſake their chear
And ſhift into a hole, from whence they ſee
One of the houſhold ſervants haſtily
Enter the room (the which unuſual ſight
Doth much the trembling Country Mouſe affright)
But he not ſtaying long, the City Dame
Returneth to the Banquet whence ſhe came;

And

And calls her friend, offering a choicer bit
To her, than any ſhe had taſted yet.
But fear had ſpoil'd her ſtomach, ſo that ſhe
(Glad to depart) replieth, if this be
The ſauce you have unto your City fare,
Give me my own; though courſe, 'tis void of care.
Such fears perplex not us, nor griefs moleſt
Our homely roofs; we undiſturbed reſt,
Tho, courſe our fare, when dangers, more than great
Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat.

The Moral.

The poor Mans happy life is here expreſt,
While he content with his eſtate remains,
Above the rich although of wealth poſſeſt;
For care to get, or fear to loſe his gains,
Doth ſo perplex his troubled mind, that he
Scarce lives a day or hour contentedly.

FAB. 10.

Of the Eagle *and the* Daw.

AN Eagle having gotten a Cockle, could not pluck out the fiſh by force or art. A Daw coming unto her

her, gives her counſel. She perſwadeth her to ſoar aloft, and caſt down the Cockle from on high upon the ſtones: for that it would ſo come to paſs that the Shell would be broken. The Daw tarrieth upon the Ground, that ſhe may wait for the fall. The Eagle throweth it down; the Shell is broken; the Fiſh is ſnatched away by the Daw; the Eagle being mocked grieveth.

The Moral. *Do not give credit to every one, and take heed that you look into the counſel which you ſhall receive of others. For many being conſulted with, do not give counſel for them who ask counſel of them, but have an eye to themſelves.*

THE Eagle finds a Cockle, and with pains
Labours for what the faſtned Shell reſtrains.
Which the ſly Daw beholding with deceit,
Pretends t' inſtruct the Eagle how to get
The Fiſh with greater eaſe; and bids her flie
Aloft, and with the Cockle mount the skie;
Then let it fall againſt ſome rock, that ſo
The Shell might open with a ſudden blow.
Which done, the Daw that ſurely watch'd her prey
Snatches the Meat and nimbly flies away,
Leaving the cheated Eagle all alone.
Her ſad miſhap and folly to bemoan.

The Moral.

Do not belief in every one repoſe;
For ſeeming friends prove oft the greateſt foes.
In faireſt Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
And moſt deceit is clad with flattery.
Which in deluding Counſellers is ſhown,
Not for thy gain, but profit of their own.

FAB.

FAB. 11.

Of the Crow *and the* Fox.

A Crow having gotten a prey, maketh a noiſe in the boughs of the tree. A Fox-cub ſeeth him jetting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly ſalute the Crow, I have heard (quoth he) very often that fame is a liar, now I find it in very deed: For as by chance I paſſed by this way, ſpying you on a Tree, I came running unto you, blaming the report: For the report goeth that you are blacker than Pitch, and I ſee that you are more white than Snow. Truly in my judgement you ſurpaſs the Swans, and are fairer than the white Ivie. If ſo be that as you excel in plumes, you ſo excel alſo in voice, in truth I will call you the Queen of all Birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty flatterie, prepares himſelf to ſing. But the Cheeſe falleth out of his bill as he was preparing to ſing; which being ſnatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it ſhames the miſerable Crow, and vexeth at her ſelf, and ſhe grieveth at the ſhame, accompanied with the loſs of the thing.

The moral. *Some are ſo greedy of praiſe, that they love a flatterer with their own reproach and loſs Such ſilly Men are made a prey to Paraſites. If ſo be that you will*

will avoid boasting, you may easily shun that pestiferous sort of flatterers. If you will be Thraso, *you shall never want a* Gnatho.

THe Crow had got a Prey, and with it flies
To feed upon a Tree: which *Vulpes* eyes,
And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he
To work his plot, thus greets her craftily;
Hail, Mistriss, hail, Fames untruths now I sing,
And to your worship joyful tidings bring.
Fame stiles thee black as Soot, but I have found
Her rumors false, in whiteness you abound
Beyond the Snow, or Lillies of the field:
For which the joyful Crow seems thanks to yield,
Clapping her wings. But as she strove to speak,
The bait she had dropt from her empty beak.
Which the Fox nimbly catching, leaves the Crow,
To learn more wit when she is flatter'd so.

The Moral.

Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
And windy praises of the Parasite:
For they for their own ends do most applaud;
Which being obtain'd, they slight whom they defraud.

FAB. 12.

Of the Lion *worn out by Old age.*

A Lion which had made very many enemies by his cruelty in his youth, paid for it in his old age. The Beaſts recompence him like for like. The Boar ſetteth on him with his tuſh, the Bull with his horns; eſpecially the young Aſs deſiring to aboliſh utterly the old name of ſluggiſhneſs, layeth at him luſtily with words, and with his Heels. Then the Lion ſighing deeply, ſaith, Theſe whom I have hurt in times paſt, hurt me now again, and deſervedly. But they whom I have ſometimes done good unto, do not now do me good again, yea, even they hurt me without cauſe. I was a fool that made ſo many to be my enemies, but more fooliſh that truſted falſe friends.

The Moral. *Be not lift up in proſperity, be not fierce. For if fortune ſhall change her face, they whom you have hurt will avenge themſelves. And ſee that you make a difference amongſt your friends.* For *there are certain that are not your friends, but at your tables and fortunes.*

Which

Which eſtate in very deed as ſoon as ever it ſhall be chang-ed, they alſo will be changed: you ſhall be well deal withal, if they be not enemies. Ovid *complaineth juſtly,*

New foes I found when Auſter *fill'd my ſail:*
The wind proves croſs, my friends unfriendly fail,
Neptune *begins to frown and curle the wave,*
My friends are gone, the Savage Sea's my Grave.

THe Lion weak and old, that firſt was ſtrong,
And too unjuſtly meaner Beaſts did wrong,
Now for his tyranny doth pay: the Boar
With his ſharp tusks his aged ſide doth gore:
The Bull aſſaults him with his horns: the baſe
And ſordid Aſs with undeſerved diſgrace,
Spurns at him too: the which perplexed more
The noble Beaſt, than all the blows before.
Who thus cries out; I oft have injur'd them,
And juſtly merit they ſhould me contemn.
But the dull Aſs, whom I eſteem'd my friend,
Forſakes me too. Unhappy I to lend
Affection to his baſeneſs, and to move
The wrath of ſuch as would more faithful prove.

The Moral.

If fortune raiſe thee to a high degree
Of bearing rule, let not thy actions be
Too much ſevere, but ſuch, as juſtice may
Command the Vulgar duly to obey:
Leſt fortune change, and thou (of friends forlorn)
Be made of thy inferiours a ſcorn.

FAB. 13.

Of the Dog *and the* Aſs.

WHilſt the Dog fawned upon his Maſter and the family, both the Maſter and the family make much of the Dog. The Aſs ſeeing that, groaneth very deeply. It began to irk him of his condition: he thinks it was not fairly carried, that the Dog ſhould be welcome to all, and be fed from his Maſters table, and ſo attain that by idleneſs and play; and contrarily, himſelf to carry Pack-ſaddles, be beaten with a Whip, never to be idle, and yet be hated of every body. If theſe things be gotten by fawning, he determineth to follow that Art which is ſo profitable. Therefore on a certain time to try the matter, he runs forth to meet his Maſter returning home, leaps upon him, beats him with his hoofs. His Maſter crying out, the ſervants run unto him; and the foolish Aſs, which thought himſelf civil, is beaten with a cudgel.

The Moral. All of us cannot do all things, *as* Virgil *ſaith in his* Bucolics; *neither do all things become all Men. Let every one deſire that, let him try that which he is able. For we know that is ſpoken more ſignificantly in Greek,* An Aſs to the harp, *ſo alſo* Boetius.

An

An Aſs put to the Harp. Nature reſiſting our labour is in vain. You ſhall neither do nor ſay any thing, if *Minerva* be unwilling, *witneſs* Horace.

THe ſtrong back'd Aſs, whoſe labour to his Lord
Commodity and Profit did afford,
Perceiving oft the little Dog (whoſe uſe
No Profit to his Maſter could produce,
But kept for pleaſure only (ſport and play,
And fawning on his Maſter, every day
Fed well, and liv'd at eaſe, while he with pain
Still wrought, and yet could no ſuch love obtain;
Grows envious, and reſolves the like to try.
So leaping on his Maſter lovingly,
He paws at him with his four-foot, then lays
His noſe cloſe to his lips, and loudly brays;
Friſking about in ſuch a ruſtick ſort,
As a rude Aſs could do to ſhow him ſport.
Whereat the Maſter much affrighted, cries
For help, his ſervant to him quickly hies:
Who ſeeing how bold the ſordid Aſs did grow,
Requites his paſtime with a cruel blow,
Thraſhing him well, till he with grief repents,
And quite forſaketh ſuch fond complements.

The Moral.

'T would prove a thing prepoſterous to ſee
A Buffoon plac'd i' th' Seat of Dignity.
As much ridiculous it is for one
To meddle with anothers function.
And they but trifle time who think they can
Reach th' appehenſion of another Man.
For let them ſtrive till death, none can partake
Of every Art, Nature doth Artiſt make.

FAB. 32.

Of the Lion *and the* Mouſe.

THe Lion being weary with heat and with running, reſted under the ſhadow upon green leaves. A company of Mice ran over his back. He awaking catched one of many. The captive beſeecheth him, crieth that he was not worthy that the Lion ſhould be angry at him. He bethinketh himſelf that there was no praiſe in the death of ſuch a ſilly little Beaſt, lets go the captive. And not very long after, as the Lion by accident runs thorough the Forreſt, he falls into ſnares. Roar he may, get forth he cannot. The Mouſe heareth the Lion roaring pitifully; knoweth his voice; creepeth into the Holes; ſeeketh the knots of the Snares, findeth them being ſought; gnaweth them in pieces being found: the Lion eſcapeth out of the Nets.

The Moral. *This Fable perſwadeth great Mens clemency. For as humane things are unſtable, ſo mighty Men themſelves ſometimes need the help of the baſer. Wherefore a wiſe man although he may, will be afraid to hurt any man whomſoever. But he that feareth not to hurt another, doth exceeding fooliſh. Why ſo? Becauſe although truſting in his own power, he feareth no man; it will peradventure come to paſs afterward that he may fear. For*

it

it is evident that hath happened to famous and great Kings, that they have either needed the favour of baſe men, or feared their anger.

OPpreſt with heat a Lion in the ſhade
For his repoſe his wearied limbs had laid,
And fell aſleep: 'bout whom a troop of poor
And little Mice, that never durſt before
Approach his preſence, merry paſtimes make,
Till with their ſport the angry Beaſt they wake,
Whoſe fury forc't them all to flie but one;
Which not ſo nimble as the reſt alone
Is left behind, and by the Lion caught,
Whereat amaz'd, the ſilly Mouſe beſought
The noble Lion vengeance not to ſhow
For this her firſt offence, but let her go.
The Lion ſoon conſenteth; ſince the blood
Of one ſo baſe could do him little good:
And ſo the Mouſe departs. But ere the day
Was fully ſpent, the Lion ſeeking prey,
And traverſing the Forreſt, chanc'd to be
Entraped in a Net unwarily.
So ſtruggles to get looſe, but prov'd too weak
With all his ſtrength the Intangled net to break.
Wherefore for help a hideous noiſe he makes,
And with his roaring all the Forreſt ſhakes.
Which when the Mouſe now heard, ſhe runs with (ſpeed
Remembring how the Lion once her freed:
And though but weak, by gnawing of the Net,
The ſtronger Lion did at freedom ſet.
So thanks on both ſides given they part agen,
The Mouſe t' her Hole, the Lion to his Den.

The Moral.

Though ſmiling Fortune ſeem a while to bleſs,
And raiſe thee to the height of happineſs,
Inſult not o'r the weak, leſt fortune may
Divert her ſmiles, and thy eſtate decay;
And thou as much in need of others ſtand,
As they of thee, when thou didſt them command.

FAB.

FAB. 15.

Of the ſick Kite.

A Kite lay ſick in his bed, at the point of death. He intreats his mother to go and beſeech the gods. His mother anſwered, that there was no help to be hoped for from the Gods, whoſe holy things and altars he had ſo oft violated with his rapines.

The Moral. *It becometh us to reverence the Gods. For they help the godly, but are againſt the ungodly; being neglected in proſperity, they will not hear us in our miſery. Wherefore be mindful of them in proſperity, that they may be preſent, being called upon in our adverſity.*

THE young Kite ſick, beſought his Dam to pray,
And for his health upon the Gods to call.
But ſhe replied, Son, thou every day
Didſt in thy health into deboiſtneſs fall;
And thinkeſt thou the Gods will comfort lend
To thee, whom thou ſo highly didſt offend?

The Moral.

In thy beſt days let not too haughty pride
Puff up thy thoughts; ſo cauſing a neglect
Of God, whoſe Laws ſhould be thy chiefeſt guide:
Leſt he whoſe pow'r can raiſe, and wrath deject,
When in thy need his aid thou doſt implore,
As much ſcorn thee, as thou didſt him before.

FAB. 16.

Of the Swallow, *and other* Birds.

AS ſoon as the Flax began to be ſown, the Swallow perſwadeth the little Birds to hinder the ſowing, ſaying often, that ſnares were making for them. They laugh at her, calling the Swallow a fooliſh Prophet. The Flax now growing up and waxing green, ſhe admoniſheth them again to pluck up that which was ſown. They laughed at her again, the Flax waxeth ripe; ſhe exhorts them to deſtroy the ſtanding Flax. When they would not hear her adviſing, no not then indeed, the Swallow leaving the company of the Birds, gets unto her ſelf the friendſhip of Man, enters a league with him, dwells with him, cheareth him with ſinging. Nets and Snares are made of the Flax for the reſt of the Birds.

The Moral. *Many neither know to provide well for themſelves, nor will hear him who adviſeth them well. But when they are in dangers and loſſes, then at length they begin to be wiſe, and to condemn their own ſluggiſhneſs. Now are they wiſe enough, This and that, ſay they, ought to have been done. But it is better to be* Prometheus *than* Epimetheus. *Theſe were Brethren; the name*

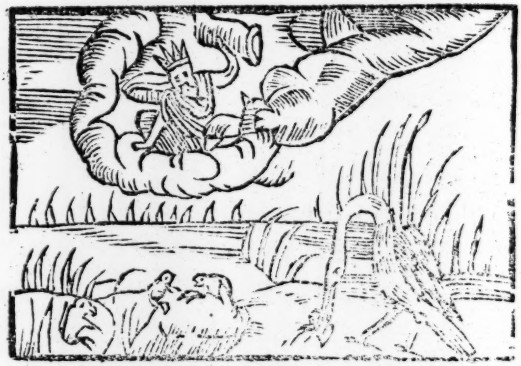
names are Greek, one of them took counsel before the thing was to be done, the other after the thing was done: which the interpretation of their names declareth.

THE painful Husbandman his ground doth ſow
With fatal Hemp-ſeed. Him the Swallow ſpies,
And knowing what great danger thence would grow,
To all the Birds, with haſte away ſhe flies,
And counſels them that they with ſpeed repair,
And (e're the Seed a deep root did take)
To ſpoil and pick it up with greateſt care,
Leſt if thereof the Fowlers nets ſhould make,
It prove the ruin of them all, and they
With loſs of life repent their fond delay.
But the dull Birds, void both of cares and fears,
Slight her advice until the curſed grain
Sprouts forth, and green upon the grounds appears.
Whereat the wiſer *Swallow* once again
More earneſtly perſwades them not to loſe
So fit occaſion; but while yet they may
Prevent a future ill, their ſtrength to uſe,
And not to let the time quite ſlip away,
Until the Hemp grown fully ripe at laſt
All hope to ruin ſuch a foe be paſt.
Yet ſtill the Birds her counſel do neglect,
For which the *Swallow* quite forſakes the field,
And as they her, ſo ſhe doth them reject,
And her ſafe neſt among the houſes build,
Where ſhe at quiet reſts, when hourly cares,
And fear of death the others do perplex,
While the ſly Fowler with his Hempen ſnares
And crafty Gins each minute doth them vex,
So that not day nor night they truly can
Aſſure their ſafety, if eſpi'd by man.

The Moral.

Thus they who ſlight good counſel, headlong run
On miſchief, and repent when th' hurt is done.

FAB. 17.
Of the Frogs *and their* King.



THE Nation of the Frogs, when it was free, beſought *Jupiter* to give them a King. *Jupiter* laughed at the requeſt of the Frogs. They notwithſtanding were inſtant again and again, until they inforced him. He caſt them down a Beam. That vaſt weight ſhakes the water with a great noiſe. The Frogs being terrified, are ſilent. They adore their King. They come nearer by little and little; at length caſting away fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him. The ſluggiſh King is made a ſcorn and a contempt. They importune *Jupiter* again, they beſeech him to give them a King which may be valorous. *Jupiter* gives them a Stork. He walking thro' the Fen very ſtoutly, devoureth what Frogs ſoever he meeteth with. The Frogs then complained in vain of the cruelty of this King. *Jupiter* heareth them not, for they as yet complain even at this day; for the Stork going to reſt at Evening, they coming forth of their Dens, do ſecretly murmur with a hoarſe croaking: but they ſing to the Deaf. For *Jupiter* will have it ſo, that they which prayed againſt a mild King, ſhould now ſuffer an unmerciful one.

The

The Moral. *It is wont to fall out to the common People even as to the Frogs; who if they have a King somewhat more mild, they charge him to be sluggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a man; and contrarily, if at any time they get a valiant King, they condemn his cruelty, and commend the clemency of the former. Whether it be for that we always mislike our present Estate, or because it is a true word,* That new things are better than old.

THE Frogs desire a King; and for that end
To *Jupiter* their earnest prayer send.
Jove smiles to see their folly, and denies
Their suit at first; but tired with their crie,
He 'mongst them throws a Log, whose heavy fall
With Terror so amaz'd the Frogs, that all
Crouch down for fear, and with amazement stand
In readiness t' obey their Kings command.
Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
'Twas nothing but a senseless Log bereav'd
Of life and motion all the Frogs bestride
His lumpish back, and their mild King deride,
Desiring *Jove* to give them one, that may
With awful pow'r the Mooriſh Empire sway,
And not a lifeless Block. *Jove* therefore sends
The Stork to them, which stalking proudly bends
His mind to Tyranny, devouring still
The Frogs to please his appetite and will.
Weary whereof, the Frogs repine again,
But *Jove* will hear them now no more complain:
The Stork must govern still, since (not content)
They murmur'd at a peaceful Government.

The Moral.

How good so ere the King we daily see,
Subjects repine; and if he peaceful be,
They count him dull, if much severe, they cry
And murmur hourly 'gainst his Tyranny.

FAB. 18.

Of the Dove *and* Kite.

THE Dove on a time, made war with the Kite: Whom that they might conquer, they choſe the Hawk for their King. He being made their King, playeth the enemy, not their King. He plucketh and teareth them in pieces, no leſs greedy than the Kite. The Pidgeons repent of their enterpriſe, thinking it had been better for them to endure the wars of the Kite, than the Tyranny of the Hawk.

The Moral. *Let it grieve no man too much for his own condition; for* (*as* Horace *ſaith*) Nothing is every way happy. *I indeed would not wiſh my lot to be changed, ſo that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new condition, have wiſhed the old again. We are almoſt all of us of ſuch a fickly diſpoſition, that we grow weary of our ſelves.*

DIſſention grown betwixt the Doves and Kite,
The Doves, too weak with ſuch a foe to fight,
The Sparrow Hawk to be their King elect,
Hoping ſhe ſhould their innocence protect,
And quell th' inſulting Kite. But ſhe poſſeſt
Of rule, with greater cruelty oppreſt
The harmleſs Doves; who now with ſorrow rue
Their haſty choice, ſince to their loſs they knew,

'Twas

'Twas safer with the Kite at war to be,
Than to endure the Spar-Hawks tyranny,

The Moral.

Change seldom brings a better; every one
Should therefore rest content, and covet none.

FAB. 19.

Of the Thief *and the* Dog.

A Thief on a time reaching bread to a Dog, that he would hold his peace; the dog answer'd, I know thy treachery. Thou giveſt me bread that I ſhould leave off barking. But I hate thy gift; for if I ſhall take thy bread, thou will carry all things out of the houſe.

The Moral. *Beware you let not go a great benefit for a ſmall. Take heed you truſt not every man; for there are men, who will not only ſpeak courteouſly, but alſo deal kindly, with a treacherous meaning.*

A Thief with a felonious intent
By night to rob a houſe in ſecret went;
A Dog eſpies him. But the crafty Knave,
To pleaſe the Cur, and his diſcov'ry ſave,
(Leſt he ſhould bark too loud) offers him bread.
Which the good Dog refuſing, anſwered,
Villain, thou giv'ſt a morſel, but wouldſt do
A greater harm, ſhould I but ſuffer you.

The Moral.

Beware to whom you truſt, or faith impoſe,
Leſt for a little gain you greater loſe.

FAB. 20.

Of the Wolf *and* Sow.

THE Sow pig'd. The Wolf promiſeth that he will be the keeper of her young. The Sow anſwered that ſhe had no need of the Service of the Wolf; if he would be counted religious, if he deſired to do an acceptable thing, let him go further off for the office of the Wolf did not conſiſt in his preſence, but in his abſence.

The Moral. *All things are not to be believed of all. Many will proſer their pains, not for the love of thee, but of themſelves; ſeeking their own profit, not thine.*

THE Sow had litter'd; when the Wolf to her
With ſeeming care his ſervice did prefer,
To guard her Pigs, leſt danger perchance might
(The Sow being abſent) on her young ones light.
But the wiſe Sow replies, ſhe needed none
To guard her young, her ſelf could do 't alone.
Knowing his abſence ſafer far would be
To her, and them, than the Wolfs company.

The Moral.

It is not ſafe to truſt or credit all;
Leſt ſome (pretending love) intend thy fall.

FA

FAB. 21.
Of the Birth *of the* Mountains.

ONce there was a report that the Mountains were in travel. Men come, and ſtand round about, expecting ſome Monſter, not without fear. At length the Mountains bring forth, there comes out a Mouſe. Then all the ſpectators were ready to die with laughing.

The Moral. Horace *toucheth this Fable,*
Mountains in travel are; the wonder 's thus,
A Mouſe comes forth: O moſt ridiculous!

It alſo notes bragging. For braggers, when they profeſs and boaſt of great things, ſcarce perform ſmall. Wherefore thoſe Thraſoes *are juſtly a matter of jeſts and ſcoffs. This* Fable *doth alſo forbid vain fears. For the fear of the danger is for the moſt part greater than the danger it ſelf: it is many times ridiculous which we fear.*

'TWas rumor'd that a Mountain big ſhould be
Deliver'd of a Monſtrous Prodigie.
Men eaſie to believe, and glad to know
Whereto th' event of this report ſhould grow,
In troops flock thither. So the time drew nigh
Of this long look'd for ſtrange Delivery.
And from the Hills vaſt womb skips forth a Mouſe,
To the ſpectators ſo ridiculous,

That seeing they deluded were, retire,
And laugh at what before they did admire.

The Moral.

Great boasters here are shown deluding some
With vaunting words: but when to proof they come,
And men expect like actions, they appear
So vain they merit nothing but a jear.

FAB. 22.

Of the Hound *that was despised by his* Master.

THE Master eggs on the Hound, which was now grown old: He calls on him in vain; his feet are slow, he maketh no haste: he had caught a wild Beast; the wild Beast slips out of his teeth. His Master chides him with stroaks and words. The Dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but he had been stout when he was young. But as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without profit. You loved me when I was young and able to catch the Prey; you hate me now slow and toothless. But if you were thankful, whom you loved in times past being young, for your benefit sake; you would love now being old, for the sake of his profitable youth.

The

The Moral. *The Dog ſaid well: For as* Ovid *ſaith,* Nothing is loved but that which brings profit. Behold, take away from a greedy mind the hope of gain, no body will be ſought for. *There is no remembrance of a paſt commodity, and the favour of a future not great; the chiefeſt thankfulneſs is for a preſent benefit.* Indeed it's a ſhame to be ſpoken, but if we confeſs the truth, the common ſort doth approve friendſhip by their profit.

A Hound grown weak with Age, not able now
To keep the Chaſe, and ſuch like paſtime ſhow
As in his youth he did (yet willing ſtill
Equal t' his power, to pleaſe his Maſters will)
The Game being ſtarted follows; and at length
Faſtens; but wanting his accuſtomed ſtrength,
Lets go his hold, and loſeth quite his Game,
Not able longer to purſue the ſame.
Which when the Huntſman ſees, he angry grows,
And beats the half lame Dog with many blows.
Yet all would not prevail; the Hound no more
Could gain the ground which he had loſt before,
But panting falleth down, for which the man
With fury threatens the poor Cur again,
That he ſhould loſe his life, ſince now unfit
For uſe, he longer did not merit it.
The Dog replies, Sir, if you grateful were,
You ought t' remember ſtill the faithful care
And ſervice of my youth; and not when age
Hath weakned me with undeſerved rage
Haſten my death: but as for profit then,
So do for love, and cheriſh me agen.

The Moral.

So we behold too often in this vain
And thankleſs age, for the deſire of gain
Old ſervants ſhaken off, although their care
T'enrich their Maſters their undoing were.

FAB

FAB. 23.

Of the Hares *and the* Frogs.

THe Woods roaring with an accuſtomed Whirlwind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away haſtily. But as they were flying, there being a Fen in their way, they ſtood doubtful, incompaſſed with dangers on both ſides. And which was a provocation of greater fear, they ſee Frogs drown'd in the Fen. Then one of the Hares wiſer and more eloquent than the reſt, ſaid, Why do we ſo vainly fear? we have need of courage; we have indeed nimbleneſs of body, but we want courage. This danger of the whirlwind is not to be run from, but to be ſlighted.

The Moral. *In every thing there is need of courage. Vertue without confidence lieth under foot; for confidence is the Captain and Queen of Vertue.*

AFfrighted with the noiſe of ſudden ſtorms,
The light foot Hares forſake their open forms,
And to the Woods retire. But there the noiſe
Doth more increaſe, for the Winds louder voice
Roar'd amongſt the trees. From hence again they fly,
Seeking a place of more ſecurity.

But far they had not gone, when in their flight
A Pale their journey ſtopt: Which did ſo fright
The trembling Hares, that all amaz'd they ſit.
At length one finds a breach, and thinks it fit,
Through that to run, and make no longer ſtay;
But this plot fail'd them too, for in their way,
As they ſhould paſs, a ſtanding pool they ſpie,
Wherein a multitude of Frogs did lie,
As they ſuppoſed, drown'd; and therefore fear
Commands them further not their courſe to ſteer.
So they conſult what now is beſt to do.
Backward they dare not, forward cannot go;
Leſt while they ſhun the ſtorms, the preſent waves,
If they ſhould enter, might become their graves.
Amidſt this general fear, up ſtarted one
(More ſolid than the reſt in judgement grown,
By age and long experience) who thus ſaid,
Stand not amazed, Friends, nor be diſmaid;
Though ſtorms at firſt affrighted us, yet they
Cannot ſtill laſt; or yet admit they may,
Our warm and Fur-lin'd Coats can well with-hold
The ſtrongeſt ſtorms, and ſhield us 'gainſt the cold.
Yet thoſe are weak ſupporters to the mind;
That beſt withſtands the power of the wind.
And if our ſelves with patience we can arm,
We ſoon ſhall ſee the fury of this ſtorm
Waſte it's own ſtrength. She ſcarcely this had ſaid,
But the enraged tempeſt was allai'd.

The Moral.

Man like the Hares, with adverſe trouble croſt,
Muſt not at firſt deſpair, as he had loſt
All hope of future help, but ſtedfaſt ſtand
(Arm'd with the ſhield of patience) 'gainſt the hand
Of the Worlds greateſt tempeſt, which once paſt,
He ſhall arrive t' eternal reſt at laſt.

FAB. 24.

Of the Kid *and the* Wolf.

WHen the Goat was going to feed, ſhe ſhut up her Kid at home, charging him to open to no body until her ſelf ſhould return. The Wolf, which had heard that afar off, after the departure of his Dam, knocks at the door, counterfeits the Goats voice, commanding the doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the deceit, ſaith, I will not open them: for although thy voice imitates the Goats, yet indeed I ſee a Wolf through the Chinks.

The Moral. *For children to obey their Parents is beneficial to themſelves; and it becomes a young Man to give ear to an old.*

THE Goat went out into the field to feed,
Leaving at home her young and tender Kid,
Commanding her that ſhe ſhould ope the door
To none till her return. The Wolf that bore
No good intent, in ambuſh lies hard by,
And hears their talk; who therefore preſently
Knocks at the door, and feigns a Goat-like voice.
But the young Kid replies, friend, ceaſe your noiſe,
Here

Here is no entrance; for your feigned note
Tells me you are a Wolf, and not a Goat.

The Moral.

Do as thy Parents bid, and be not led
Aſtray by counſel of each fooliſh head.

FAB. 25.

Of the Hart *and the* Sheep.

A Hart accuſeth a Sheep before a Wolf, crying out that ſhe did owe him a Buſhel of Wheat. But the Sheep indeed was ignorant of the Debt. Yet nevertheleſs by reaſon of the Wolf's preſence, promiſeth that ſhe would pay it. A day is appointed for payment; it comes; The Hart warns the Sheep of it, ſhe denieth it. For what ſhe had promiſed, ſhe excuſes it done for fear, and the preſence of the Wolf; and that a forc'd promiſe ought not to be kept.

The Moral. *The Senſe of the Law is, It is lawful to drive back force by force. From this ſmall* Fable *a certain new one doth ariſe, That it is lawful to refel craft by cunning.*

THE Hart pretends the Sheep did owe a debt,
Long due to him, and now demandeth it,

Before

Before the Wolf. The Sheep durſt not deny,
Though guiltleſs, when her greateſt foe was by,
But freely it confeſt; and ſo a day
Appointed was when ſhe the ſame ſhould pay:
Which drawing nigh, the Hart demands his due,
To whom the Sheep replies, my friend, to you
I nothing owe; once I confeſt for fear,
But now deny; the Wolfs not preſent here.

The Moral.

Force and fraud are good weapons to defend,
Where force and fraud are uſed to offend.

FABL. 26.

Of the Country-man *and the* Snake.

A Certain Country-man had foſtered up a Snake, and on a time being angry ſtrikes the beaſt with his hatchet. He eſcaped not without a wound. Afterwards the Country-man falling into want, ſuppoſed that miſhap befell him for the injury done to the Snake. Therefore he humbly requeſteth the Snake that he would come back. He ſaith he did forgive

give him, but that he would not return; and that he could not be safe with the Country-man, who had such a great hatchet at home. That the mark of the wound was gone, yet the remembrance thereof still remained.

The Moral. *It is scarce safe to give credit to him the second time, who hath once violated his faith. Indeed to forgive an injury is truly a point of mercy. But to look to a man's self, is both benefiting, and a point of wisdom.*

A Countrty-man once kept a *Snake*, which he
Had fostered long, till one day furiously
He struck the same; for which the injur'd *Snake*
Flies to the Wood, and did his house forsake.
She being gone, the man at length grew poor,
Yet could no reason call to mind therefore,
Unless the absence of the *Snake*; since he
Without desert abus'd her wrongfully;
He therefore nimbly to the thicket flies
To seek her out, whom he at last espies;
And seeming greatly for his wrong to mourn,
Asks pardon first, then beg's she would return,
And live with him again. The Snake replies,
Although the wound were cur'd, his injuries
Were not forgot; nor would she venture more
To live where she had found such wrong before.

The Moral.

Once trust thy friend, a second time beware.
It's noble to forgive; but have a care.

FAB. 27.

Of the Fox *and the* Stork.

A Fox invited a Stork to Supper, ſhe poureth out the Food upon the Table. Which being liquid (the Stork in vain attempting with her Bill) the Fox licketh up. The poor Bird goeth her way deluded, is both aſhamed and grieved at the injury. A few days after ſhe returneth; inviteth the Fox. There was ſet a glaſs Veſſel full of Meat: which Veſſel, ſith it was of a narrow neck, the Fox might behold the Meat, and alſo be hungry: Taſte ſhe could not; but the Stork eaſily ſucked up all with her Bill.

The Moral. *Laughter deſerves laughter, Jeſt deſerves jeſt, Deceit deſerves deceit, and Fraud deſerves fraud.*

THE Fox to Supper did the Stork invite,
The Stork accepts his kindneſs, and at night
Meets with her promiſe to partake her ſhare
(As ſhe ſuppoſeth) of moſt dainty fare.
But the ſlie Fox, deceitfully provides
Nothing but liquid ſtuff, which ſpreading glides

All

All thin about the Table; ſo that ſhe
Could nothing eat, while the Fox haſtily,
Licks it all up. The *Stork* but little ſhews
Of outward anger, but away ſhe goes
Hungry as when ſhe came. But many days
Were not outworn, when ſhe again repays
The Fox with like deceit; invites him home,
To dine with her: the Fox doth kindly come,
Where ſhe provides a Veſſel made of Glaſs,
Fill'd full of liquor too, whence nought could paſs
To feed the hungry Fox: beſides the neck
Too narrow for his head, when her long beak
Sucks it all out. Yet kindly ſhe intreats
Her neighbour Fox to taſte of ſuch courſe meats
As ſhe prepar'd. But he, poor hungry Cur,
Seeing himſelf requited well by her
For his old craft, with ſhame departs away
To his own home his hunger to allay.

The Moral.

An antient Proverb ſays, 'Tis no deceit
Deceivers to delude as here we ſee
The Stork inſtructed by the Foxes wit,
Retorts upon him his own knavery.

FAB. 28.

Of the Wolf *and* Painted Head.

A Wolf oft turneth about a Mans head found in a Carvers-ſhop, wonders at it, thinking (that which indeed was) that it had no ſenſe. O fair head ſaith he, there is in thee much art, but no ſenſe.

The Moral. *Outward beauty is acceptable, if the inward be preſent. But if we muſt want one of them, it is better to want outward than inward; for that without this doth ſometimes bring hatred, and a fool is ſo much more odious by how much he is more beautiful.*

Within a Painters Shop a Wolf eſpies
The figure of a Mans head carv'd in wood;
Which viewing well, on all ſides caſt his eyes.
But when he ſaw, and rightly underſtood
It was not what it ſeem'd in outward ſhow,
O head moſt fairly fram'd cries with diſdain,
That Man ſhould ſo much skill on thee beſtow,
Yet neither ſenſe nor art in thee remain!

The Moral.

External ſhape and beauty of the face
Decks not a Man; but the internal grace.

FAB. 29.

Of the Chough.

A Chough adorned himſelf with the feathers of a Peacock. Then ſeeming to himſelf very brave, ſcorning his own kind, he betook himſelf to the company of the Peacocks. They at length underſtanding the deceit, ſtript the ſilly Bird of his Colours, and whipt him. *Horace* in his firſt Book of his Epiſtles relates this little Fable of a Jackdaw. He ſaith that on a time, a Jackdaw being deckt with Feathers, which ſhe had gathered together, that had fallen from other Birds, afterwards when each Bird had taken away her own Feather, ſhe became ridiculous. Leſt, if perhaps the flock of Birds ſhall come to fetch again their own Feathers, the Jackdaw cauſe laughter, being ſtript of her ſtollen Colours.

The Moral. *This Fable reproveth them who carry themſelves more loftily than is fitting, who live with them that are both wealthy and more noble; whereby they oft-times become poor and are ſcorn'd. Well doth* Juvenal *adviſe. This ſentence deſcending from Heaven,* γνῶθι σεαυτὸν. *that is,* Know thy ſelf.

The

THE Jay her ſelf with Peacocks Plumes adorn
And fair in her own fancy, proudly ſcorn
Her fellow Jays: and doth aſſociate
Her ſelf among the Peacocks; but their ſtate
Brooking no ſuch deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her fooliſh pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of theſe gay feathers, with diſgrace expel
Her from their preſence quite again to dwell
Amongſt her equals, who with ſcoffs deride
Her borrowed ſhape, and too ambitious pride.

The Moral.

Ambitious unthrifts ſo, that vainly ſpend
Their wealth, and 'bove themſelves aſpire, i' th' end,
When they no longer can their pride maintain,
Prove beggers reaping nothing but diſdain.

FAB. 30.
Of the Fly *and the* Ant.

A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that [illegible] was noble, the other ignoble, that ſhe did flie, Ant creep, that ſhe was converſant in Kings hou that the other did lie hid in holes, gnaw Corn, drink water; ſhe boaſted that ſhe fared ſumptuouſly yet notwithſtanding obtained theſe things by

neſs. On the contrary, the Ant gloried that ſhe was not ignoble, but content with her own birth: that the Fly was a vagrant, ſhe her ſelf conſtant in a place, and that Grain and running Water did ſavour as well to the Ant, as Paſtie and Wine to the Fly; and that ſhe obtained theſe things not by ſloathful idleneſs, but by diligent labour. Furthermore, That the Ant was merry and ſafe, beloved of all, and to conclude, a Pattern of Labour, that the Fly was full of anxiety, always in peril, troubleſome to all, hated of all, and finally a Pattern of Sloathfulneſs. That the Ant being mindful of Winter did lay up Proviſions afore-hand. That the Fly did live for a day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in Winter.

The Moral. *He that goes on to ſpeak what he will, ſhall hear what he will not. The* Fly *if ſhe had ſpoken well, had heard well. But I aſſent unto the* Ant, *For a clean life with ſafety ſeemeth to be more deſirable than a glorious life with danger.*

THE boaſting Fly upbraids the painful Ant,
That ſhe ignoble was, and much did want
The dainty fair, whereon Flies daily feed,
While in the Courts of Kings their lives they lead,
Sucking the ſelf ſame liquor, feeding too
On the ſame Meat as Princes uſe to do.
But ſhe, poor *Emmet*, on the ground did creep,
And her baſe dwelling but in Mole-hills keep,
Feeding on Roots and thinneſt Water made
Her choiceſt drink. But the *Emmet* anſwering, ſaid;
Fond braggard, ceaſe thy boaſting; tho' our fare
Be not ſo rich as yours, yet know we ſhare
Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
And truly labour for: whereas you none
Poſſeſs at all, but what you get by ſtealth,
And ſecretly purloin from others wealth;
For which y' are ſcorn'd of all, and ſcarce can move
One minute ſafe; we purchaſe all mens love,

A 3

And by our painful induſtry to give
Inſtructions to her Creatures, how to live,
Storing for Winter: you perchance a day
May richly feed, and all the Summer play
And hunt about; but if one nipping Froſt
Preſent it ſelf, your pleaſures all are loſt:
Not able to withſtand the ſmalleſt cold,
Nor yet for want of food your lives to hold
One little Winter; while in midſt of heat,
We gather ſuſtenance with pain and ſweat,
That by our gath'rings we may live at eaſe,
When you for want of due [illegible] deceaſe.

The Moral.

[illegible]allant's riot, and his vain expence
Is here expreſt, The Plough-mans providence:
Where, while one waſts, the other gathers wealth,
And though obſcurely, lives in perfect health.

FAB. 31.

Of the Toad *and the* Ox.

A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, ſtretch out her ſelf. Her young one exhorted his Dam to deſiſt from her enterpriſe, for that a Toad was nothing

to an Ox. She ſwelled the ſecond time. Her young one cryeth out, Mother, although you burſt, you will never overcome the Ox. And when ſhe had ſwelled the third time, ſhe burſt.

The Moral. *Every one hath his own gift. This Man ſurpaſſeth in beauty, another in ſtrength; one in wealth, another in friends. It becometh every Man to be content with his own. Another Man is able of body, thou in wit. Wherefore let every one conſider himſelf; and let him neither envy his ſuperiors, which is miſerable; nor deſire to contend with him, which is a point of folly.*

THe Toad beholds the Oxes comely ſtature,
And envying to ſee ſo large a Creature,
How he in greatneſs did her far excell,
Collecteth all her Venom, 'gins to ſwell,
And queſtions of her Daughter ſtanding by,
Whether the Ox or ſhe ſeems in her eye
The fairer now. The Daughter anſwered ſtraight,
Good Mother, ceaſe your ſwelling, leſt too late
Your folly you repent, and burſt; for ſtrive
Till death, you can to no ſuch height arrive.
Yet ne'retheleſs the Toad attempts again;
The third time too, until with extream pain
The poiſon burſteth through her tender skin,
Not able longer now to keep it in.

The Moral.

Nature all gifts beſtoweth upon none;
Some wiſe we ſee, ſome fair, ſome crooked grown,
Wherewith all ſhould content them, and not be
Envious at anothers quality.

FAB. 32.

Of the Horſe *and the* Lion.

A Lion came to devour a Horſe: but wanting ſtrength by reaſon of his age, he began to think on ſome cunning, he profeſſeth himſelf a Phyſician, delays the Horſe with a long circumſtance of words. The Horſe ſets deceit againſt deceit, and fraud againſt fraud: he feigned that he had lately pricked his foot in a thorny place, beſeecheth the Phyſician to look into it, and pull out the thorn. The Lion conſenteth. But the Horſe with all the force he could ſmites the Lion with his heel, and forthwith betakes himſelf to his feet. The Lion with much ado at length recovering himſelf, for he was almoſt killed with the blow, ſaith, I have a juſt reward for my folly, and he is rightly eſcaped away, for he hath revenged deceit with deceit.

The Moral.

Diſſembling is worthy of hatred, and to be catcht with diſſembling. An enemy is not to be feared which openly ſhews himſelf an enemy. But he that pretends good will, when he is an enemy, he only indeed is to be feared, and moſt worthy of hatred.

Hungry

HUngry, yet weak with age, a *Lions* mind
Is to devour a luſty *Horſe* inclin'd:
Yet durſt not ſeize on him by open ſtrength;
And therefore with himſelf thus plots at length
T' inſinuate with, and by ſome ſly way
The *Horſe* into his power to betray.
The *Lion* therefore feigns himſelf to be
Skilful i' th' Art of learn'd Chirurgery,
Boaſting what wonderous Cures he had done.
But th' *Horſe* perceives his craft; and making moan,
Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you,
Nor more deſires your help, than now I doe.
For leaping yeſterday the Hedge, a prick
Struck in my hoof, and there ſo faſt doth ſtick,
That I by no means can pluck out the ſame,
But fear, if it ſhould feſter, 'twould me lame.
Your kind aſſiſtence therefore, Sir, I beg.
The *Lion* wills him to ſhew him his leg.
Which lifting up, the *Lion* comes to view
The place; cloſe looking, the *Horſe* backward threw
His hardned hoof, and on the forehead ſtrook
The *Lion*, that he fell'd him, then betook
Himſelf to nimbleſt ſpeed, and poſts away
Leaving the Lion, who ſore wounded lay
Strugling for life; which he recovering ſaid,
Thus for my folly I am well appaid.

The Moral.

He is the fearfulleſt foe, who by pretence
Of love ſeeks t' undermine pure innocence;
And merits moſt revenge: when open foes
May eaſ'ly be withſtood with open blows.

FAB. 33.

Of the Horſe *and the* Aſs.

A Horſe trimmed up with trappings and a Saddle, ran along the high-way with a very great neighing. But by chance a loaden Aſs hindred him as he was running. The Horſe fuming with anger, and fiercely chewing his foaming Bridle. Why, quoth he, thou dull ſloathful Aſs, doſt thou hinder the Horſe? give way, I ſay, or I will trample thee under my feet. The Aſs contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But as the Horſe was ſwiftly flying forward, and ſtraining on his pace, his groin burſt. Then being unfit for race and ſhew, he is ſtript of his rich harneſs, and is ſold to a Car-man. Afterwards the Aſs ſeeth him come with a Car, and ſaith unto him, Ho, good Sir, what brave furniture is there? where is your guilded Saddle, your ſtudded Girths? where is your glittering Bridle? O friend, it muſt needs ſo happen to you be[illegible] ſo proud.

The Moral. *Moſt men are puffed up in proſperity, being neither mindful of themſelves nor of modeſty. But becauſe they grow proud in proſperity, they fall into adverſity.*

verſity. I would adviſe them to be wary who ſeem to themſelves to be happy: for if the wheel of Fortune ſhall be turned about, they will find it a moſt miſerable kind of adverſity, to have been in proſperity. That evil alſo is added unto the heap of their misfortunes, that they ſhall be deſpiſed of theſe whom they themſelves have deſpiſed; and thoſe will laugh them to ſcorn, whom they themſelves have laughed at.

A Stately Horſe with Trappings richly deckt,
Champing the foaming bit, meets in his way
A loaden Aſs, whom he thus proudly checkt,
Villain, how darſt thou thus our journey ſtay?
Quickly give place, and ſtop not my career,
Leſt with my feet I force thee, if thou ſtand
In this preſumption long. The Aſs for fear,
Though loaden ſore, obeyeth his command,
And lets him paſs. The Horſe runs ſwiftly on,
Needing no ſpur, the courage of his mind
Hurr'd him forward. Far he had not gone,
But burſt a Gut, and became broken wind.
Which when his Maſter ſaw, and that his Horſe
Wanted that ſwiftneſs as before he had,
Deems him not able to maintain the courſe,
And fit for nothing but a Carriers pad;
He therefore ſells him unto one that ſtraight
Loads his proud back with Hampers: whom the Aſs
Meeting again out of his ſtately gate,
Thus ſcoffingly derideth as they paſs;
Alack, my friend, where 's now thy golden bit?
Thy ſtately Saddle? What 's become of all
Thy rich attire? O how bereft of it
Didſt thou into contempt thus baſely fall?

The Moral.

Many in proſp'rous ſtate are puffed ſo,
They ſcarce themſelves, or their own beings knew.

Till adverſe Fortune turning her croſs wheel
They headlong to their own deſtruction reel;
And only this to their ſad fate can ſay,
I once was rich, now fallen to decay.

FAB. 34.

Of the Birds and four footed Beaſts.

THe Birds had a fight with the four-footed Beaſts. There was hope on both ſides, fear on both ſides, and danger on both ſides. But the Bat deſerting his fellows, falls off to the enemy. The Birds overcome, the Eagle being General and Leader. And they condemn the renegado Bat, that he ſhould never return unto Birds, that he ſhould never fly in the day time. This is the reaſon that the Bat never flyeth but by night.

The Moral. *He that denieth to be partaker of adverſity and danger with his fellows, ſhall be without proſperity and ſafety with them.*

BEtwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of the Air
And four-foot Beaſts fierce war incenſed were,
The fight was fierce and doubtful; but the ſtrong
And active Beaſts ſeem'd the beſt warriors long.

For

For which the Bat forſakes her winged crew,
And treacherouſly into their Army flew.
But when the Birds the Eagle choſen had
To lead their hoſt, and him the Sov'raign made,
The Birds orethrew the Beaſts: ſo now the Bat
Would fain again unto the Birds retreat.
But not admitted, they her guilty find
Of higheſt treaſon, and her ſtraight confin'd
From their Dominions, charging her no more
On pain of death by day in Air to ſoar;
But lurking from the ſight of them, by night,
When others go to reſt, begins her flight.

The Moral.

No faithful Subject ought for refuge fly
From his own Countrey to an enemy.
For who his native ſoil leaves in diſtreſs,
Ought ever to be barr'd her happineſs.

FAB. 35.

Of the Wolf *and* Fox.

A Wolf when he had ſufficient booty liv'd in idleneſs. The Fox cometh unto him, enquireth of him

him the cauſe of his retiredneſs. The Wolf perceiving that there was a plot laid for him, diſſembleth ſickneſs to be the cauſe; deſires the Fox to go to pray unto the Gods for him. She grieving that her deceit ſucceeded no better, goes to a Shepherd, acquaints him that the den of the Wolf was open, and that the enemy being ſecure, might eaſily be overthrown unawares. The Shepherd falls on the Wolf, ſlays him. The Fox enjoys both the den and the prey. But ſhe had but a ſhort comfort of her wickedneſs, not long after the ſame Shepherd taketh her.

The Moral. *Envy is a filthy thing, and ſometimes deſtructive even unto the Author himſelf.* Horace *in his firſt Book of his* Epiſtles.

The envious man repines, and frets to ſee
His neighbour flouriſh in proſperity.
A greater torment, than an envious mind,
Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find.

GLutted with overfeeding in his den,
The Wolf takes his repoſe, whoſe preſence when
The Fox long miſt, he ſtraight ſuſpects that he
Had ſome proviſion gathered ſecretly,
Which kept him in, deſirous of a ſhare;
For which he ſtraight doth to the Wolf repair,
And with fair language greets him, asking why
So long they wanted his good company.
The Wolf likes not his comeing, and complains
A ſore diſeaſe his abſence now conſtrains,
Wiſhing the Fox his friendly prayers to ſend
To *Jove* for him, that his diſeaſe may end.
So the deluded Fox departs much griev'd
That he in expectation was deceiv'd;
And changing grief to open malice, flies
To call the Shepherd, ſhewing him where lies
The lurking Wolf. The Shepherd plac'd his Net
And kill'd the Wolf. Which done, the Fox did get
Poſſeſſion of his houſe and prey: but there
He long time ſtaid not ſafe; for in that ſnare

Which

Which caught the Wolf, the Fox entangled lay,
And, for his treachery, his life did pay.

The Moral.

Sicilian *Tyrants never yet could find*
A greater torment than an envious mind;
Which gnaws the Heart until it ſelf deprive
It ſelf of joy, to ſee another thrive.

FAB. 36.

Of the Stag.

A Stag beholing himſelf in a clear fountain, commends the high and branching horns of his forehead, but condemns the ſmallneſs of his ſhanks. By chance while he thus muſeth and judgeth himſelf, in comes the Hunter. The Stag fleeth more ſwiftly than darts, and the Eaſt-wind driving the Storms. The Dogs purſue him fleeing. But as he entred into a very thick wood, his horns were hampred in the boughs; and then at length he commended his legs, and condemned his horns, which cauſed him to be a prey unto the Dogs.

The Moral. *We ſeek things to be ſhunned, and we ſhun things to be deſired. Thoſe things pleaſe which hurt us, and thoſe things diſpleaſe which do us good. We deſire happineſs before we know where it is. We ſeek the excellency of wealth, and the highneſs of honours: we think*

Happineſs to be placed in theſe things, in which notwithſtanding there is much labor and pain. That our Lyrick Poet ſignifieth notably.

Fierce Boreas rends the loſty pine:
Ambitious Towers fall low:
Shafts that fly from Jove's *hand divine*
Eaſily the Mountains bow.

THe glorious Sun diſplays his Beams
Upon the fair and gliſtering ſtreams,
Whither the Hart repairs to drink;
And ſtanding on the Rivers brink,
Grows proud to ſee the ſpreading horns
Which his moſt ſtately brows adorns,
But looking further, when he ſpies
His little feet and ſlender thighs,
Diſmay'd he ſtands that they ſhould be
Supporters of ſuch Majeſty.
While muſing thus at length he hears
The noiſe of Hounds; when ſtruck with fears,
Away he poſts, and takes the Wood,
Where he ſuppos'd moſt ſafety ſtood:
But in his flight his ragged Horns,
Still faſtning 'mongſt the thickeſt thorns,
With-held his ſwiftneſs, ſo that he
Became a Prey to his Enemy.
Who thus complains before his death,
Why, boaſter, with unhallowed breath,
Didſt thou commend thy branchers ſo,
Which now do prove thy overthrow;
And thy ſwift feet more proudly ſcorn,
Which, hadſt thou kept the plains, had born
Thee ſwifter than the whiſtling wind,
And thy purſuers left behind?

The Moral.

So uſeful things too often we reject,
Becauſe not fair in ſhow, but ſtill reſpect
The Worlds gay vanities, which rather throw
Deſtruction on us, than a good beſtow.

FAB. 37.

Of the Viper *and the* File.

A Viper finding a File in a Shop began to gnaw it. The File ſmiled, ſaying, What fool? what doſt thou? thou mayeſt wear out thy teeth, before thou canſt waſte me, which am wont to bite upon the hardneſs of Braſs.

The Moral. *Again and again ſee with whom thou haſt to do. If you wheat your teeth againſt the more hardy, you ſhall not hurt him, but your ſelf.*

A Viper finds a hardned File, and gnaws
The ſame for anger 'twixt her pois'nous Jaws.
To whom the ſmiling File replies, fond Aſs,
What doſt thou attempt? Thou mayeſt devour Braſs
With far more eaſe than me; for ſtrongeſt ſteel
Yields to my ſtrength; if it my harſhneſs feel.

The Moral.

Contend not raſhly, leſt o'recome with ſtrength,
Wholly the harm redound to thee at length.

FAB.

FAB. 38.

Of the Wolf and the Lambs.

ON a time there was a League between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by nature there is diſcord. Hoſtages were given on both ſides. The Wolves gave their young ones, the Sheep a band of Dogs. The Sheep being quiet and feeding, the young Wolves houl for deſire of their Dams. Then the Wolves ruſhing in, cryed out, complaining that they had broken fidelity, and the league, and tore in pieces the Sheep, being left deſtitute of the guard of the Dogs,

The Moral. *It is a folly, if in a truce you deliver your guard to the enemy. For he that was an enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an enemy: yea perchance he will take occaſion to ſet upon you being deſtitute of help.*

WE often have by long experience ſeen
What hate betwixt the Wolves and Sheep hath (been,
But now a league is made, and pledges are
On both ſides given; leſt a future war
Unjuſtly might ariſe. The ſilly Sheep
Delivered up their Dogs were wont to keep
Their confines ſafe: the Wolves with willing heart
Unto the Sheep do with their young ones part,

So

So the Sheep walk to paſture quietly.
Who abſent, the young Wolves ſtrait houl and cry,
Wanting their Dams to ſuckle them. Which noiſe
When the Wolves heard, knowing their young ones voice,
They the unguarded Sheep at paſture take
And them a prey to their injuſtice make.

The Moral.

When thou a league concludeſt with thy foe,
Conſult what pledges from thy part may go,
Leſt weakned by their abſence, thy baſe foe
Make that pretence to work thy overthrow.

FAB. 39.
Of the Wood *and the* Clown.

AT what time the Trees ſpake, a Country-man came unto a Wood, deſiring that he might take a helve for his Hatchet. The Wood conſenteth. The Country-man having fitted his Hatchet, began to cut down the Trees. Then, and indeed too late, it repented the Wood of her eaſineſs to yield. It grieved her that her ſelf was the cauſe of her own ruin.

The Moral. *Beware of whom you deſerve well. There have been many who have abuſed a benefit received, to the deſtruction of the author.*

When

WHen Trees had ſpeech, 'tis ſaid in time of yore,
A Country-man demanded from their ſtore,
That they to him would one ſmall Shrub afford,
To make his Axe a helve; the Trees accord.
But he no ſooner fitted had the ſame,
When back again unto the Wood he came,
And lopt down all the Trees: who mournful cry,
And weep for their too great facility;
That they by granting his deſire had won
Their own ſad ruine and deſtruction.

The Moral.

Beware to whom thou giv'ſt; for ſome there be
That with ill turns requite your courteſie.

FAB. 40.

Of the Members and the Belly.

ON a time the foot and hand accuſed the belly, that their gains were devoured by its living idle. They command that either it labour, or that it deſire not to be maintained. It intreateth once and again, yet notwithſtanding the hands deny ſuſtenance. The belly

belly being emptied by hunger, when all the joints began to fail, then at length the hands would be officious, but now too late: For the Belly being weak through lack of uſe, refuſeth meat. So whiles all the Members envy the Belly, they periſh with the periſhing Belly.

The Moral. *Even as it in the ſociety of the members, ſo it is in the humane ſociety. One member needs another: a friend needeth a friend. Wherefore we muſt uſe mutual offices and mutual works. Neither riches nor the top of preferment can ſufficiently defend a man. The only and chief ſtrength is the friendſhip of many.*

THe hands and feet the belly did accuſe
Of ſloth, and now to feed it doth refuſe,
Bidding her labour too, elſe ſhe no more
Should that devour which they did labour for;
The Belly intreats earneſtly, but they
The more deny, and her complaints gainſay,
Until through want of food ſhe 'gins to faint,
While all the members ſuſtenance do want.
Which hands and feet perceiving, and how breath
Began to fail, for fear of haſty death.
Their folly they repent, and now would fain
Recover ſtrength, and fall to work again.
But 'tis too late, for being at firſt deny'd,
The whole decay can never be ſupply'd.
Since the chief member dying, hands and all
Supportleſs, muſt in the ſame ruine fall.

The Moral.

Look what eſtate we in our bodies ſee,
The ſame concordance muſt in Kingdoms be:
Friends muſt their friends ſupport, and all unite,
T' uphold the chief; leſt while his good they ſlight,
If in the State a diſſolution grow,
They pluck on them a gen'ral overthrow.

FAB. 41.

Of the Ape *and the* Fox.

THe Ape prayeth the Fox that ſhe would give her part of her tail to cover her buttocks; becauſe that was a burden to her, which would be of uſe and honour to her. She anſwered that ſhe had nothing too much, and that ſhe had rather have the ground ſwept with her tail, than the buttocks of the Ape ſhoulde be covered.

The Moral. *There are who need, there are others who have too much: yet notwithſtanding it is not the manner of the rich to accommodate the needy with their ſuperfluity.*

A Tail-leſs Ape intreats the Fox, whoſe tail;
Buſhy and great, upon the ground did trail,
To lend her part, ſince he ſome well might ſpare,
Having too much, and not his ſtore impair.
Friend, quoth the Fox, content thy ſelf; for were
My tail twice bigger, thou gett'ſt not a hair.
Among the dirt my tail ſhould rather ſlide,
Than the leaſt ſcruple cover thy backſide.

The Moral.

Too many miſers ſo, ere to the poor
They 'l give a doit, will let them ſtarve at door.

FAB. 42.

Of the Stag *and the* Oxen.

THe Stag flying from the hunter, betook himſelf into an Ox-houſe. He prayeth the Oxen that he might hide himſelf in the crib. The Oxen tell him, that he cannot be ſafe, for that the Maſter and Servant would be there anon. He ſaith, that he ſhould be ſafe, ſo that they would not betray him. The Servant entereth in, ſeeth him not, being hid in the Hay, goeth out. The *Stag* began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then one of the Oxen, being grave both in age and counſel, ſaith, it was an eaſy thing to deceive him, which is a Mole, but that thou ſhouldeſt eſcape the Maſter, who is as quick-ſighted as *Argus*, this is the labour, this is the work. By and by after the Maſter entereth in; who, that he may correct the overſight of his Servant, viewing all things with his Eyes, and groaping the Crib with his Hand, layeth hold of the Horns of the *Stag* under the Hay. He cries out unto his Servants. They run unto him, encloſe the *Stag* and take him.

The Moral. *In adverſe and perillous caſes ſafe ſhelters*

are

are hard to be found: either becauſe fortune doth ſtill purſue men in miſery, as it hath begun; or elſe becauſe they being hindred dy fear, and void of counſel, do betray themſelves through want of wit.

A Hunted Stag an open Barn eſpi'd,
And in he ran, in hopes himſelf to hide;
Praying the Oxen that their Crib might be
A cover for him in 's extremity.
Free leave they grant, but ſafety they deny;
For that their owner or his Hind would ſpy
His branched head: The Stag with thanks repays
Their kindneſs, and in full confidence lays
His ſafety on their ſecrecy. With this
Enters the Hind: who finding nought amiſs,
Departs, the Stag unſeen. Who now right glad,
As if the worſt was paſt, did nothing dread.
To whom a grave wiſe Ox replies, Forbear
To be ſecure, when there's moſt cauſe of fear,
This Hind 's a Mole, our Maſter full of eyes.
Soon after this their Maſter comes, and pryes
In every place and corner, to correct
His ſervants careleſsneſs, his Hinds neglect.
Feeling the Crib to learn what ſtore of Hay
Was ſtuft therein, his hands he chanc'd to lay
On the Stag's head: then bid his men appear,
To ſhut the doors, and ſo they take the Deer.

The Moral.

The Stag implies, what poor ſhifts fearful men
Diſtracted truſt to, ſtill the firſt in ten.
The Oxen honeſt nature do expreſs,
Willing to ſuccor any in diſtreſs.
The Hind the uſual neglect implies
Of ſervants, and the Husband-man that pries
And overſees each corner, points unto
What each good thriving Husband-man ſhould do.

FAB. 43.

Of the Lion *and the* Fox.

A Lion was ſick. The Beaſts viſited him: the Fox alone deferring her duty, the Lion ſends an embaſſage unto her with a Letter, admoniſhing her to come: that the preſence of her would be moſt acceptable to him being ſick; neither ſhould there be any danger wherefore the Fox ſhould fear. For firſt of all, the Lion was indeed moſt friendly to the Fox, and therefore deſired to ſpeak weth her. And furthermore that he was ſick, and kept his bed; that although he would do him harm (a thing that was not intended) yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, that ſhe wiſheth that the Lion may recover his health, and that ſhe would pray for that to the Gods; but yet that ſhe would not come to ſee him: That ſhe was terrified with the footſteps; which indeed ſith they were all towards the Lions den, none returning back, it was a ſign that many beaſts had entred in, but that none had come forth.

Horace. I will tell that which once the wary Fox anſwered the ſick Lion: Becauſe the footſteps terrifie

rifie, all of them looking towards thee, none back again.

The Moral.

Take heed how you truſt words. Unleſs you take good heed, you ſhall oft be deceived. We are to take a conjecture both of words and deeds; and by one to judge of the other.

A *Royal Brute* through age unapt to take
A prey abroad, his Den a Trap doth make:
Feigns himſelf ſick, and when the ſmall Beaſts came
On ſingle viſits, he devour'd the ſame.
The wily Fox excepted, moſt Beaſts went,
As bound in duty. Then the Lion ſent
An Embaſſy to *Reinard*, to requeſt
A viſit of him, ſince he lov'd him beſt;
And therefore long'd to ſee him. There's no dread
Of violence, for he was now even dead
With pain, and could not if he would offend;
Nor would he, though he could, ſo dear a friend,
Whom he deſires to ſee without delay.
Reinard ſends word that he to *Jove* will pray
For his Lords health; though he to ſee him dare
Not come, the footſteps of thoſe Beaſts appear,
Teaching him warineſs, ſince all do go
Towards the Den, but few or none come fro.

The Moral.

Whereon you ground your confidence beware;
Seeing fair words are often but a ſnare.

FAB. 44.

Of the Fox *and the* Weaſel.

THe Fox being ſlender with lack of Meat, by chance crept in a Corn-chamber through a narrow chink. In which when ſhe had been well fed, and afterwad trying to go forth again, her Belly, being over full, hindred her. The Weaſel far off ſeeing her ſtrugling, at length admoniſheth her, that if ſhe deſire to get out, ſhe return to the hole ſlender, at which ſhe entred in when ſhe was empty.

The Moral. *You may ſee many to be merry and chearful in a mean eſtate; void of cares, without any troubles of mind. But if theſe ſhall become rich you ſhall ſee them to go heavily; and never to look merrily, but full of carking, and overwhelmed with troubles of mind.* Horace *in his firſt* Book Epiſt. 7. *ſets out this* Fable *thus;*

By chance a gaunt Fox *had crept through a narrow chink into a Corn-chamber; and being fed, aſſayed in vain to go forth again when her belly was full.*

To whom a Weaſel far off ſaid, if thou wilt go thence make thy ſelf empty, ſo maiſt thou paſs through the narrow cranny, which thou wenteſt in at, when thou waſt empty.

A Fox with faſting long, thin, lean and poor,
Seeks entrance at a Farmers Grainer door.
But being lockt, at length he views a place
Broke in the wall which he might eaſily paſs;
And in he goes: where meeting his deſire,
He ſtuft his Gut ſo full, that to retire,
When he attempted, he could find no way
His big ſwoln Belly did his paſſage ſtay.
Whom thus the Wheaſel counſels, if from there
He would depart, he muſt have patience
Until his Paunch as empty grow and thin,
As 'twas at firſt when he there entred in.

The Moral.

This Fable *ſhews how glad and void of care*
Many with mean Eſtates contented are:
But ſtuft with wealth, what troubles of the mind
And anxious fears rich miſers daily find.

FAB. 45.

Of the Horſe *and the* Stag.

THE Horſe waged war with the Stag. But being at length driven forth of the paſtures, he craves the help of Man. Returns with the Man, goeth into the

the field. He that was overcome before, now is made the conqueror. But yet nevertheleſs, the enemy being overcome and brought under, the conqueror himſelf muſt needs ſerve the Man. He bears the Rider on his Back, and the Bridle in his Mouth.

The Moral.

Many ſtrive againſt poverty, which being overcome by good fortune and induſtry, they oft-times loſe their liberty. For being indeed Lords and Conquerors of Poverty, they begin to ſerve riches, are tormented with the whips of covetouſneſs, and are checked with the bridles of niggardlineſs; neither yet do they keep any mean in getting, neither yet indeed dare they (a juſt puniſhment of covetouſneſs) make uſe of the means they have got. Horace *ſaith concerning this matter in his firſt Book,* Epiſt. 10.

The Stag being too hard for the Horſe in fight, drove him from the common Paſture, until the Horſe being too weak in that long fight,

Implored the help of Man, and taketh the Bridle.

So after the violent Conqueror departed from the Enemy,

He throweth not the Horſe-man from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth.

So the fooliſh man that feared poverty, loſeth his liberty, which is better than gold, and ſhall like a wretch carry his Maſter.

And he ſhall be a ſlave for ever, who will not be content to uſe a little.

THe Stag and Horſe a ſingle combat fight,
The Horſe repulſt, is driven t' open flight.
Wherefore to get his honour loſt again,
He humbly ſupplicates the help of Man,
Who mounted on his back with ſpear and ſhield,
His preſence makes the Hart forſake the Field,
And fly amain. So he that was before
Vanquiſhed, is now become a Conquerour.

Yet

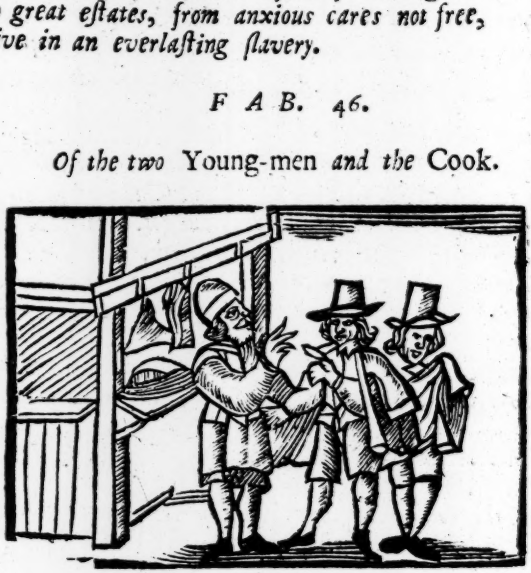
Yet not quite free, but as a ſubject ſtill
To Man! Man rides and rules him at his will.

The Moral.

As here the Horſe *ſuppreſt his mightieſt foe,*
Yet ſtill a ſubject ſtands: ſo thoſe that grow
To great eſtates, from anxious cares not free,
Live in an everlaſting ſlavery.

FAB. 46.

Of the two Young-men *and the* Cook.



TWO Young-men pretend to buy Meat at the Cooks. Whilſt the Cook was otherwiſe buſie, the one filching Meat out of the Basket, giveth it to his fellow to hide under his garment. The Cook when as he ſaw that a piece of Meat was ſtollen from him, began to accuſe both of them of theft. He that had taken it away, ſwears by Jove that he had none of it; and he that had it, forſwears it likewiſe, that he took none of it. To whom the Cook ſaith, to me indeed the thief is now unknown; but yet by whom you ſwear he looked on him, he knows him.

The

The Moral. *If we have committed any Sin, Men do not presently know it; but God seeth all things, who sitteth upon the Heavens, and seeth into the bottomless deeps: which if Men would consider, they would sin more sparingly, and more warily.*

TWo crafty Knaves (well vers'd in slight of hand)
Into a Cooks Shop went, where they demand
What price Meat bears. But while the busie Cook
Went to the Fire upon his roast to look,
Ore snatch'd a Piece of Meat, the which (to save
His future Oath) unto his Mate he gave,
Who had a Cloak his knavery to hide.
The Cook returning to his Chapman spi'd
Some Meat was gone: then ask'd them who 't was took
His Meat away that hung on such a Hook.
The Thief raps out an Oath, that he had none
Of the Cooks Meat, if any piece was gone.
And the Receiver dares as boldly swear,
He then took none, if any such there were.
Then quoth the Cook, the Thief I cannot learn:
But that God knows by whom both ye have sworn.

The Moral.

All secret thoughts are open to Gods sight:
And he that sees in secret will requite.

FAB. 47.

Of the Dog *and the* Butcher.

WHen a Dog had ſtoln a piece of Fleſh from a Butcher in the ſhambles, he preſently ran away as faſt as he could. The Butcher being troubled for the loſs of the thing, at firſt held his peace. By and by recollecting his mind, he thus cryed to him afar off. O thou thieviſh Cur, run ſecure; thou maiſt go ſcot-free: for now thou art ſafe by reaſon of thy ſwiftneſs; but hereafter thou ſhalt be looked unto more narrowly.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth that for the moſt part all Men do become then at length more wary, after they have received a Loſs.*

A Sly Cur in the ſhambles had deſcry'd
A buſie Butcher turn his head aſide
From his Stalls end. whereon a Calv's pluck lay:
Off plucks he it, and therewith ran away.
By this the Butcher turn'd his head again,
And ſees him run. But ſince he cannot gain
His Pluck, he plucks up a good heart, and ſays,
Well, thou ſly Cur, for this time go thy ways:

But henceforth I will watch you, that you ſhall
Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once rob'd
(ſtall.

The Moral.

Some Men are careleſs, till by damage taught,
That by experience wit is dearly bought.

FAB. 48.

Of the Dog *and the* Sheep.

A Dog ſueth the Sheep, crying out that ſhe did owe him a Loaf which ſhe had borrowed. She denieth it. The Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture, are called in for witneſſes. They affirm the matter. The Sheep is condemned. Being condemned, the Dog violently carries away and teareth her in pieces.

The Moral. *That very many men are oppreſſed by falſe witneſſes, as every one knoweth, ſo all this little Fable moſt excellently ſheweth.*

A Dog the harmleſs Sheep arraigns,
Pretending ſhe from him detains
A Loaf of Bread by bond long due.
So cenſure each way doubtful grew;

Till witneſſes produced are
On the Dogs part, too potent far
For th' injur'd Sheep, whoſe innocence
(Arm'd with an unſtain'd Conſcience)
Proof ſufficient as ſhe thought,
No other teſtate with her brought.
When the Vulture, Wolf, and Kite,
The Sons of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
And enemies to an honeſt cauſe,
(Too many ſuch abuſe the Laws)
With execrable Oaths averr
The Debt firm from the Dog to her.
Fair Juſtice, whoſe cleareſt eye
Through ev'ry corner cannot prie
Of perjur'd Souls, inforced ſtands
With equal and impartial hands
The rigor of the Law to lay
Upon the Sheep, who muſt obey
Though wrong'd, and ſubject to her foe,
Ev'n as he pleaſeth, ſuffer; ſo
No ſooner was the ſentence paſt,
But he with more than cruel haſt
(His malice grown to ripeneſs) ſlew
The ſilly beaſt, to feaſt the Crew
That like to him in blood delight;
No friend preſent to aid her right.

The Moral.

The worſt of hate and envy here is ſhown,
When to that height of wealth the rich is grown,
That they by bribing of falſe witneſs can
O'rethrow the Poor, though honeſt dealing Man;
And him not only into Priſon lay,
But often take both life and goods away.

FAB. 49.

Of the Lamb *and the* Wolf.

THe Wolf meets the Lamb accompanying a He-Goat; asketh him, why (having left his Dam) he would rather follow the ſtinking Goat; and perſwadeth him that he would return to the Dugs of his Dam, ſtrutting out with Milk; hoping that ſo it would come to paſs, that being led away he might pull him in pieces. But, quoth the Lamb, O Wolf, my Dam committed me to this Goat; to whom the chief charge of preſerving me is given. I muſt obey my Dam rather than thee, who deſireſt to ſeduce me by thoſe words, being led aſide preſently to tear me in pieces.

The Moral. *Truſt not all Men, for many while they ſeem willingly to do others a pleaſure, in the mean time conſult for themſelves.*

A Hungry roving Wolf met ſomewhat late
A Lamb, that had a He-Goat for his Mate.
The Wolf feigns loving council, asking why
The Lamb hath left his Dam, t' accompany
The rank He-Goat; advices him return
To his Dam's ſweet Udder, which doth burn

Sur-

Surcharg'd with milk (that when the Lamb ſhould cleave
His Guardian, he of life might him bereave.
The Lamb replies, my Dam bad me attend
My Guardian, and not elſewhere to intend.
'Tis better to obey my Dam, than be
Seduc'd to death by your feign'd love to me.

The Moral.

Be not too light of credit. Many feign
Good will to others, for their proper gain.

FAB. 50.

Of a Young-man *and a* Cat.

WHen as a certain Young-man did take delight in loving a Cat: He wearied *Venus* with his ſupplications, that ſhe ſhould transform the Cat into a Woman. *Venus* pitied him, and heard his ſuit. There is a Metamorphoſis made, which wonderfully pleaſeth the doting amorous Youngman; for ſhe was altogether plump, fair, and very pretty. At length they go to their Bed-chamber, they laugh and ſport. And not long after, the Goddeſs, being very deſirous to try whether the Cat had, with her body, changed her manners, ſends in a Mouſe through the caves. Thereupon

upon, there falls out forthwith a matter worthy of laughter and ſport. The little Woman preſently makes after the little Beaſt being eſpied, *Venus* being wroth with the Woman, changes her face into a Cat: ſhe changes her hands into feet, her arms into legs, and a tail is added to her changed body.

The Moral. *They that run beyond ſea change the air, but not their mind.*

It is too hard a thing to leave cuſtom. Although you drive away nature with a Pitch-fork; it will return again.

Cupid it ſeems had ſtruck a Young-mans love,
As toward a Cat he did affection move
So ſtrong, that the Young-man to *Venus* flies,
And on his knees unto the Goddeſs cries
To hear his ſuit, and ſuddenly eſtrange
The Cat's rough form, and her to Virgin change.
Venus conſents, and to the Young-man's eye
The Cat was metamorphos'd preſently.
Some time appointed for their wedding was,
And all that day in Joy and Mirth did paſs.
To bed they go. But long they ſtaid not there,
When like kind lovers as they ſporting were,
The Bride eſpies a Mouſe, leaps from her bed,
And, as when Cat ſhe was accuſtomed,
Purſues the Vermine, and forſaketh quite
All right of love, or conjugal delight.
For which the Gondeſs angry, in diſdain,
Transforms her to her antient ſhape again.

The Moral.

This Fable ſhews how hardly wicked men
Their natures leave and not return agen:
And that although their ſtates may alter, they
Retain ill maners to their dying day.

FAB. 51.

Of a Husband-man *and his* Sons.

THe Husband-man had many Sons, and they diſagreed among themſelves. Whom the Father labored to reconcile, putting a bundle of Wands before them, commanded every one of them to break the bundle, which was bound with a little ſhort ſtring. Their tender age endeavours in vain. Their Father unties the bundle, and gives to every one a Wand. Which when every one according to his ſtrength eaſily broke, O, quoth the Father, my Sons, while you agree together, you are invincible; but if you will needs fall out one with another, and ſtir civil diſcord, you will at length be a prey to your Enemies.

The Moral. *This Fable ſhews ſmall matters increaſe by peace, but great things decay through diſcord.*

A Certain Man had many Sons; which he
Perceiving very often diſagree,
Strove to compoſe them, to which end commands
A bunch of Rods bound up with Oſier bands
Should unto him be brought, which being done,
In order he preſents it to each Son,

Bid-

Bidding them to try their ſtrength to break the ſame.
The Lads aſſay by turns, but all in vain.
The Father doth unbind the bunch, and reach
Each Son a Rod: which ſoon are broke by each.
So Lads, quoth he, if thus in love you cloſe,
You'l thrive; if not, you'l periſh by your foes.

The Moral.

Weak things grow ſtrong by unity and love:
By diſcord ſtrong things weak and weaker prove.

FAB. 52.

Of the Country-man *and the* Horſe.

THE Country-man led forth an empty Horſe and the Aſs hard loaden into the way. The Aſs being weary, intreats the Horſe, if he wiſht him well, that he would eaſe him of his Burden. The Horſe denies to do it. At length the Aſs being over-loaden with his Burden, lies down and dies. The Maſter lays all the Burden and alſo the Hide of the dead Aſs upon the Horſes back. With which, when he was weighed down, alaſs for me, quoth he, deſervedly I am now thus tormented, who refuſed to help the poor loaden Aſs.

The Moral. *We are adviſed in this* Fable *to ſuccor our diſtreſſed friends. Our Country (ſaith* Plato*) challengeth a part of our birth to it ſelf, and our friends a part.*

AN over laden Aſs upon the way
A lighter burden'd Horſe doth humbly pray
To eaſe him of ſome fardels, which he bore:
Then adds this motive, that he is ſo ſore
And weary, he (without ſome preſent aid)
Muſt yield his life, his ſtrength is ſo decay'd.
The Horſe refuſeth help. The poor Aſs ſtraight,
Falls dead oppreſt with his ſore loading weight.
The owner forthwith loads the Horſe with all
That the Aſs bore, his burthen, hide, and all.
Wherewith he griev'd ſaid, he was juſtly us'd,
That to relieve th' oppreſſed Aſs refus'd.

The Moral.

Help and relieve poor men oppreſt and vext;
For ought you know, your turn may be the next.

FAB. 55.

Of the Collier *and the* Fuller.

THE Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him in the ſame houſe. It is not, my good friend, ſaith the Fuller, either pleaſure, or profit to me: for I greatly fear leaſt that the things which I ſcour clean, thou make as black as a coal. The

The Moral. *We are adviſed in this* Fable *to converſe with unblameable men. We are admoniſhed to decline the company of wicked men, as the plague it ſelf. Company* (ſaith Campanus) *draws a Man; Commerce dives into Mens manners; and juſt ſo every one becomes, as they are with whom he conſorts.*

THe Collier, living in a Houſe alone
Intreats the Fuller, that hee'l pleaſe to dwell
In part thereof. Nay, that can ne're be well,
Replies the Fuller, for 'tis ten to one
But what I ſpend my time and pains to white,
Your Coals will black it like the div'l ere night.

The Moral.

Avoid deboiſt ſociety, leſt the ſhame
Of noted Vice thy better Deeds defame.

FAB. 54.

Of the Fowler *and the* Stock-Dove.

THe Fowler goes a birding; ſpies afar off the Stock-dove building in a high tree: he haſtens to him, and deviſes plots againſt him. By chance he treads upon a Snake. The Snake bit him. He being

ing on the ſudden affrighted with the miſchief, wretch that I am, quoth he, while I lay in wait for another, I my ſelf am undone.

The Moral. *This Fable ſhews that ſometimes they are circumvented with their own devices, who plot new deſigns.*

A Fowler aiming at a Stock-dove ſate
Neſtling upon a Tree, it was his fate
To tread upon an Adder underneath
The leaves, whoſe ſting gives to the Fowler death.
He now expiring makes his grievous moan,
Ah me poor wretch! through haſte I loſe my own,
Seeking anothers life: my Heart-ſtrings feel
I aim'd not with my eye, but with my heel.

The Moral.

Oft-times we bear the evil we contrive
For other Men: ill thoughts thus juſtly thrive.

FAB. 55.
Of a Trumpeter.

A Certain Trumpeter is taken by his Enemies, is led away. He trembles; deſires that being innocent, they will ſpare him: profeſſing

ſing that he bearing no Arms, but a ſingle Trumpet, neither would nor could kill any Man: They on the other ſide thunder at him with fierce language and blows: Thou pleadeſt nothing, thou villain, thou art moſt obnoxious, and here forthwith ſhalt be tortured, that ſeeing thou (according to thine own confeſſion) art unskillful in military Matters, with that thy Trumpet doſt ſtir up and provoke the courage of others.

The Moral. *Some Men offend grieveouſly, who adviſe Princes, who are otherwiſe prone enough to do miſchief, to do unjuſtly. Why doſt thou doubt? Haſt thou forgotten that thou wert a Prince? Is it not lawful for thee to do what thou wilt? Thou art above the Laws. The name of Law-breaker cannot be imputed to thee, who haſt a ſoveraignty over the Laws themſelves, Thy Subjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canſt both ſave and deſtroy. It is in thy hands to augment in wealth and dignity whomſoever thou pleaſeſt. Where thou pleaſeſt thou haſt power to take away: Some things condemn or commend other Men. Every thing will be commendable for you.*

A Captive Trumpeter requeſt's the Foe
To ſpare an innocent, and let him go;
Urging that he the Life of no Man ſought;
He ſtill unarmed was, nor ever fought.
Slave, ſaid the Foe, thou didſt far greater ill,
That unprovok'd ſet'ſt others, us to kill.

The Moral.

Thoſe M[illegible]oſt guilty are, whoſe drie commands
And evil [illegible]unſels kill with other's hands.

FAB.

FAB. 56.

Of the Wolf *and the* Dog.

THE Wolf, by accident, meets the Dog in the Wood before day. He ſalutes and welcomes him; finally asks him, how it comes to paſs he is ſo ſpruce. To whom he replied, it is my Maſters care that does it: when I fawn upon my Maſter, he makes much of me; I am fed from my Maſters ſumptuous Table; I never ſleep in the open air; It is unſpeakable how acceptable I am to the whole Family. Verily (ſaith the Wolf) thou art moſt happy, O Dog, who haſt got ſo bountiful and courteous a Maſter. O that I might dwell with him, I ſhould eſteem no creature alive more fortunate. The Dog perceiving the Wolf extream deſirous of a new condition, promiſes to bring it about, that he ſhould be a retainer of his Maſter, if ſo be he would [illegible]te ſomewhat of his former fierceneſs, and would be content to become a Servant. It is determined; and it was the pleaſure of the Wolf to walk to the Village. They have a great deal of very pleaſant diſcourſe upon the way. A little after, when it was break of day, the Wolf ſeeing the Dogs neck to be worn; What is the meaning of it, O Dog, (ſaith the Wolf) that I ſee thy neck without hair? It was my wont

wont (ſaith the Dog) being ſomething fell, to bark at, and ſometimes to bite both friends and foes. My Maſter taking that ill, gave me many a blow, forbidding me to ſet upon any beſides the Thief and the Wolf: and ſo by cudgelling I am ſubdued, and become more tame, and this is a badge of my native churliſhneſs. Which the Wolf hearing, I will not, quoth he, purchaſe the favour of your Maſter at ſo dear a rate. Farewell therefore, O Dog, with that thy ſervitude: I think my liberty much better.

The Moral. *It is a more diſireable thing to be Maſter of a mean Cottage, and to live upon brown bread, than to live in fear and danger, though in a Kings Palace, and to enjoy the moſt coſtly fare: for liberty is baniſhed out of the Court, where wrong muſt be taken, and paſſed over with ſilence.*

ERe full broad day a Wolf and Dog do meet
Within a Wood; each kindly other greet.
The Wolf ask'd how the Dog ſo ſmooth and fair
Became. He ſays, 'twas his Lords love and care,
Who from his Trencher feeds him, and oft ſtrokes
His fawning ſides, the like do all the folks:
The Wolf this hearing, for ſuch bliſs doth long;
Thinks happy he, could he to ſuch belong.
A place is promis'd, if he will but ſerve,
And ſomewhat from his wonted fierceneſs ſwerve.
Agreed to Town they march. By this, broad Day
The Dog's gall'd neck doth to the Wolf diſplay.
Whoſe reaſon ask'd, my fierceneſs, quoth the Dog,
Intitled me unto a weighty Clog.
I being curſt alike to friends and foes,
My Maſter honor'd me with many blows;
Giving me charge no living thing to bite,
But Wolves and Thieves, who rob both day and night.
Thus was I tam'd: yet ſtill about I bear
This mark of innate curſtneſs ev'ry where.
The Wolf this hearing ſaid, I will not buy
Your Maſters friendſhip with my liberty.

Then

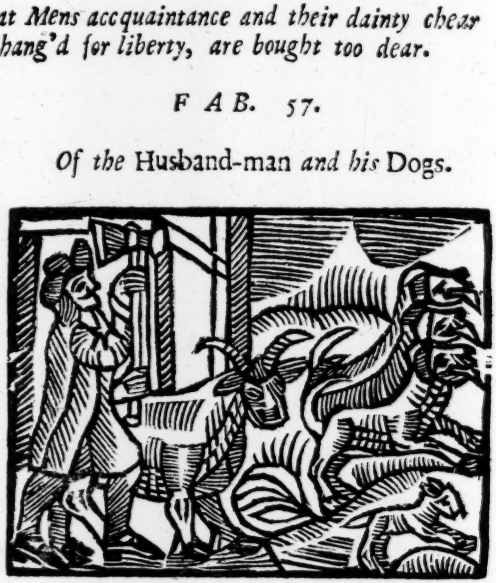
Then bid's the Dog farewell, go ſerve thy friends;
For my hard fare my freedom makes amends.

The Moral.

Great Mens accquaintance and their dainty chear
Exchang'd for liberty, are bought too dear.

FAB. 57.

Of the Husband-man *and his* Dogs.



THe Husband-man when he had wintered certain days in the Countrey, began at the laſt to want neceſſaries. He ſlaughters the Sheep, and afterwards the Kids, and laſt of all he ſlays the Oxen, that he might have wherewithal to ſupport his thin body, almoſt conſumed with want. The Dogs ſeeing that, reſolve to provide for their own ſafety by running away, thinking with themſelves that there was no living long, when the Maſter ſpared not the Oxen, which were ſo uſeful for all Country employments.

The Moral. *Be wary unto what family thou ſelleſt thy ſelf for gain. Some Maſters are moſt inhumane. For many at preſent are grown to that madneſs that by misfortune, miſchief and detriment, they wilfully kill their ſervant.*

An

AN Husband-man beſieg'd with Froſt and Snow,
To market for Proviſion could not go.
In this diſtreſs full many days he paſt,
Winter ſtill laſting, he was forc'd at laſt
To kill his Sheep and Goats and they being ſpent,
His Oxen too, to give his Guts content.
This his Dogs ſeeing, ran for life away;
Not daring till Beeves were eaten ſtay,
Though they ſhould ſhare the Bones: For if he kill
His Steers, ſay they, who us'd his Ground to till,
His Sheep that cloath'd him, will our Maſter ſpare
Our lives, who uſeleſs and devouring are?

The Moral.

Ill natur'd Men make all their Servants ſlaves,
With whom the beſt no better fare than Knaves.

FAB. 58.

Of the Fox *and the* Lion.

THE Fox which ſaw the unuſual fierceneſs of the Lion, viewing by chance that kind of creature once and again, trembled at him, and ſhunned him. When as now the third time ſhe met the Lion, the

Fox

Fox was ſo far from fearing any thing, that ſhe confidently went to him and ſaluted him.

The Moral. *Cuſtom makes us all more venturous, even with thoſe whom before times, we ſcarcely durſt look upon.*

THe Fox that never in his life before
Had ſeen a Lion, nor what aw he bore
In his dread countenance, at firſt diſmaid,
Durſt not approach him, ev'n to death afraid:
The ſecond time he meets him, whoſe fierce ſight
The trembling Fox did in ſome meaſure fright,
But not ſo much as firſt. But when that he
The third time met him, his timidity
Quite ſhaken off, the Fox was grown ſo bold,
That he durſt conference with the Lion hold.

The Moral.

So Cuſtom makes Men fearleſs, and what were Dreadful before, become familiar.

FAB. 59.

Of the Fox *and the* Eagle.

THe Fox's whelps run abroad: which being taken by the Eagle, implore the help of their Dam. She

She runs to succor them, and intreats the Eagle to let go the captivated whelps. The Eagle having gotten her Prey, flies to her Young ones. The Fox taking a fire-brand, follows her, as if she would burn up her strong-holds. When now she climbed up the Tree, the Fox said, Now defend thy self, and thy Young ones, if thou canst. The Eagle trembling, whilst she feared burning saith, Spare me I pray thee and my young ones, and whatever I have of thine I will restore thee.

The Moral. *By the Eagle understand such Men who are powerful and of a daring spirit: by the* Fox *understand poor Men whom wealthy ones study to oppress with Calamities and Reproaches. But sometime even the Ants have their gall, and the most impotent have sometime a power to right an injury received.*

A Brooding Eagle for her Eaglets stole
A young Fox Cub, that strayed from his hole.
The Bitch-Fox hearing her distress'd Cub cry,
Forth of her hole came running hastily,
Praying the Eagle she would let him go.
Which when the mounting Eagle would not do,
The Dam a Fire-brand takes, and vows that she
Will burn the Nest. With that she climbs the Tree;
The Eagle seeing that, let me alone,
She says, and I will render thee thine own.

The Moral.

Wrong not the Poor for thine own well-fare sake:
There's none so mean but due revenge may take.

FAB. 60.

Of the Husband-man *and the* Stork.

THe Cranes and Geeſe eating up the ſowed Corn, the Country-man ſpred his net. The Cranes are caught, likewiſe the Geeſe, as alſo the Stork. She begs pardon, proclaiming her innocency, and withal profeſſing that ſhe was neither the Crane nor the Gooſe, but the beſt of all Birds, becauſe ſhe us'd to be dutiful to her Parents, when they were very aged. The Husband-man anſwers. None of theſe I regard. Seeing I have taken thee with offenders, with them ſhalt thou alſo die.

The Moral. *He that commits a fault, and he that adjoyns himſelf to wicked companions ſhall ſuffer the puniſhment with them.*

A Farmer pitcht a Net for Cranes and Geeſe,
That feed his new-ſown-ſeed: but among theſe
A Stork caught likewiſe humbly doth implore
For life; ſince ſhe was never there before.
She a poor Stork (that doth her Parents feed
And ſuccor, when diſtreſt with age or need)
No Gooſe or Crane is; therefore freed may be,
If not for pity, for her Piety.

The

The Farmer ſays. Although nor Gooſe nor Crane
You be, you die, ſince you with ſuch are ta'ne.

The Moral.

Hence pliant natures may learn to deſcry,
And ſhun the danger of ill company.

FAB. 61.

Of the Cock *and the* Cat.

THe Cat came to eat the Cock; and having not cauſe ſufficient to wrong him, began to accuſe the Cock, ſaying that he was a clamorous Bird, and that with his ſhrill voice he awoke men ſleeping in the night. He pleads himſelf Innocent, ſeeing that he called up Men to their work. The Cat in the mean while thunders at him, ſaying, Thou varlet, thou hadſt as good ſay nothing; thou haſt to do with thy Mother, neither doſt thou contain thy ſelf from thy Siſter. When the *Cock* endeavoured to clear himſelf in that, neither ſhall this avail, quoth the *Cat*, ſtill fuming; I will forthwith tear thee aſunder.

The Moral. *It is an old ſaying, ſaith* William Gaudanus. It's an eaſie matter to find a cudgel to beat a Dog. *A wicked Man right or wrong will ruin thee.*

A Cat upon the Cock lays violent hands,
With full intent that watchful Bird to kill
Of whom the Cock before his death demands,
Why ſo unjuſtly ſhe his blood would ſpill.
The Cat replies, Villain, when men ſhould reſt
And undiſturbed in their houſes lie,
Thy nightly crowings their ſound ſleep moleſt;
Which to prevent, thou inſtantly ſhalt die.
Alaſs quoth *Chaunticleer*, my voice affrights
Not any, but more helps than damnifies.
By that Men know the waſting of the nights,
And with the early morning when to riſe.
Admitt, quoth *Puſs*, I grant thee this Excuſe,
Yet greater crimes than that hang ore thy head
Thy Kindred thou inceſtuouſly doth uſe,
Not ſparing thoſe are neareſt, but doſt tread
With equal luſt thy Siſters, and ev'n her
Who hatch'd and gave thee being. Does not this
This merit death? No, anſwers *Chaunticleer*;
Nature confines not us, as ſhe doth Men,
Wholly to one. Tuſh, quoth the Cat, I ſee
Y' are frequent in your babling when you pleaſe
Thy empty pleadings nothing profit thee,
Nor to my eager appetite give eaſe.
Thy life I covet, and 'tis that alone,
Without excuſe, which I muſt ſeize upon.

The Moral.

So great Men cruſh the Poor, and make their will
The only cauſe of their oppreſſion ſtill.

FAB. 62.

Of the Shepherds-Boy *and the* Husband-men.

A Certain Boy fed his ſheep in an open Meadow, and three or four times in jeſt crying out, That the Wolf was comeing, raiſed the Husband-men round about. They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earneſt, came not. In the mean time the Sheep are made a prey to the Wolf.

The Moral. *If a Man accuſtome himſelf to lying, he is ſcarcely believed when he tells truth.*

A Shepherds Boy with many mocks did keep
On higher grounds a ſcatter'd flock of Sheep.
He jeſting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh,
Cry'd out for help, as in extremity,
To Neigb'ring Plough-folk. They their work leave off
To help the knave, who thanks them with a ſcoff.
At laſt the Wolves indeed come; then the boy
Cries, Neighbours help, the Wolves my Sheep deſtroy;
The oft deluded Plough-men now refuſe
To help, leſt he again their help abuſe.
And ſo the Sheep the Wolves prey die; whilſt he
In earneſt grieves his jeſting mockery.

The

The Moral.

A conſtant lier ſhall not find belief
Though truth he tell: the cripple no relief
(That once was known to counterfeit) ſhall find,
Although he ne're ſo accurately bind
His pliant leg to his moſt ſupple thigh;
Nay, though it broken were, and lame he cry,
By Jove *I feign not, and ſhed many tears;*
Yea, though by dread Olus ſelf he ſwears
Himſelf a Cripple. All will anſwer thus,
Think not to purchaſe double fools of us;
We have been fool'd already, Would you ſpeed?
Seek ſtrangers to believe you, if you need.

FAB. 63.

Of the Eagle *and the* Crow.

THE Eagle flies from an high Rock upon the Lambs back. The *Crow* ſeeing that, Ape-like deſires to imitate the Eagle, lights upon the Ramsfleece; alighting is hindred; being hindred is caught; being caught is thrown to the Boys.

The Moral. *Let not Man value himſelf by the vertue that is in others, but his own.* Meaſure thy ſelf (*ſaith Horace*) by thy own foot: deſire that, and attempt that which thou art able to perform.

The

THe Eagle ſeiſes on a Lamb for prey,
And mounting, lightly beareth it away.
Which th' apiſh Crow perceiving, thinks that ſhe
Might adventurous as the Eagle be;
And with as good ſucceſs and equal power
Seiſe on another Lamb, and that devour.
With which ſurmiſe puſt up, ſhe ſwiftly flies,
And with loud ſcreaming, ſhrill and hideous cries,
Intangled ſo her Claws within the thick
Rough curled Wool, and there ſo faſt did ſtick,
That riſing, as ſhe thought, to bear with her
The Lamb aloft, ſhe neither it could ſtir,
Nor yet her ſelf get looſe: which conflict ſtraight
The Shepherd ſees, and haſtes to terminate.
Seiſing the vainly guilty, takes the Crow,
Then clips her wings, and to his boys did throw
The ſilly Bird; who ſport with her and play,
While ſhe from them cannot eſcape away;
But thus lamenting cries, O now I ſee
That ſimple Crows will never Eagles be.

The Moral.

So Men who vainly above themſelves aſpire,
E're they poſſeſs the height of their deſire,
Not only fail in their attempts, but fall
Beneath themſelves, inferior to all.

FAB. 64.

Of the envious Dog, *and the* Ox.

THE Dog lying down in the Manger full of Hay, the Ox came to feed; the Dog rouſing himſelf prohibits him. A miſchief go with thee (quoth the Ox) with that thy envy, who wilt not eat Hay thy ſelf, nor ſuffer me.

The Moral. *Many are of that diſpoſition, that they envy others in what they themſelves through inability of mind, are not able to attain.*

AN Envious Dog, that ſleeping lay
Upon a bundle of freſh Hay,
Snarles at the Ox which thither came
Hungry to feed upon the ſame,
And drives him back: Whereat the Ox
This curſe upon the Dog invokes,
May the juſt Gods ſo puniſh thee,
As thou with ſpleen oppoſeſt me;
Who that, whereon thou canſt not feed,
With-holdeſt from me in my need.

The

The Moral.

I' th' World too many ſuch like Men there are,
Who rather than they'l ought to others ſpare
For their Relief, will to themſelves detain
Things of ſmall uſe, perhaps of ſmaller gain.

FAB. 65.

Of the Jack-Daw *and the* Sheep.

THe Jack-daw chats upon the back of the Sheep, the Sheep ſaith, if thou ſhouldeſt ſo chatter to a Dog, thou ſhould'ſt have ſome miſchief done thee. But, ſaith the Jack-daw, I know over whom I may inſult, I moleſt them who are quiet, and am courteous to them who are ſpiteful.

The Moral. *Bad Men are always ready to conteſt with a weak and honeſt Man. Every one that is moſt innocent, is daſhed againſt the ground; but no body cries out againſt a miſchievous and haſty Man in his own bearing.*

A Crow upon a Sheeps back proudly ſtands,
And ſeemingly the harmleſs Beaſt commands
With harſh voice. To her thus ſpake the Sheep,
Wherefore doſt thou ſuch hateful noiſes keep,
And me diſturb? if here a Dog were nigh,
You durſt not lift your voice up half ſo high.
That's true, replies the Crow; I domineer
Only o're them that dare do nought but fear.

The Moral.

This Fable ſhews that honeſt harmleſs Men
Oft greateſt injuries do ſuffer; when
A dogged wrangling neighbour lives at reſt,
As if none durſt diſturb, or him moleſt.

FAB. 66.
Of the Peacock *and the* Nightingale.

THe Peacock complains to *Juno* the Siſter and Wife of the higheſt *Jove*, that the Nightingale ſung ſweetly, and that ſhe was derided by all for her hoarſneſs. To whom *Juno* replied, every one hath his peculiar gift from above: The Nightingale in ſing

ſinging, thou in thy plumes incomparably ſurpaſſeſt. It becomes every one to be content with his own lot.

The Moral. *That which the Gods beſtow, let us receive with a thankful mind; and let us not purſue greater things.* The Gods do nothing raſhly.

THe Peacock hearing the melodious ſtrains
Of the ſweet Nightingale, ſadly complains
To *Jove*'s great Siſter, that his ſqueaking voice
Yielded no ſound, but a harſh hateful noiſe,
Scorned by every man; while that ſmall Bird
With raviſhing notes ſo much the affection ſtir'd
Of all her hearers, that they'd liſtning ſtand
To her tun'd ſong; his ſcreaming was diſdain'd.
To whom thus *Juno* anſwers, Hath not *Jove*
To thee given ſtately Feathers, far above
The glory of other Birds? then reſt content.
As ſhe in voice excels, in ornament
You her ſurpaſs: And *Jupiter* beſtows
His ſeveral gifts as from his pleaſure flows.

The Moral.

Men ought not with croſs murmuring repine
Againſt the juſtice of the Power Divine;
Nor envy others gifts for none can be
Poſſeſt of every thing: but as we ſee
Some men 'bove others unto honour riſe:
In poorer men, God that defect ſupplies.

FAB. 67.
Of the Old Weaſel, *and the* Mice.

THe Weaſel, by reaſon of old age, decaying in ſtrength was not able to purſue the Mice as formerly. She begins to uſe her wits, and lurks in the Meal-heap, hoping by that means eaſily to hunt. The Mice run together, and while they eagerly fall to the Meal, are every one devoured by the Weaſel.

The Moral. *Where one is deſtitute of Strength, he had need of Wit.* Lyſander *the* Lacedemonian *uſed to ſay, The Foxes skin is to be pieced, where the Lions skin cannot reach: Which may be ſpoken more clearly thus, Where Virtue fails, make uſe of Policy.*

A Weaſel, weak through age, could not purſue,
Nor hunt the Mice, as ſhe was wont to doe:
Therefore ſhe thus contrived to conceal
Her ſelf cloſe cover'd in a tub of meal,
Whither whole Regiments of Mice did uſe
Still to repair, as to their Rendezvous.
The Weaſel which lay there purdue, now riſeth
From thence as from an ambuſh, and ſurpriſeth
The captive Vermine, and by this device
Vanquiſht whole Troops, and ſlew them in a trice.

The

The Moral.

Where weapons cannot, wiſdom may prevail.
Where the Lions ſkin is ſcant, the Foxes tail
Well piec'd doth well; 'tis prudence to unite
Counſel with Courage, Policy with might.

FAB. 68.

Of the Country-man *and the* Apple-tree.

THe Country-man yearly gathered moſt pleaſant Apples, from a Tree which he had in the next field, and when he had gathered them, he preſented the choiceſt to his City Landlord; who was taken with the incredible pleaſantneſs of the Apples, that at length he removed the Tree to his own Field, which being very old, preſently withered, and ſo the Apples and the Tree in like manner periſhed. Which when it was told to the Maſter of the houſe; alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to tranſplant an old Tree. It had been ſufficiently enough (had I known how to have bridled my appetite) to have gathered the fruit.

The Moral. *Thoſe who are over-wiſe, and purſue unlawful things, are too fooliſh. He that can bridle his deſires, is the wiſeſt Man.*

A Country Swain i' th' Country every Year
Gathered ſweet Apples from a Tree h'had there,
With theſe he poſts to th' City, where he ſought
His Landlords friendſhip with the fruit he brought.
His Landlord much delighted with the taſte
Of theſe delicious fruits, contrives in haſte,
How to remove the ſtock and all; the fruit
Could not ſuffice, unleſs he ſee the Root.
No ſooner was the ſtock digged from the ſtation,
But dies and withers in the tranſplantation.
Which when the Landlord heard, he thus did ſigh,
Uttering theſe ſad complaints, what fool was I,
That with the fruit could not contented be;
I've loſt the Apples while I ſought the Tree.

The Moral.

Theſe harſh and hair-brain'd Men that wont be rul'd
By the advice of others, oft are fool'd
In their attempt. The moderate Man 's the ſole
Subject of wit, Diſcretion wins the Godles.

F A B. 69.

Of the Lion *and the* Frog.

THe Lion ſeeming to hear a voice, ſtarted up: he ſtood ſtill not without fear, expecting ſome great

great thing. At length a little Frog came out of the Water. The Lion laying aside all fear, made haste and spurned the little Beast with his feet.

The Moral. *This Fable forbids vain fears; as that Fable which was made by* William Gaudanus, *concerning the Mountains bringing forth.*

A Lion at the croaking of a Frog,
Stood just as if he were become a log,
With great amazement, wondring at the cause
Or Mystick meaning of his hideous voice.
At length (as thus he long time pausing stood)
A little Frog came crawling from the Mud,
Whom when his re-erected thoughts did meet,
With scorn he spurn'd and trampled under feet.

The Moral.

The Fable *of the Mountain that did teem,*
And travell'd with a mushrome Mouse, doth seem
An Hieroglyphick of the fear of those
Who are affrighted 'ere they see their foes.

FAB. 70.

Of the Pismire,

THe Pismire being a thirst came to the Fountain to drink. By chance she fell into the Well

well; a Dove helped her afar off by a Bough that was caſt off from a Tree. The Piſmire crawling up the Bough, is ſaved. The Fowler is at hand to take the Dove; but the Piſmire doth not ſuffer him, biting him by the Heel. The Dove flies away.

The Moral. *This* Fable *elegantly teacheth us to give thanks to thoſe that deſerve it.*

THe little Piſmire thirſty, goes to drink:
Where as ſhe ſippeth at the Rivers brink,
A floating wave o'rewhelms her; nor could ſhe
Eſcape its force, till from a neighbouring Tree
A gentle Dove crops off a tender Twig,
And dropt it in the River: On which Sprig
The half drown'd Piſmire crawls, and ſcapes the ſhore
Safe from the danger ſhe was in before.
This done, a crafty Fowler viewing where
The Dove ſat pearch'd, approacheth her, and there
Begins to place his Nets; the Ant deſcries
His cunning practice, and for courteſies
Receiv'd, that he might not ingrateful prove,
Thus plots a way to free the harmleſs Dove.
The Fowler being buſie at his work
(Though cloſely from the Pidgeons ſight he lurkt)
The little Piſmire bites him by the Heel:
Which ſudden ſmarting when the man did feel,
Loſing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand;
The noiſe whereof makes the Dove underſtand
The Fowlers miſchief, and with winged ſpeed
Fly ſwiftly thence, from ſo great danger freed.

The Moral.

If things irrational ſo grateful be,
Learn, Man, what duty doth belong to thee;
For if thou any Man ungrateful call,
Of bad thou giveſt him the Titles all.

FAB

FAB. 71.

Of the Peacock *and the* Pye.

A Flock of Birds as they freely roved up and down, wiſhed themſelves a King. The Peacock thought himſelf firſt worthy to be choſen, becauſe he was the moſt beautiful. He being made a King, O King, ſays the Pye, if, while you reign, the Eagle ſhould begin to purſue as ſtrongly as he was wont, how couldſt thou drive him away? how couldſt thou ſave us?

The Moral. *In a Prince not ſo much his form, as his Fortitude of Body is to be marked, and there is need of Wiſdom.*

THe winged Nation, that of old flew free,
By all means govern'd by a King woulde be,
Valentine's day th' appoint with one conſent,
To chatter their diurnal Parliament.
The ſet Day dawning, every Bird his Mate
Selects, ſecluding none to agitate.
In well fill'd Senate up the Peacock ſtarts,
And more to take his Auditors, he parts

And

And ſpreads his gaudy Train; then ſtrutting, thus
Speaks to the reſt, Since 'tis agreed by us
This day a King to chuſe, 'tis fit you know
His full endowments, on whom you beſtow
Our Soveraignty. Know firſt, our King muſt have
A graceful Form and Perſonage to behave
Himſelf like other Princes, without theſe
His other Parts are but deformities.
This being voted by the Birds, again
The Peacock ſtruts, and more diſplays his Train,
King in conceit already, thus renews
His Oratory: What Bird here that views
The beauty of our Perſonage and Gate,
Though nere ſo proud will think himſelf our Mate?
With this the Birds eyes blinded paſs their votes
He ſhould be King, and with their various notes
Sound out his *vivat*. But the wiſer Pie
Makes to the King this ſhort, but ſharp reply;
If in thy Reign (as 'tis moſt like) ſome foe
Aſſault us, where for ſuccor ſhall we goe?
Can that gay Braverry, when for aid we fly
To hide us there, repulſe the Enemy?

The Moral.

When Princes are Elective, one endu'd
With prudence, vigilance and fortitude,
Ought to be choſe, and not whoſe outward form
Doth promiſe much, but nothing can perform.

FAB. 72.

Of the Sick-man *and the* Phyſician.

THe Phyſician had a Sick-man in cure; at length he dies: then the Phyſician ſays, he hath periſhed by intemperance.

The Moral.

Unleſs every one leave Drunkenneſs and Luſt when he is young, he ſhall never come to old age, for he ſhall have a very ſhort old age.

A Rare Phyſician had a Man in cure,
That a long time did grievous pain endure,
His malady unknown: yet ſtill the Sot
Pli'd him with Purges, Cliſters, and what not?
That he might learn (ſuch is the uſe of thoſe
Hedge Doctors ſtill) the nature of each Doſe,
Unknown to him before, and try which Pill,
What Drug is hot or cold, doth eaſe or kill.
The Man this tampring to a feaver brought,
Whereof he dies. But when his kindred ſought
What his diſeaſe was; the Doctor repli'd,
Through ſome intemperance 'twas your kinſman di'd.

The

The Moral.

Intemperance effeminates the Soul
And Body both, and doth deſtroy the whole
State of Mans life, by haſtning on old age,
Stopping our journey ere w' have rid a ſtage.

FAB. 73.
Of the Lion *and other* Beaſts.

THe Lion, the Aſs, and the Fox go a hunting. A great prey is taken; it is commanded to be divided. The Aſs laying to every one their parts, the Lion roars: he takes hold of the Aſs and tears him. Afterward he committeth that buſineſs to the Fox, who being more crafty, when a great deal the beſt part was laid before the Lion, he reſerveth ſcarce a little part for himſelf. The Lion asked by whom he was ſo taught. To whom he anſwered, the calamity of this taught me, ſhewing him the dead Aſs.

The Moral. *He is happy whom other mens harms do make to beware.*

THe Royal Lion, Fox, and Aſs do make
A Hunting-day, an ample prey to take,

A

A well grown Calf; which in three equal parts
The Aſs divides, and each to each imparts.
The Lion raging, roar'd to ſee his ſhare
No more than thoſe of his mean Subjects are;
And in contempt the ſtupid Aſs doth ſlay,
Bidding the Fox divide the doubled prey.
The cunning Fox but two ſhares made of all;
The Lions very great, his very ſmall.
And being ask'd who to divide him taught;
Reply'd, the Juſtice on the Aſs was wrought.

The Moral.

That Man is provident and wiſe alone,
By others dangers that avoids his own.

FAB. 74.

Of the Kid *and the* Wolf.

THe Kid looking out at the Window, durſt provoke the Wolf with rallings, as he paſſed by. To whom the Wolf ſaid. Thou doeſt not rail on me, thou wicked Creature, but the place.

The

The Moral. *Both the time and place always give boldneſs to a Man.*

A Kid ſafe hous'd out of a Window ſpies
A Wolf paſs by, which with foul obloquies
He doth ſalute, of which the worſt and chief
Were harmful, uſeleſs, glutton, butcher, thief.
The Wolf replies, ah wretch, 'tis thy ſtrong place
And not thy valour doth me thus diſgrace.
Come forth, and to your skin I'll wage a groat
I'll teach your ill tun'd tongue a better note.

The Moral.

In times and places priviledg'd ſome dare
Speak big; and they moſt often varlets are.

FAB. 75.

Of the Aſs.

THe Aſs complaining of the cruelty of the Gardener, prays *Jupiter* to give him another Maſter. *Jupiter* hears the prayers of the Aſs, and gives him a Tile-maker; with whom when he carried tiles and heavier burthens upon his back, he came again

to

to Jupiter, intreats him to give him one that was more mild. Jupiter laughed. But he did not desist to be instant, and to pray whilst he had forced him. He giveth him a Tanner, whom when the Ass knew, he saith, wo is me, who whilst I am content with no Master, have at last happened upon him who will not spare my very hide, as I suppose.

The Moral. *We always dislike those things which are present, and desire new, which (as the proverb is) are not better than the old ones.*

A Gard'ners Ass, that carried each day
Some things to Market, unto Jove did bray,
Entreating for another Master: he
Held his then owners usage cruelty.
This suit is granted, and a Tile-man giv'n.
But now, alas! the grumbling Ass is driv'n
A longer way with greater loads. Again
Therefore the Ass doth unto Jove complain,
A milder Owner begging. Jove says nay.
Yet since the Ass incessantly doth bray,
A Tanner given is: whom when the Ass
Had perfect notice of, reply'd, alas,
Those I refus'd were mild ones, but this man,
When I am dead my very skin will tan.

The Moral.

Who with their present State are not content,
Still worser find for their just punishment.

FAB. 76.

Of an Old Woman *and her* Maids.

A Certain old Woman had many Maids in her Houſe, whom every day before it was light, at the crowing of the Cock which ſhe kept in the houſe, ſhe called up to their work. The Maids at length being moved with the daily tediouſneſs of their work, kill the Cock, hoping that he being killed they ſhould ſleep till mid-day. But this hope was fruſtrated, for the Miſtreſs when ſhe knew that the Cock was killed, commanded them afterwards to riſe at mid-night.

The Moral. *Many whilſt they ſtudiy to ſhun one grievous evil, fall into a worſe; It is a common ſaying, He falls into* Scylla, *who would ſhun* Carybdis.

AN aged worldling many Maids did keep,
Which never could beyond Cock-crowing ſleep,
For then their Beldam chim'd them up; whilſt they
Stretching, as if they reach'd for ſleep, would ſay,
Hey ho for Husbands, that we long'r might
Lie in our Beds, nor riſe before the light,
At length the Maids tir'd with their daily toil,
Behead the Cock, and his alarum ſpoil;

Hoping

Hoping without diſturbance they ſhould reſt,
Till broad-day had obſcurity ſuppreſt.
The Cock remov'd, but ſee what change befell,
Their Dame thenceforth at mid-night rings a bell.

The Moral.

When you would ſhun a thing diſtaſtful, ſee
You not incur a worſe Calamity.
Fools to one vice, when they another ſhun,
As from one gulf into another run.

F 4 B. 77.

Of the Aſs *and the* Horſe.

THE Aſs thought that the Horſe was happy, becauſe he was fat and lived in idleneſs, but he ſaid, that he was unhappy, becauſe he was lean and poor, and every day was uſed by his cruel Maſter to carry Burdens. A while after they called to arms; then the Horſe could not keep the Rider from his Back, nor the Bridle from his Mouth, nor the Darts from his Body. The Aſs ſeeing this, gave great thanks to the Gods, that they had made him an Aſs and not a Horſe.

The Moral. *They are miſerable whom the vulgar account happy, and there are not a few happy who think them-*

themſelves miſerable. The Cobler ſays that a King is happy, whom he ſeeth to have all things at his will, not conſidering in how great matters and troubles he is imploy'd, when in the mean time he is merry with his poverty.

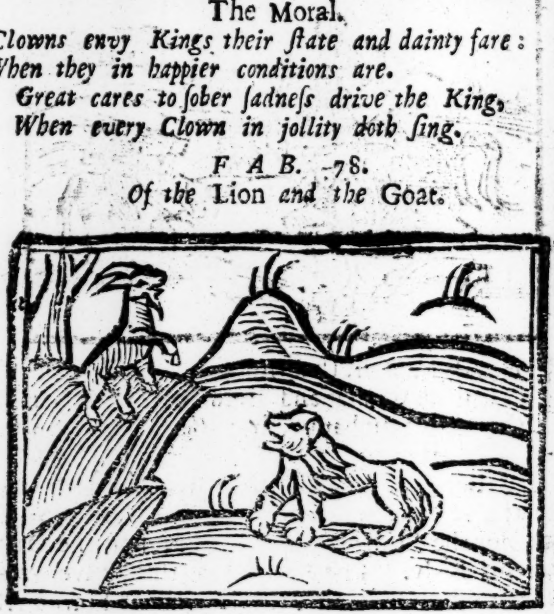
A Poor lean Aſs, who daily underwent
Great loads, was with that courſe of life content
But meeting with a War-horſe full of eaſe
And pamper'd fleſh, ('twas then a time of peace)
Ah then unhappy him; but richly bleſt
He thought the Horſe, becauſe he had then reſt.
Soon after this the Horſe to war was ſent,
Where wounds and toil he had, ſmall nouriſhment:
Whom when returning lame the Aſs doth ſee,
He 's well-content with his lean drudgery.

The Moral.

Clowns envy Kings their ſtate and dainty fare:
When they in happier conditions are.
Great cares to ſober ſadneſs drive the King,
When every Clown in jollity doth ſing.

FAB. 78.

Of the Lion *and the* Goat.



BY chance the Lion ſeeing the Goat walking up on a high Rock, admoniſheth him that he would

would rather come down into the green mead. The Goat answereth, I would perhaps if thou wert absent, who dost not perswade me that I should take any pleasure from thence, but that thou mightest have something that thou mayest devour, being ready to starve for hunger.

The Moral.

Trust not all men. For some men give thee counsel not for thy profit, but for their own.

A Lion seeing on a Mountain steep
A shaggie Goat her safer Mansion keep,
Above his reach, plots how he may betray,
Or bring her down, to make her so his prey;
And thus begins. Why fondling, dost thou feed
On barren Rocks? these fruitful Meadows breed
More sweet and pleasant herbs for taste or scent,
And much more useful for thy nourishment;
When upon Rocks grows none but wither'd grass,
Scorched with heat. The Goat replies, alas,
'Tis my ill hap: but there secure I live,
Nor to thy flatteries will credit give.
Should I come down to feed one hour by thee,
I scarcely should another minute see.

The Moral.

Let not fair words perswade you, till you know
The causes whence such guile-tongue speeches flow.
If we intend well, good deeds shall supply
Their place; if ill, malice and enmity.

FAB. 79.

Of the Vulture *and other* Birds.

THe Vulture makes as if he would celebrate his Birth-day: he inviteth the Birds to a Banquet; for the moſt part they come: He entertains their coming with great joy and favour; but the Vulture teareth them being entertained.

The Moral. *They are not all friends who ſpeak us fair, or bear us in hand, that they are willing to do us courteſie. Hereupon ſaith* Ovid, *oftentimes Poiſon lurks under the Hyblean Honey.*

THe Hawk proclaims a ſolemn feſtival,
And to that ſumptuous Feaſt inviteth all
The Birds. They not miſtruſting danger, come.
The Hawk conducts them to a ſpacious room;
Which enter'd, ſtraight ſhe maketh faſt the door,
And ſurely locking them within her power,
Beyond the expectation of her gueſts,
Inſtead of them her ſelf alone ſhe feaſts,
And murders all, not ſparing one to be
The ſad relater of this Tragedy.

The Moral.

'Tis dangerous to truſt profeſſed foes:
For by fair words gilt o're with feigned ſhows
Of ſeeming love, more blood ther do devour,
Than twenty Battels fought with equal Power.

FAB. 80.
Of the Geeſe.

THe Geeſe together with the Cranes ſpoil a field; Who being heard, the Country-men come out preſently upon them. The Cranes ſeeing the Country-men flee, the Geeſe are taken, who being hindred by the heavineſs of their body, could not flie away.

The Moral. *When a City is taken by the Enemies, a poor Man eaſily gets away: But a rich Man being taken is made a ſlave. In War, riches are rather a burthen, than for uſe.*

A Flock of Geeſe with certain Cranes did waſte
A Clowns Corn-field; when leaving all in haſte
To them with all his Servants maketh ſpeed.
The watchful Cranes ſoon by their flight were freed,
But the dull Geeſe, clog'd with their bodies weight,
Their Foes purſuing quickly ruinate.

The

The Moral.

When Towns in War are taken, poor men may
Withdraw themſelves, the rich remain for prey.

FAB. 81.

Of Jupiter *and the* Ape.

JUpiter being very deſirous to know who of all mortals brought forth the moſt beautiful young ones, commandeth to call every creature from every place. They go to Jupiter from every place. Now all kinds of Birds and Cattel are preſent, among whom when the Ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her arms, no body could forbear to laugh; alſo Jupiter himſelf laughed greatly. Then immediately the Ape her ſelf ſaid, yea and Jupiter himſelf knoweth, who is our judge, that my young ones do excel all, as many as are here preſent.

The Moral. *Every one thinks his own the faireſt, as the proverb hath it. And elſewhere in* Theocritus *in his Idyls, Thoſe things that are not fair, ſeem fair to one that loves.*

JOve calls the Beaſts, and wills them all to ſtand
For cenſure which is faireſt. His command
They all obey; the watry Fiſhes too,
And Birds of the Air to that aſſembly flew.

Non

None abſent but the Ape; yet ſhe, though late
Comes with her young one, imitating ſtate
Of the moſt noble; but her antick geſts
Raiſe but a laughter among all the Beaſts,
To ſcoff her naked buttocks. Friends, no more,
Quoth the old Ape, I doubt not but before
From hence we part, you all abaſh'd will ſtand,
When *Jove* to me and mine gives th' upper hand
For feature and rare form, for in my ſight
None of you equal us, if *Jove* judge right.
At which a ſecond laughter roſe through all
The Beaſts; and *Jove* into like mirth did fall;
Replying, fooliſh Ape, this fond applauſe
Of thy own ſelf, deriſion from us draws.
Hence then and better learn thy ſelf to know,
For who extols themſelves their folly ſhow.

The Moral.

Moſt think their own by nature faireſt are,
Which if with judgment t' others they compare,
Appear but mean. 'Twill prove the ſafer then
To leave the cenſure to judicious men,
Leſt Ape-like we, while our own ſelves we praiſe,
The common ſcorn of every jeſter raiſe.

FAB. 82.
Of the Oak *and the* Reed.

THe Oak in times paſt being full of pride and inſolency, ſet upon the Reed, ſaying, if now thou haſt a couragious breaſt, go to, and come and fight with me, that the event may ſhew which of us two excelleth in ſtrength. The Reed, nothing wondring at ſuch great exultations of the Oak, and vain crackling of his valour, anſwered thus, I refuſe now the combate, neither doth it grieve me for my lot. For although I am moveable on every ſide, yet I overcome the ſhrill ſounding tempeſts: You, if that King *Æolus* ſhall ſend forth once his ſtrugling winds out of his Cave, will fall down, and ſhall be then laughed at by me.

The Moral. *This Fable declares that they are not always the moſt valiant who inſults over others, being provoked by no injury.*

WHile the Oak-tree and Reed a conference held
Which ſtood moſt firm and ſtrong, or law did
To forceing winds, the unmoved Oak-tree (yield
Deriding the Reeds flexiblity,
To ſee it like a wave toſt ev'ry way
To each ſmall blaſt, when at one conſtant ſtay

She ſtill remain'd, the Reed gives not reply,
But ſtands quite mute, till the wind riſing high,
A violent gulf came tumbling o're the field,
And paſt the bending Reed, but ſoon compell'd
The Oak to ſtoop, and from the ground did tear
Her Roots that er'ſt ſo ſtrongly grounded were.

The Moral.

Men like the Reeds, whoſe eaſy nature wind
And wheel about as they occaſion find
To meet their own ends, endure longer far
Than thoſe who ſtubborn and contentious are.

FAB. 83.

Of the Fiſher-man *and the little* Fiſh.

THe Fiſher-man having caſt his hook that was covered with a bait into the water, pulled out a little Fiſh: the captive Fiſh beſeecheth and entreateth that he would ſuffer him, being a little Fiſh to eſcape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that ſo he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger. The Fiſher-man anſwereth, I buy not hope with Money, for I was always of that diſpoſition, that whatſoever I cou'd catch, I had rather take it away preſently.

The Moral. *This Fable admoniſheth us that we ſhould not let go certain things, for the hope of uncertain; for what is more fooliſh (as it is in* Cicero*) than to graſp things uncertain for certain?*

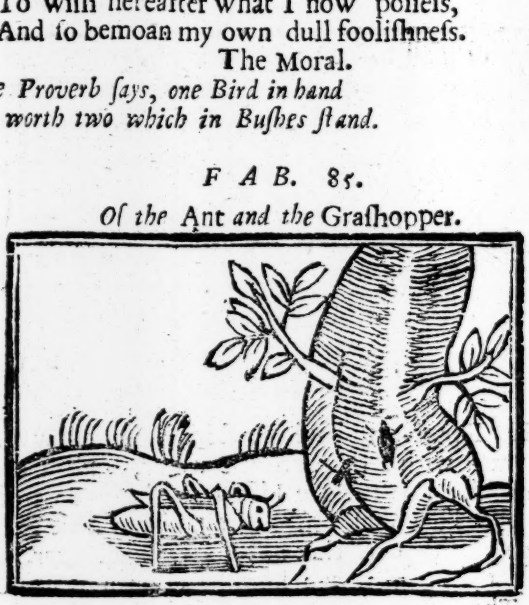
AN Angler caught a ſmall Fiſh; him the poor
And little creature ſadly does implore
That he would ſpare her life, ſince uſeleſs ſhe
Was not yet grown to full maturity
Of years or greatneſs; but if he would pleaſe
To let her taſte the pleaſure of the Seas,
And feed but for one year, ſhe willing then
Grown bigger, would return to 's hook agen.
No, quoth the Fiſher, I will never buy
My hope at ſuch a rate; uncertainly
To wiſh hereafter what I now poſſeſs,
And ſo bemoan my own dull fooliſhneſs.

The Moral.

The Proverb ſays, one Bird in hand
Is worth two which in Buſhes ſtand.

FAB. 85.

Of the Ant *and the* Graſhopper.



THe Winter coming on, the Ant drew corn into the floor to the Sun, The Graſhopper ſeeth, runneth

runneth, and asketh for a grain. The Ant ſaith, why do not you after my example gather to you whatſoever you can in the Summer, and add to your heap? She anſwereth, that the time was paſſed over by her in ſinging. The Ant laughing (if ſaith ſhe) you are wont to ſing in the Summer, deſervedly now you muſt ſuffer hunger.

The Moral. *We are admoniſhed by this little Fable, whilſt the ſtrength of the body is preſent with us, to ſeek thoſe things by which our weak old age may be ſatisfied: By Winter underſtanding old age, by Summer youth, and the flower of age.*

THe Graſhopper in Winter feeling want,
Goes for relief unto the painful Ant;
Who anſwers thus, how comes it that you are
So needy grown? was not the Summer fair,
And ſeaſonable too, clothing the ground
With fruits that did moſt plentiouſly abound?
And could thou then neglect to gather ſtore
For Winter, that thou wanteſt now, before
That ſeaſon half is ſpent? whom this reply
The Graſhopper returns; In Summer I
With my ſhrill voice did pleaſant muſick make,
For mens delight, when as abroad to take
The pleaſure of the field they walk. If then,
Anſwers the Ant, you ſo could pleaſure men
With your ſhrill notes and ſongs in Summers prime,
You beſt were now to dance in Winter time:
Leſt if it chance to freeze, the Winters cold
Upon your half ſtarv'd carcaſs take ſuch hold,
That ſhould you get a cough, your hoarſe throat
Next ſummer ſcarce would yield ſo ſweat a note.

The Moral.

Our careleſs Epicureans ſo,
Not mindful to prepare

For future times; but waſting all,
To begg'ry driven are;
And pine with hunger and with want oppreſt
When the induſtrious man with ſtore is bleſt.

FAB. 85.

Of the Lion *and the* Bull.

THe Bull fled from the Lion and falls upon the Goat. He with his Horns and rufled forehead threatned him. Unto whom the Bull full of anger ſaith, Thy forehead contracted into wrinkles frighteth me not, but I fear the great Lion, who unleſs he were upon my back, thou ſhouldeſt know that it is no ſmall matter to fight with a Bull, and to ſwallow the blood out of my wound.

The Moral. *Calamity muſt not be added to thoſe that are in Calamity: he is ſufficiently miſerable, who is once miſerable.*

PUrſu'd by th' Lion, th' Ox his life to ſave,
Maketh his flight for ſhelter to a Cave:
To whom the Goat an entrance doth deny
And with her Horns withſtands him enviouſly.
For which the angry Bull with bellowing throat
Thus vents his threats againſt the ſhaggy Goat:
Though

Though baſely now thou doſt oppoſe my flight,
Were the purſuing Lion out of ſight,
Whoſe rage I ſhun, and therefore dare not ſtay,
My fury ſhould enforce thee to give way.
But time will come when I reveng'd of thee
Shall puniſh this thy abject ſcorn of me.

The Moral.

As here the Goat not only aid denies,
But ſeems to add to the Bulls miſeries;
So Men oft do; but 'tis as often ſeen,
Time changing, that ſuch have requited been,
When thoſe who were oppreſt, have rais'd their ſtate,
And who oppos'd them, fall'n below their hate.

F A B. 86.

Of the Nurſe *and the* Wolf.

THe Nurſe threatens the crying Child, unleſs he holds his peace, ſhe would throw him to the Wolf. The Wolf accidentally hears that, and in hope of a prey tarrieth at the door. The Child (ſleep comeing upon him) is preſently quiet. The Wolf returns to the Wood faſting and empty. The Fox enquires

of him where his prey was. He ſighing, anſwered, he was cheated; the Nurſe threatned to caſt the crying child to me, but deceived me.

The Moral. *There's no belief to be given to a Woman.*

A Hungry Wolf walks forth to ſeek a prey;
And by meer fortune hears a Woman ſay
(Chiding her froward Child) forbear to cry,
Or to the Wolf I'll throw thee preſently.
Glad of this news the Wolf expects the Child,
And walteth at the door; but ſtraight with mild
Fair gentle ſtroakings, and ſweet lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his tear bedewed eyes,
And fell aſleep; which when the Wolf perceiv'd
And of his expectation quite bereav'd,
With bluſhes he returns into the Wood
To ſeek among the trees ſome other food.

The Moral.

This Fable may this uſe to us afford,
How little truſt is in a Womans word;
The various affections of whoſe mind
More often changeth than th' inconſtant wind.

FAB. 87.
Of the Tortoiſe *and the* Eagle.

THe Tortoiſe began to be weary with creeping, and if any one would lift her up into the Air, ſhe promiſeth pearls of the Red-Sea. The Eagle lifts her up; requires a reward. She not having any thing, the Eagle ſcratcheth her with her claws. So the Tortoiſe which deſired to ſee the Stars, left her life among the Stars.

The Moral. *Be content with thy own condition: Some there have been which if they had continued lowly might have been ſafe; being exalted have fallen into danger.*

ON promiſe that the Tortoiſe ſhould deſcry
Jewels that did upon ſome Mountains lie,
The greedy Eagle with the Tortoiſe flew
So high, that neither earth beneath them knew,
But the dull Tortoiſe failing promiſe, ſhe
Turning her fleſhly part, outragiouſly
Without all pity kill'd her, and that hour
The vainly boaſting Tortoiſe did devour.

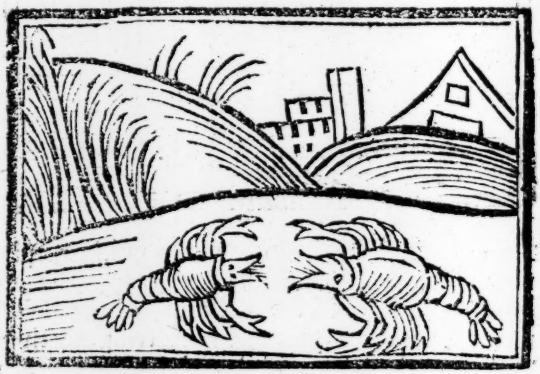
The Moral.

He undiſturb'd with ſtorms and tempeſts rides,
Whoſe unaſpiring bark by th' calm ſhore glides.

When those who proudly plow the troubled Main
Lie ſhipwrack'd, and their Anchors caſt in vain,
So Man who lifts his thoughts 'bove his eſtate,
Fails in th' attempt, and haſtens his own fate.

FAB. 88.

Of the Crab, *the* Mother, *and the* Son.



THe Mother adviſeth her Son that went backwards that he would go forwards. The Son anſwereth, Mother, go before, and I ſhall follow after.

The Moral. *Reprehend no Man for his faults, whereof thou thy ſelf mayeſt be reprehended.*

BEtween two *Crabs*, the Mother, and the Son,
A conference held; the Mother thus begun
To check her Young one, that he did not go
A comely pace, but waddled to and fro.
To whom the Son reply'd, Mother, I pray
Mend your gate firſt, and I ſhall find the way.

The Moral.

Firſt ſet thy ſelf upright, and then
Thou boldly mayeſt check other men.

FAB.

FAB. 89.

Of the Sun *and the* North-wind.

THE Sun and North-wind contend which is ſtronger. They agreed to try their ſtrength upon a Traveller, and he ſhould be the conqueror which made him throw off his Cloak, The North-wind with a horrible bluſtering ſet upon the Traveller. He notwithſtanding doth not deſiſt to go on, and foldeth his Garment about him. The Sun aſſumes his force, who (the ſtorms by degrees being overcome) caſts forth his Beams. The Traveller begins to wax hot, to ſweat and blow; at length being not able to go forwards, takes the cool Air, and caſting away his Cloak, ſits down under the ſhady grove. So the Sun got the Victory.

The Moral. *Beware diligently with whom you contend; for although thou art ſtrong, yet perhaps another may be ſtronger: or if not ſtronger, yet more cunning; and ſo with this policy overcome thy ſtrength.*

THE Sun and Wind in emulation roſe,
Which of their powers were of greater force.

At

At length with one conſent they do agree,
A Travellers Coat ſhould try the maſtery.
The wind forthwith his bluſterings began,
With dreadful noiſe aſſaults the trembling man;
Who ſtill about him caſts his coat in folds,
And more the wind doth ſtruggle, more he holds.
The wind appeas'd, the *Sun* his Beams applies,
Which in diſſolved ſweat the poor man fries.
Fainting with heat, he to the cool ſhade makes
To reſt himſelf, and there his coat forſakes.
The conquering *Sun* ſo calmly clos'd the day,
While the raſh wind aſhamed, ſhrunk away.

The Moral.

So violent threats and rigor often fail,
Where milder courſes often times prevail.

FAB. 90.

Of the Aſs *in a* Lions *skin.*

THE Aſs comes into the Wood; finds the Lions skin; which he puts on, and returns to the Paſtures, affrighted the Flocks and Herds, and makes them run away. He that loſt him, cometh and inquireth for his Aſs. The Aſs ſeeing his Maſter, runs to

to meet him; yea and come upon him roaring. But his Maſter perceiving his Ears which ſtood out, others (quoth he) thou mayeſt deceive; but (O my Aſs) I know thee very well.

The Moral. *Pretend not to be what thou art not; boaſt not thy ſelf to be learned, when thou art unlearned; nor rich and noble when thou art poor and baſe, for when the truth is found out thou wilt become a laughing ſtock.*

THe ſordid Aſs had found a Lions skin,
And wraps himſelf unſeemingly therein.
At which unuſual ſight the trembling Herd
Of Beaſts amaz'd, are with his preſence fear'd,
And fly amain; but when his Maſter came
Into the Fields, the Aſs retires with ſhame.
For though a Lion he on every ſide
Appear'd, the skin too ſhort his ears to hide
Diſplaid him but an Aſs; who at the ſight
Of's Maſter, turns his ſlowneſs into flight,
To ſhun his preſence, which beheld, the Man
Cries after him, Friend, pray return again.
Thou ſeemeſt as thou art to me; though here
Thou doſt thy fellow Beaſts with terror fear.
With that corrects his folly with a blow,
That he no more may ſo preſumptuous grow.

The Moral.

Seem what thou art, and not with borrowed ſhapes
Adorn thy ſelf like other worldly Apes.
If learn'd diſpute; if rich, or nobly born,
So bear thy ſelf that thou deſerve not ſcorn.

FAB. 91.

Of the Frog *and the* Fox.

THe Frog going out of the Fen, profeſſeth Phyſick to the wild Beaſts in the Woods. He ſaith that he would not give place either to *Hypocrates* or *Galen*. The reſt believing him, the Fox laughs at them, ſhall this Frog be accounted skilful in Phyſick (ſaith he) whoſe countenance is ſo pale? but let him cure himſelf. So the Fox laughs at him; for the face of the Frog is of a wan colour.

The Moral. *It is a fooliſh and ridiculous thing to profeſs that which thou haſt no skill in.*

FOrſaking quite the Fens, the Frog would dwell
Among the Beaſts; does with ambition ſwell
And boaſt her skill in Phyſick, with what art
She help to cure diſeaſes could impart,
How dangerous ſoe'e. Moſt Beaſts believe,
Except the Fox, who will no credit give
To her proud words, but queſtions, how can ye
Think this vain boaſters skill exact to be,
Whoſe colour is ſo pale? firſt let her try
To cure her own wan look, ere ſhe aply

Phyſick

Phyſick t' others. Doctors approv'd we know
Thoſe are, whoſe cures not words but art can ſhow.

The Moral.

As empty Veſſels give the greateſt ſound:
So Men leaſt knowing with moſt brags abound.

FAB. 92.

Of the Curſt Dog.

THE Maſter bound a Bell about the Dog which bit Men ever and anon; that they might take heed of him. The Dog thinking this was hanged about him as an ornament for his goodneſs, began to contemn his fellows. There came one that was grave in age and authority to the Dog, and adviſed him not to miſtake; for, quoth he, that Bell is hanged about thee as a diſgrace, not for any credit.

The Moral. *A boaſter many times reputes that to make for his commendation, which tends to his diſcredit.*

A Leering Cur did ſlily unaware
Oft bite before he bark'd; his Maſters care
Hang'd a Bell on him, that Men might know
His curriſh nature, and prevent him ſo.

The

The Dog grows proud, and thinks his Bell to be
Some badge of honour or high dignity,
Which his kind Maſter had on him beſtow'd,
But no ſuch favour to his fellow ſhow'd.
At whoſe vain pride one wiſer than the reſt,
Thus checks him, fool, what fancy has poſſeſt
Thy idle brain, with gladneſs to embrace
That for thy honour, giv'n for thy diſgrace.

The Moral.

Such are the bablers of theſe times, that boaſt,
And in acts glory them diſhonour moſt.

FAB. 93.

Of the Camel.

THe Camel grieving within himſelf, complained that the Bulls went brave with two horns, and that himſelf unarmed was expoſed to other beaſts. He prays Jupiter to give him horns. Jupiter laughs at the folly of the Camel, and does not only deny his deſire, but ſhortens the ears of the Camel.

The Moral. *Let every one be content with his fortune, for many having purſued a better condition, have met with a worſe.*

The

THe Camel ſadly doth to Jove complain,
That all the Beaſt derided him in diſdain;
Becauſe no ornament adorn'd his head,
When th' Ox, and many more were honored
With comely horns their fronts to beautifie.
To whom the angry God gave this reply;
Since, fool, thy folly leads thee to deſpiſe
Our gifts, and to covet others dignities,
Henceforth we'l curb thy pride, and thou ſhalt bear
No horns, nay leſs, upon thy head no ear.

The Moral.

How mean ſoever thy eſtate,
Contented reſt, nor emulate
Anothers good; the Pow'r above
Knows beſt where to diſperſe his love.

FAB. 94.

Of two Friends *and the* Bear.

TWo Friends take a Journey; a Bear meets them on the Road. One of them climbing up a Tree, avoids the danger; the other, ſeeing there was no hopes of eſcaping, falls flat on the ground. The Beaſt cometh to him, and touches him as he lay, ſmells at his mouth and his ears:

The

The Man holding his breath and motion, the Ba
(which ſpares the dead) thinking it to have been
dead carcaſs, departs without doing him any harm
His companion afterward demanding what the Ba
ſpake to him in his ear: he adviſed me this (quoth he
that I never travel with ſuch friends as you again.

The Moral. *Faithfulneſs is a rare bird in the World,
and like a black Swan. Adverſity and danger evidence a
true friend.*

TWo Men together travelling met a Bare;
At ſight whereof they much affrighted were:
And doubtful what to do, ſtraight one with ſpeed
Climbs up a Trees, and from the danger freed
Becomes regardleſs of the other quite:
Yet he not void of ſhifts, invents a ſlight
To ſave his life, and on the ground doth fall
Flat on his face, holding his breath with all
The power he had, to whom approach'd the Bare,
And round about ſurvey'd him every where:
But ſtill he held his breath. The Bare therefore
Which ſeldom feeds on Carrion, forbore
To ſearch him further, and ſo onward bends;
Who gone, the other from the tree deſcends,
And thus ſalutes his fellow, friend, what chear?
What did the wild Beaſt whiſper in thine ear?
The other anſwers, he forewarned me
To travel more with one ſo falſe as thee.

The Moral.

*Upon the Earth true friends we find as rare
As black Swans in the ſilver rivers are.*

FAB. 95.

Of the bald Knight.

THE bald Knight tied a Perriwig to his Bonnet. He comes into the field, while the ſharp North-wind blew, and when he did not well heed his Perriwig, on a ſudden his baldneſs appears. The company loudly cry'd out, as alſo he himſelf laughs, what a matter it is, quoth he, that borrowed hair flies away, whereas heretofore mine own hair is flown?

The Moral. *The Knight did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed.* Socrates *when he had received a cuff on the ear in the open market, anſwers thus,* It is a vexatious thing for Men not to know when they ought walk forth with their helmets.

A Bald pate Knight through age or accident;
With art ſupply'd that fleeting ornament;
And wore a Perruke. Walking, he beheld
A troop of Youths were ſporting in a Field.
Approaching them to view their harmleſs play,
His Cap of Hair forthwith was blown away.
This mov'd the Youths to laughter, whereat he
Was tickled too, and laught for company:

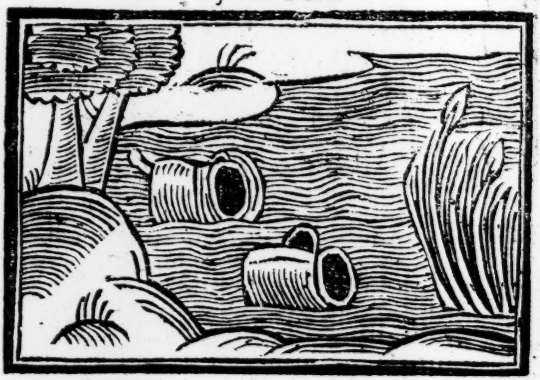
Say-

Saying, no wonder ſtrange hairs off are blown,
Since they could not keep on which were my own.

The Moral.

When men are jear'd, it is the wiſeſt way
To jeſt it off; not to commence a fray.

FAB. 96.
Of two Pots.



TWo Pots ſtood on the bank, the one was of clay, the other of braſs. The force of the ſtream carries both away. The clay-pot fearing to be broken, the braſs-pot bid it not fear, he would take ſufficient care that they ſhould not be broken. Then the other anſwered, whether the river daſh me againſt thee, or thee againſt me, which way ſoever, I ſhall be in the danger; wherefore moſt certainly I will divide from thee.

The Moral. *It is better living with an equal companion, then with one that is more potent; for by the more potent thou mayeſt be prejudiced, but not he by thee.*

WIthin a Pool two Pots together meet, (fleet
One earth, the other braſs; but the earth too
For the ſlow braſs, is ſwiftly born away.
The braſs-pot calls, and prays the earthen ſtay,
That

That they might ride together. No, replies
The earthen-pot, great danger in it lies.
For ſhould I float near thee, thy harder ſide
Juſtled 'gainſt mine by the unconſtant tide,
Would cruſh my brittle ribs, and therefore I
At diſtance hold the moſt ſecurity.

The Moral.

Scorn not thy equals, nor t' aſſociate
Thy ſelf with thoſe whoſe pow'r exceeds thy ſtate,
For if thou chance with ſuch to diſagree,
Thou canſt not them, but they may injure thee.

FAB. 97.

Of the Country-man *and* Fortune.

THe Country-man while he was at plow, found a treaſure in the furrows; he gives thanks to the ground, which had brought it forth. Fortune perceiving that no worſhip was given to her, thus ſpake to her ſelf, this fool having found a treaſure, is not thankful at all, but when he hath once loſt it, he will with cries and prayers ſolicite me firſt of all.

The Moral. *For a good turn received we are thankful to him that merits well of us; but ingratitude deſerves to be deprived of that good he hath received.*

A Man, whoſe plow-ſhare had encountred
A pot of gold, thankſgiveing offered
Unto the Goddeſs of the Earth, and tares
A green turf altar which her Image bears;
Returns to plough without devotion paid
To Fortune. Whereat ſhe offended ſaid,
I have no thanks by whom this treaſure came,
But when 'tis loſt, I ſhall bear all the blame.

The Moral.

To thoſe who thanks deſerve, ſtill thankful be,
Leſt you want help in worſt extremity.

FAB. 98.
Of the Peacock *and the* Crane.

THE Peacock and the Crane ſup together. The Peacock boaſts of himſelf, ſpreads his tail, ſlights the Crane. The Crane confeſſeth the Peacock had fine feathers, but he (while the Peacock ſcarcely could fly up to the houſe top) with gallant flight could pierce the Clouds.

The Moral. *Let no man undervalue another, every one hath his lot, every one his vertue. He that want what vertue thou enjoyeſt, poſſibly may have what thou wanteſt*

THe gay plum'd Peacock with a coy diſdain
Slights the mean cloathing of the long beakt [*Crane,*
And tells her, ſhe much of her State did want,
And coſtly raiment. Quoth the Crane, I grant
Thy outſide 's fairer; but what uſe, I pray,
Serve thy fine plumes for? Mine enforce a way
Through the purer air, when thou alone
Stalk'ſt on the earth for Boys to gaze upon.

The Moral.

Deſpiſe not thy inferiors, becauſe they
Walk in a homely black, or Countrey grey;
While thou art clad in Silks: Their minds may be
Richer than all thy golden Pedigree.

FAB. 99.

Of the Oak *and the* Reed.

BY a ſtrong South wind the Oak is ſhattered and caſt into the River: and while it floated ſome of the boughs hang upon the Reed; wonders that the Reed in ſo great a wind ſtood ſafe. She anſwers, By yielding and giving way I reſt ſecure; I bend to the South and North-wind, yea to every wind: and no wonder that the Oak goes down, which is ambitious to oppoſe and reſiſt.

The

The Moral. *Reſiſt not him that is more potent, but overcome him by giving way and yielding. Which the moſt eloquent Poet* Virgil *teacheth elegantly.*

O Sir! let's follow fate, what ere 's our doom:
By patience all things we ſhall overcome.

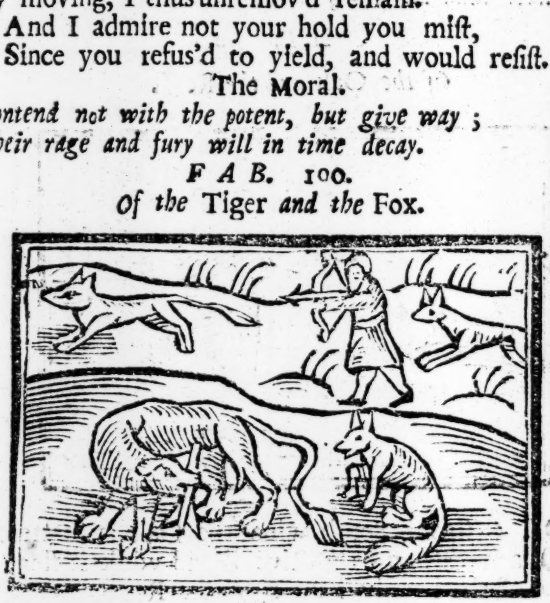
A Fierce ſtrong wind an Oak top-heavy blew
Into a River, on whoſe bank it grew.
Which floating, ſpies a plat of Reeds that ſtood.
And grew in deſpite of the wind and flood:
The Oak then wondering at it, doth demand
How a weak reed 'gainſt wind and ſtream could ſtand?
The Reed returns an anſwer brief, but plain,
By moving, I thus unremov'd remain.
And I admire not your hold you miſt,
Since you refus'd to yield, and would reſiſt.

The Moral.

Contend not with the potent, but give way;
Their rage and fury will in time decay.

FAB. 100.

Of the Tiger *and the* Fox.



THe Huntſman purſues the wild beaſts with arrows. The Tiger bids all the beaſts ſtand away, he alone would maintain the war. The huntſman goes on to ſhoot. By and by the Tiger is wounded. The Fox ſeeing him fly out of the battle, and drawing out

the dart, asked him who had ſo cruelly wounded ſo ſtout a Beaſt. He anſwers, he knew not the Author of his wound; but by the largeneſs of the wound he gueſſed it was ſome man.

The Moral.

Valiant men are moſt commonly raſh, whereas art overcomes ſtrength, and policy, and fortitude.

AN Archer wounding many Beaſts, the fierce
And ravenous Tiger thinks no ſhaft can pierce
His ſpeckled Skin; and bids them no more fear,
He 'd guard them ſafe from any danger near.
Which ſcarcely ſpoke, the Archer him eſpied,
And lodg'd a deadly arrow in his ſide.
Whereat amaz'd, the Tiger 'gins to ſtart,
And flying, breaks in two the wounded dart.
Whom the Fox meeting in his flight, requeſts
That he would tell him among all the beaſts
Which gave him that ſore wound. The Tiger cries
With fainting voice, his ſecret enemies:
He not deſcri'd when he receiv'd the ſame,
But ſurely thought it from ſome Archer came.

The Moral.

Some raſhly ſo with valor ſpurr'd purſue
Their fatal ends, which policy might eſchew.

FAB. 101.
Of the Bulls *and the* Lion.

THere were four Bulls who reſolv'd to live and die one with another. The Lion ſaw them feeding together, and although he was an hungry, yet while they were united, he was afraid to ſet upon them. Firſt he endeavours by deceitfull words to divide them, then he tears them in pieces being divided.

The Moral. *Nothing more firm than concord. Diſcord renders even thoſe that are valiant, feeble.*

FOur Bulls at paſture undiſturbed feed
By Beaſts of prey, while they within the Mead
Together keep; nor did the Lion dare
Seize upon them till they divided were,
And by his policy aſunder led;
Then one by one upon each ſingle Head
He violently flew, and piece-meal tore
Thoſe whom he durſt not ventre on before.

The Moral.

Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break
That knot, the ſtrongeſt Kingdoms become weak.

FAB.

FAB. 102.

Of the Fir-tree *and the* Buſh.

THe Fir-tree is reported once to have deſpiſed the Shrubs. She boaſts that ſhe was tall, and was uſed in Buildings, and ſtood with a Sail in Ships, and that the ſhrubs were low, baſe, and uſeleſs; whoſe Anſwer was this, Thou indeed, O Fir-tree, boaſteth of thy goodneſs, and inſulteſt over our unhappineſs; but withal, neither doſt thou relate thy own miſhap, and omitteſt our Benefit. When thou ſhalt be cut down with a ſounding Ax, how wouldeſt thou wiſh to be like us which are ſecure?

The Moral. *The higheſt condition hath its unhappineſs, and the loweſt condition its benefit. To ſay no more, this ſtate is ſecure and ſafe, that not without fear nor danger.* Horace *ſings in his* Lyricks.

The loftieſt Towers are brought under:
The higheſt Mountains ſtruck with thunder.

A Stately Tree with tall aſpiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little buſh to ſlight,
With theſe diſdainful words; Doſt thou not ſee,
Deformed Shrub, my ſtate excelling thee?
How uſeful now I am, and can ſupport
The ſtately palace of a Prince's Court,

When uſeleſs thou rejected ſtandſt, of none
Regarded, but to feed the Fire alone;
This ſaid, a Labourer with his keen bill
Hews down the Tree, the Buſh ſtood growing ſtill;
Who anſwers thus in ſcoffs, If this be all
Thy ſtate, rare Tree, ſo ſuddenly to fall,
I thank Dame Nature, who hath made me low,
And after you to let me ſtand or grow.

The Moral.

Ambition, here deſcribed by the Tree,
Shews how unconſtant worldly honors be.
The Buſh declares a mean eſtate, content
Still with its own, not t' envie others bent.
The Laborer true juſtice, which plucks down
Ambitious pride ere to full height 'tis grown.

FAB. 103.

Of the Lark *and her* Young ones.

THE Lark adviſeth her Young ones, being laid in the ſtanding Corn, that, while ſhe was abſent, they diligently give heed whether there be any ſpeech concerning the Seaſon of the Year. The anxious Young ones declare to their Dam, (comeing from feeding

feeding) that the Lord of the Field had let out the work to his Neighbours. There's no danger, quoth the Dam. On another day the Young ones being in a fright, tell her that the Friends of the Lord were intreated to reap. Again the Dam charges them to reſt ſecure; the third time, aſſoon as ever ſhe heard the Lord himſelf, with his Son, determine the next morning to enter the Harveſt with a Sythe, now (quoth the Dam) 'tis high time for us to be gone. I fear not the Neighbours and Friends, becauſe I knew they were not forward to come. I ſtand in awe of the Maſter, for the Buſineſs is a delight to him.

The Moral.

We are ſlothful moſt of us in other mens buſineſs. But, if thou wouldſt have any thing well looked after, commit it not to another, but look to it thy ſelf.

A Lark in ſtanding Corn had hatcht a Brood,
Which ſhe commands (flying abroad for Food)
To be attentive what the owner ſaid
Of the Fields reaping. They, poor Birds, afraid
Tell her the Neighbours were to come next day
To reap the Corn; and wiſh themſelves away.
Fear not, my little Birds, reply'd the Dam,
They will not come. 'Twas true, no neighbours came;
Next time the Dam came to her young with food,
She was informed by her fearful Brood,
The owners friends were bid next day to come
To reap the Field, and then would be their doom;
Chear up my Birds, ſaid ſhe, we fear no friends.
Next day they tell her, the owner intends
To reap the Corn next morning with his Son.
Nay then, ſaid ſhe, 'tis time that we were gone.

The Moral.

Neighbours and Friends are backward; who intends
T'have things ſoon done, muſt make his hands his friends.

FAB. 104.

Of the Covetous *and* Envious man.

TWO men prayed to *Jupiter*, a covetous and an envious man. *Jupiter* ſends *Apollo*, that by him he may ſatisfie their deſires. He gives them free liberty to wiſh for what they would, on this condition, that whatſoever one deſired, the other might receive double. The covetous miſer is at a long ſtand, deeming nothing enough. At laſt he deſires not a few things, His fellow receives double. Moreover the envious Man asked this, that he might looſe one of his Eyes; being glad that his fellow ſhould be puniſhed with the loſs of both.

The Moral. *What can ſatisfie covetouſneſs? But nothing more mad than envy; which if it may hurt another, cares not what miſchief it doth to it ſelf.*

A Covetous and envious man require
Jointly that *Jove* would grant them their deſire:
Jove ſends *Appollo* t' hear their ſuits, and grant
To each of them what may ſupply their want.
Who bids them ſpeak the full of their demands,
And what the firſt ask'd in th' other hands
Should doubly be beſtow'd; The covetous man,
Whoſe boundleſs wiſh no treaſure limit can,

Strives

Strives therefore to be laſt, by his delay
Hoping to bear a double ſum away.
Apollo then commands the other ſpeak;
Who willingly doth thus his ſilence break.
And of the God malicioufly requeſt
To loſe one Eye, contented ſo to reſt,
That th' other might loſe both. Ah wretched mind
Would harm himſelf to make another blind!

The Moral.

What more inſatiate than the boundleſs mind
Of Uſurers, to purchaſe wealth inclin'd:
Unleſs by envy equaliz'd, whoſe will
Would wound it ſelf to work anothers ill.

F A B. 105.

Of the Crow *and the* Pitcher.

THE thirſty Crow finds a Pitcher of water, but the Pitcher was deeper than that the Crow could come at the water. She endeavours to pour out the water, but cannot. Forthwith gathering little pebbles out of the ſand, ſhe caſt them into the Pot. By this means the water is raiſed, and the Crow drinks.

The Moral.

That which ſometimes thou canſt not do by ſtrength, thou ſhalt effect by Wiſdom and Policy.

A Crow to quench her thirſt ſeeks far and near
For water; but can find none any where,
Save what i' th' bottom of a Veſſel lay
Too deep to reach; which ſeen, ſhe did aſſay
To overthrow the Veſſel but in vain
She ſtrove, and could not her deſire attain.
Who therefore now perceiving ſtrength to fail,
Reſolves to try if Pol'cy can prevail;
And gath'ring many Pebbles, dropt them in,
Until the bubling water did begin,
T' aſcend the top. So ſhe with eaſe obtain'd
That which had elſe been from her reach reſtrain'd.

The Moral.

Force is not always prevalent, but Wit
And Policy oft-times the Conqueſt get.
By that th' Epirean *Scanderbeg withſtood,*
The Turk, *and all his trembled multitude.*

F A B.

FAB. 106.

Of the Lion *and* Huntſman.

THE Lion wrangled with the Huntſman, and prefers his valour before the ſtrength of man. After a long contention, the Hunter leads him to a ſtately Tomb, whereupon was Engraven a Lion laying his head in the lap of a man. The Lion denies that to be a ſufficient evidence, ſaying, men may carve what they pleaſe; if Lions were Artificers, they would carve a Man under the feet of a Lion.

The Moral. *Every one to his ability ſpeaks, and does what may be moſt advantageous to his Party and Cauſe.*

A Man and Lion walking in their way
Eſpied a ſtony Piller to diſplay
Graven thereon the Image of a Man,
Which had a Lion conquer'd; ſo began
A while to gaze, then ſome diſcourſes hold,
Whilſt thus the Man that Emblem did unfold:
See, mighty Beaſt, how ſtrong and ſtout we are,
When one ſole Man 's become a Conqueror,
And maſters one of you. To whom agen
The Lion anſwers, Could Beaſts paint like Men,
You'd find that Lions on more Men have fed,
Than by Men ever have been vanquiſhed,

The Moral.

Vain Boaſters here are ſhown, who brag t' have done
Acts which they never durſt adventure on.

FAB. 107.
Of the Boy *and the* Thief.

A Boy ſits over the Well weeping, the Thief asked the cauſe why he cried. The Boy anſwers, that the ſtring breaking, he had let fall a Pot of Gold into the Water. The Man puts off his cloaths, leaps into the Well, ſeeks it; nor finding the Pot, he comes up out of the Well, and there finds neither the Boy nor his Coat; for the Boy had taken the Coat and run away.

The Moral. *They are ſometimes deceived who uſe to deceive others.*

AS a young Boy ſat weeping by a Well,
A Thief repairs to him and bad him tell
The cauſes of his grief. The crafty Child
Replies, Oh Sir, This Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which when I thought to draw a Pot of Gold,
Too weak ſo great and rich a weight to hold,
Aſunder broke. The Thief believes the Boy,
And leaving's Cloak, deſcends the Well with joy:

But

But finds no Gold; his labour was as vain,
As his deſire was of unlawful gain.
So back he comes; but neither could he find
The Boy, nor yet the Cloak he left behind.
For while the Thief in hope to get a prey
Went down, the Boy with it was fled away.

The Moral.

So craft oft-times the craftieſt deceives,
And Nets for Thieves in their own cunning weaves.

FAB. 108.

Of the Country-man *and the* Ox.

THE Country-man had a Bullock which could not endure tying or yoking. The Man, being cunning, cut off his horns (for with his horns he puſhed) then he yokes him, not to the wagon, but to the plough, that (as he was wont) he might not kick his Maſter with his heel. He held the Plough himſelf, being glad that by his induſtry he had brought it to paſs, that he might now be ſafe both from his horns and heels. But what became of it? The Ox forthwith reſiſting, by ſcraping with his heels covers the face and head of the Country-man with ſand.

The

The Moral.

There are ſome ſo untractable that they can be dealt with-a: by no cunning, by no counſel.

AN Ox impatient to bear the Yoke,
Could not be tam'd, tho' many a furious ſtroke
His Maſter lent him oft; but in proud ſcorns
Would ſtill oppoſe his keeper with his horns.
He therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
To curb him, and his ſtubborneſs allay.
But that prevail'd not; when the Ox did feel
The want of Horns he finds as light a heel,
Which when his Maſter ſaw that he could find
No means that might him to ſubjection bind,
He ſells him to the Slaughter; for death can
Prevail above the ſtrength of any man.

The Moral.

Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox *muſt be*
Chaſtiſed ſo by pow'rful Majeſty,
And if in diſobedience ſtill they ſtand,
Feel the ſharp rigour of the Laws command.

F. A. B.

FAB. 104.

Of the Satyr *and the* Traveller.

THE Satyr which in times paſt was held for God of the Groves) taking pity of a Traveller cover'd with Snow and almoſt dead with cold, brings him into his Cave, refreſhes him with fire, asked him the reaſon why he blowed his hands. That they may be warm quoth he. Afterwards when they ſat down to meat, the Traveller blow'd his Pan-cake. Being asked why he did it; that it might cool, quoth he. Forthwith the Satyr turning him out of doors, ſays, I will not lodge any Man in my Cave, that hath a Mouth of ſuch contrary tempers.

The Moral. *Beware thou entertain not a man to live with thee who hath a double Tongue, and who is a* Proteus *in his Language.*

A Satyr (ſuch for Gods the Antients held
To guard the Woods) within a deſert dwell'd,
And out of pity, to a Traveller gave
Kind entertainment, led him to his Cave,
And bad him welcome, where with Cold the Man
Benumb'd to blow his fingers ends began.
The Satyr ask'd the cauſe. The Man replies,
His breath did cauſe a warmth thereon to riſe.

This

This paſt. The Satyr gives him pottage hot
And ſcalding, newly taken from the Pot.
Into the which again the man doth blow.
Of whom the Satyr asks, why he did ſo?
The man replies, to cool them. Canſt thou then,
Says the old *Satyr*, heat, and cool again,
All with one breath? None ſhall remain with me
Within whoſe mouth is ſuch variety.

The Moral.

By breath is here expreſt a double Tongue,
That can ſpeak fair, when the heart intends moſt wrong:
And to thy face though golden words it feign,
Behind thy back will ſlander thee again.

FAB. 110.

Of the Boar *and the* Country-man.

THE Boar ſpoiling the Corn, the Country-man cut off his Ear. Taking him the ſecond time he cut off the other. But the the Boar coming again, he takes him and carries him into the City, deſigning him for the dainties of his Maſter. The Boar being carved at dinner, there's no heart to be found. The

Maſter

Maſter being angry, required it of the Cook. The Bayliff made anſwer, Maſter it is no wonder you find no heart, I believe the fooliſh Boar had none; for if he had an heart, at his penalty he would not have come again into my corn. This ſaid the Country-man. But all the Gueſts laughed themſelves almoſt to death, and ſet up a loud laughter at the folly of the Country-man.

The Moral.

The Life of many Men is ſo heartleſs, that you may queſtion whether they have a heart or no.

A Clown cut off an Ear of a wild Boar
That ſpoil'd his corn,& bids him come no more.
The Boar again is taken there; the Man
Lops off his other Ear. But neither can
That keep the Boar away, who comes again;
And for his folly, is the third time ſlain.
Which he a Preſent to his Land-lord ſent,
Who him for it abates a quarters Rent.
The Boar is dreſt, and to the Lords Board, brought.
But when in vain he for the heart long ſought,
And found it not, he chaſes, and chides the *Cook*;
Saying, that he baſe knave, the Boars heart took.
Sir, under favour, quoth the *Clown*, the Beaſt
Was never ſure of heart or brains poſſeſt.
For had he either had, he had forborn
To urge his death the third time in my corn.

The Moral.

Some Men ſo live, that ſcarce can any know
Whether they have a heart, or brains, or no.

FAB. III.

Of the Ox *and the* Rat.

THE Rat bit the Oxes heel, and ran into his hole. The Ox ſhakes his horns, enquires of his enemy, ſees him not. The Rat laughs at him. Becauſe thou art ſtrong and huge (quoth the Rat) thou muſt not therefore ſcorn every body. Now even the little Rat in ſpite of thy teeth hath hurt thee.

The Moral. *It is a common Proverb, which I might expreſs more ſignificantly in our own Language. Let no Man be too heedleſs of his Enemy; in the Latine thus;* Nemo hoſtem ſuum flocci pendat.

AN Ox the little Rat had ſpurn'd,
For which the angry vermine turn'd,
And by the heel the Ox did bite:
Toward her hole then takes her flight.
The Ox purſues, but cannot ſpie
The Vermine ſhe ſo cloſe did lie.
Whereat the Rat thus ſcoffs the great
And burly Beaſt, my friend retreat,
You vainly ſtay. I'me here ſecure,
And can thy hates and threats indure.
Learn therefore hence, let me adviſe,
No more ſmall creatures to deſpiſe:

For

For now you see a little Rat
Can be reveng'd, if kicked at.

The Moral.

Grow not secure, because you know
Your Power stronger than your Foe:
For watchful Foes, though weak, may be
Revenged of an Enemy.

FAB. 112.

Of the Country-man *and* Hercules.

THE Country-mans Waggon sticks in the deep Mire. The Country-man forthwith in a wretchless manner implores the help of *Hercules*. A voice thunders from Heaven, Fool (saith it) whip thy Horses, and set thy shoulders to the wheels, and then call upon *Hercules*, for then invocated he will be present.

The Moral. *Lazie wishes come to nothing, which truly God hears not. Help thy self (as they say) and then God will afford thee assistance.*

A Clown, whose Cart stuck fast in dirty way,
Lying along to *Hercules* did pray
For Aid. A voice in thunder strait replies
From Heaven, thou Lout, thou unform'd lump, arise,
And

And lay thy helping hand unto ſome ſpoke,
So drive thy horſe, and then the God invoke;
Who will not fail to help thee at thy need,
When as thy Pray'r is ſecond to thy Deed.

The Moral.

Mens lazie Prayers never reach ſo high
As the Acceptance of the Dicty.
Let thy endeavour with thy vote ſtill cleave,
To ask in faith, and thou ſhall ſure receive.

FAB. 113.

Of the Gooſe.

THere was a Gooſe which layed golden Eggs every day one. Her Maſter (that on a ſudden he might be rich) kils the Gooſe, hoping to find a treaſure within her. But finding the Gooſe empty, the poor man is amaz'd, and anxiouſly laments and takes on, that he had loſt the thing he looked for, and alſo his hope.

The Moral. *Deſires are to be moderated. We muſt take heed that we be not over haſty and raſh; for too much haſte is hurtful, and he that hunts after more than is fitting, ſometimes gets nothing.*

One

ONE had a Gooſe that every day
Eggs of the pureſt Gold did lay,
Yet not content with that, her Lord,
Thought ſhe more profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich, if he
Should rip her, and poſſeſſed be
Of all her ſtore, not waiting ſtill
For ſingle Eggs, as pleas'd her will
To bring them forth; which he effected,
But miſt the treaſure he expected:
For ſhe being dead, the Eggs were gone,
And in her paunch he found not one;
But ſighs that he had loſt both ſtore,
And hopes of ever having more.

The Moral.

Would'ſt thou go rich? Then limit thy deſire,
And ſtrive not in one moment to acquire
The ſum of all thy hopes, leaſt ſeeking all
Thou all do loſe, and into ruin fall.

FAB. 114.

Of the Ape *and her Two* Young ones

THE (Ape as they ſay) when ſhe brought forth Twins, loved the one, and ſlighted the other: ſhe was

was with her young ones, and when a fright came upon her, ſhe, to avoid the danger, catches that which ſhe loved in her arms, which (while ſhe flies in all haſt) ſhe daſhed againſt a ſtone and kill'ed: that which was diſregarded, cleaved faſt to her rough back when her Dam fled, and ſo remained ſecure.

The Moral. *It often comes to paſs that Parents through their too much indulgence, are an occaſion of much evil and danger to that child which they affect moſt dearly; when as he, whom they leaſt love, becomes the moſt hardy and honeſt.*

AN Ape produced Twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite neglect.
Whom as the Hunters one day did purſue,
While with all ſpeed ſhe from their preſence flew,
Within her paws her darling cloſe ſhe kept,
The other on her back for ſafety leapt,
And hung there cloſe, not hindring her at all:
When followed hard ſhe let her lov'd one fall.
Not dareing longer hold it, leſt both they
And ſhe might ſo become the Hunters prey.
And ſo that which ſhe leaſt affected bore
With life away: when hounds the other tore.

The Moral.

Too too indulgent Parents ſo,
While they on one do tender grow,
Too nice an Education takes
From the hardneſs of his youth, and makes
Him far more ſubject to miſchances ſtand,
Then thoſe they foſter'd with leſs cockering hand.

FAB. 115.
of the Ox *and the* Bullock.

THE Ox being now grown ancient, daily drew the Plow, the Bullock being idle, skipt out in the Neighbours Paſtures, and at length inſults over the fortune of his elder. He boaſts, that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle; but that his (*ſc.* the old Ox) neck was worn with work; and laſtly, that he was ſlick and neat; but that he (*ſc.* the old Ox) was rough and dirty. The old Ox at that time anſwers him nothing. Shortly after he ſaw this boaſter led to ſacrifice, and then after this manner he ſpeaks to him; What is your eaſie life now come to? Your ſecure idleneſs hath brought you to the ſlaughter. Now (as I ſuppoſe) you would rather adviſe me to labour, which guards me, than to idleneſs, which hath brought thee to thy death.

The Moral. *Work and watchfulneſs is requiſite to the right ordering of our lives. But a ſloathful Perſon, and one that is given to pleaſure, ſhall have that end of his buſineſs, which he would be loath to have.*

AN idle Calf whoſe Neck no Yoke had worn
Did an old Ox, that each dayl abor'd ſcorn;
Boaſt his ſmooth Neck, his Paſturage too free,
Extreamly glorying in 's Liberty.

Then

Then friſking round the field, inſults again
Over the Ox, and twits him for his pain,
And yoke-gall'd neck. The patient Ox affords
The inſulting Calf no diſcontented words.
Soon after this the Calf is led away
For ſacrifice; to whom the Ox doth ſay,
Such the rewards are of your idle life,
Thoſe fading garlands, and the Prieſts keen knife.
Had you not better work, and life extend,
Then through dull eaſe to make ſo quick and end?

The Moral.

Induſtrious men moſt often longer live,
Than who themſelves do unto pleaſures.

FAB. 116.

Of the Dog *and the* Lion.

THE *Dog* meets the Lion, jeers at him; Alas poor wretch! almoſt famiſhed, why doſt thou coaſt over the woods and by-places? look here, I am fat and fair liking; and this I get not by toil, but eaſe. Then ſaid the Lion, thou haſt indeed thy dainties, but with-all thy chains. Be thou a ſlave, who canſt live ſo; I am free, neither will I be a ſlave.

The

The Moral. *The Lion answereth handsomely; for Liberty is better than any thing whatsoever.*

A Well fed Dog did with a Lion meet,
Both lean & wandring whom he thus did greet:
Why do you always traverse field and wood,
Half hunger-starv'd to seek a little food?
Behold how plump and slick I am, and yet
I neither labour for my food, nor sweat
But live in ease. Come then ne'r dread a chain,
A clog or whip, like dainty fair to gain.
The Royal Brute replies, that he will starve,
Before that he for bits and knocks will serve.

The Moral.

They are not men, but slavish Curs that shall
For Belly chear their Free-born souls enthral.

FAB. 117.

Of the Fishes.

THE River-fish is carried by force of the stream into the Sea, where boasting of her Nobility, she scorns the Sea-kind. The Sea-Calf would not endure this, but said, then will thy Nobility appear, if thou beest taken with the Sea-Calf, and carried to the

the Market. I am bought of Nobles, and thou of the vulgar.

The Moral. *Many are ſo taken with a deſire of glory, that they ſet out and boaſt themſelves. The commendation that comes from a mans ſelf, is no commendation, but entertained with a deriſion from the hearers.*

A River-fiſh was by the ſtream convey'd
Into the Sea, where he began to upbraid
The Sea-fiſh as ignoble, and to ſlight
Them as but vile in his moſt noble ſight.
The Sea-calf brooks not this, but doth reply,
Their worths beſt trial is in them that buy,
Then it appears, when both are took and brought
Into the Market; from whence we are bought
By Peers and Gentry, whereas thou poor fiſh,
No higher ſwimm'ſt than to a mean Man's diſh.

The Moral.

Mens Praiſes out of others mouths are known,
And ſound much better than out of their own.

FAB. 118.

Of the Leopard *and the* Fox.

THE Leopard, whoſe skin is ſpotted, began to look big, the other Wild Beaſts, and the very Lions being

being ſcorned by him. The Fox comes to him, adviſeth him not to be ſo proud; telling him, he had indeed a ſpecious skin, but that himſelf had a ſpecious mind.

The Moral. *There is a difference and order of good things, the goods of the Body exceed thoſe of Fortune. It's fit the good things of the mind ſhould be preferr'd before both.*

THE *Leopard* looking on his ſpotted skin,
Swells big with ſcornfull pride, and doth begin
All the wild Beaſts to ſlight; the *Lions* too
Deformed in his puft up fancy ſhew.
Whom the *Fox meeting*, counſels to lay by
That unbeſeeming Pride; for outwardly,
Though fair he ſeem'd to be, yet he ſhould find
Others excel in vertues of the mind:
Which was the nobleſt treaſure, and will raiſe
To bliſs, when all this earthly pomp decays.

The Moral.

As the health of Bodies more preferr'd than are
All gifts of Fortune, howſoever fair:
So above both theſe that health eſteem'd ſhould be,
That keeps the mind and underſtanding free
From apprehending fancies proud and vain,
Or other fond diſeaſes of the Brain.

FAB. 119.

Of the Fox *and the* Cat.

WHen on a time, the Fox in diſcourſe, which he had with the Cat, bragged, that he had ſeveral wiles, inſomuch that he had a budget full of tricks. But the Cat anſwered, that ſhe had one ſhift onely to rely upon, if any danger ſhould befall her. As they were talking, on a ſudden they hear the cry of a ſwift pack of Hounds. Then the Cat leaps up into a very high Tree, whereas the Fox in the intrim, being ſurrounded with a kennel of Hounds, is taken.

The Moral. *This Fable intimates, that one onely device, ſo that it be true and effectual, is better than many deceits and frivolous devices.*

Reinard ſits boaſting to th' ingenious *Cat*,
What ſev'ral ſhifts he had, firſt this, then that,
When he intends his *Hunters* to delude;
I muſt confeſs, (quoth *Puſs*) they ſeem full good,
And ſafe withall; but I, alas, have none,
Except it be one ſilly ſcape alone:

Which

Which failing, I've no more. With that a Cry
Of full-mouth'd *Hounds* approach them ſuddenly,
Forcing th' affrighted Fox away to flee.
The nimble *Cat* skips up into a Tree,
And ſits there ſafe; while the *Dogs* by her went
Unſeen, but follow *Reinard* by the ſcent;
Whoſe hundred ſhifts avail not now at all,
The *Hounds* purſu'd him to his funeral.

The Moral.

'Tis not a multitude of ſhallow drifts
Which ſhun imminent dangers; for ſuch ſhifts
Are not half ſo much prevalent as one
With deep and ſolid wit conſulted on.

FAB. 120.

Of the Aſs *and the* Traveller.

WHen as two Men by chance had found an Aſs in the Deſarts, they began to contend between themſelves, whether of them ſhould lead him home, as his own. For he ſeemed to be offered by Fortune to both alike. In the mean time, whilſt they wrangled about this matter one with another, the Aſs got away, and neither of them enjoyed him.

The Moral. *Some men fall ſhort of preſent advantages, which through their own ignorance, they know not how to make uſe of.*

THrough a Deſart, as two *Travellers* paſs
They chance to ſee a ſtrange and ſtragling *Aſs*
Without an Owner; wherefore they conteſt
Between themſelves who ſhall poſſeſs the Beaſt.
They'll not be Sharers; one of them alone
Vows to be maſter of it all, or none.
And ſo to blows they fall. The *Aſs* perceives
The ſtrife; and ſwiftly from them flying, leaves
The place where they contend. Who being gon,
Inſtead of all, the wranglers purchas'd none.

The Moral.

The Travellers *two wrangling neighbours are,*
Who for ſmall trifles frivolouſly jar
With vain diſſention, and too oft debate,
Inriching ſome, themſelves they ruinate.

FAB. 121.

Of the Beetle *and the* Eagle.

A Beetle, on a time, being ſlighted by the Eagle, began to think of taking revenge any way. He ſearched

ſearched diligently where the Eagle had built her neſt: the Beetle crept to it, and threw down her Eggs with the like wile. When the Eagleſt had often changed her dwelling, and did no good, ſhe went to *Jupiter*, her Patron, and lays open her calamity; he grants her leave to lay her Eggs in his Lap, which were like to be in ſafety even in that place. But the peeviſh Beetle crept thither alſo, by the welts and plaits of his Garment, *Jupiter* never perceiving her. Then, when *Jupiter* ſaw the Eggs moved, and did not well mind, being aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of the matter, ſhaking his Lap, threw them on the Ground.

The Moral. *This Fable admoniſheth us, that no man, though he be never ſo little, is to be contemned.*

A *Beetle* by the *Eagle* vilifi'd,
Would be reveng'd whatever did betide.
So having learn'd the *Eagle*'s neſt, he flew
Thither, and all the *Eagle*'s Eggs down threw,
And brake them all againſt the Ground: and ſtill
As th' *Eagle* ſhifts her neſt he thither will,
And doth the like. At laſt the *Eagle* moves
Her Patron *Jove*. *Jove* her entirely loves,
And grants his lap to lay her Eggs in: there
Her Eggs might be ſecur'd if any where.
But the ſtill ſpitefull *Beetle* thither flies,
And undiſcern'd in *Jove*'s lap's bottom lies;
Till ſeeing the *Eggs* mov'd he knew not how,
Jove ſhook his lap, and all to th' ground did throw.

The Moral.

Truſt not in might, to wrong or ſlight the weak:
The meaneſt wretch his ſpite may fully wreak.

FAB. 122.

Of the Hawk *that purſued the* Pidgeon.

WHen the *Hawk* purſued a *Pidgeon* with a ſpeedy flight, entring into a Farm Houſe, was taken by the Countrey-Man, whom he beſought in a fair manner to let him go, for, ſaid he, I have done thee no hurt. To whom the Countrey-Man made this Anſwer, Neither hath this *Pidgeon* hurt thee.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that they are deſervedly puniſhed who ſtrive to hurt the innocent.*

AN *Hawk* did eagerly purſue
And at the harmleſs *Pidgeon* flew.
But before ſhe her prey had made,
Is in a Net b'a *Fowler* ſtai'd.
Whereat amaz'd, the *Hawk* began,
Whence ſprings this malice, envious man?
I ne'er was bent to injure thee,
Why doſt thou then injuriouſly
Thus me oppreſs? My onely flight
Was to ſuppreſs my appetite;
A cuſtome frequent every day,
And moſt in uſe with Birds of prey.

If

If quoth the Man, your hate be ſo,
And 'gainſt ſmall Birds ſo potent grow,
That they for no offence muſt die,
Except to glut your Cruelty:
The harm 'gainſt them which you intend
Oft falls upon your ſelves in th' end.

The Moral.

Ill deeds have ill ſucceſs; and thoſe who ſteer
B'unjuſt oppreſſion others to deprive
Of life or fortune, in the end receive
The like reward in the ſame Plots they were.

FAB. 123.

Of the Sick Aſs *and the* Wolves *that came to viſit him.*

AN *Aſs* was ſick, and a report had gone abroad, that he was like die ſpeedily. Therefore when the *Wolves* and the *Dogs* came to viſit him, and aſked of the young one, how his Father did, he anſwers thorow a ſmall crevis of the door; Better than you deſire.

The Moral. *The Fable ſhews, that many pretend that they are troubled for the Death of others, whom yet they deſire to dye ſuddenly.*

SIck of a ſtrong diſeaſe th' *Aſs* keeps his bed,
And by his neighb'ring Beaſts is viſited,
'Mongſt whom the *Wolf* ſeems chiefly to deplore
The *Aſſe*'s grief, and faintly at the door,
Asks of the young *Aſs* how his Father ſped:
'Twould joy him t'hear that he recovered.
To whom the *Aſs* repli'd, he's better far,
Than towards him your feigned wiſhes are.

The Moral.

So, many men ſeem penſive of, and ſad
For others harms, whereof they moſt are glad.

FAB. 123.

Of the Dog *that worried his Maſter's* Sheep, *by whom he was hanged for it.*

A Certain Shepherd committed the tuition of his Sheep to his Dog: feeding him with very good meat; but he oftentimes killed one Sheep or another, which when the Shepherd perceived, apprehending the Dog, was reſolved to kill him. To whom the Dog ſaid, why wilt thou deſtroy me? I am one of your family,

mily, rather kill the Wolf, who continually lays wait about your Sheepfold. Nay, quoth the Shepherd, I think you more worthy of death than the Wolf; for he profeſſeth himſelf an open Enemy, thou under the ſhew of friendſhip doſt daily leſſen my Flock.

The Moral. *This Fable ſhews, that they are much rather to be puniſhed, who under the colour of friendſhip endamage us, than they who openly profeſs themſelves our Enemies.*

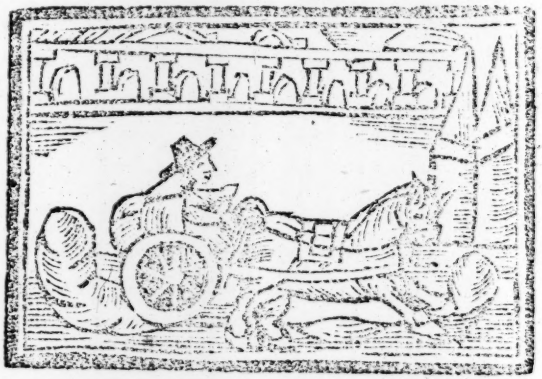
A Shepherd had a num'rous flock of *Sheep,*
For whoſe protection he a *Dog* did keep;
And fed him highly, that the *Cur* might be
More carefull, and with ſaffer cuſtody
Look to his Charge. Yet the inſatiate *Cur,*
Seeing variety, did more prefer
The Bloud of tender *Lambs,* than all the fare
His Maſter fed him with; and would not ſpare
The beſt in all the Flock, if the delight
Of freſh warm meat incens'd his appetite.
The which his Maſter finding out, with rage,
(For patience could not ſuch a wrong aſſwage)
Threatens his Death. The guilty *Dog* replies,
Why muſt I die? Far greater Enemies
Daily infeſt the *Flock,* the *Wolves*; let thoſe
Be put to death who are profeſſed Foes.
Nay (quoth his Maſter) rather you muſt die,
Who under friendſhip uſe hoſtility.

The Moral.

This Fable ſhews the danger which attends
A man too confident in home-bred friends.

FAB. 125.

Of the Coachman *and his creaking* Wheels.



THe Coachman asked his Coach, why that Wheel which was the worſt creaked, when as the other did not ſo? To whom the Coach ſaid, ſick people always uſe to be froward and complaining.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that miſeries are apt to provoke men to complain.*

A *Coachman* driving in a full career,
Amidſt his ſpeed a creaking *Wheel* did hear
More loud than all the reſt. And asking why,
Or where the cauſes lay, made this reply.
His *Chariot made*:

The Moral.

Oft crazy folk doe ſo,
And groan when they the pains of ſickneſs ſhow.

FAB.

FAB. 126.

Of the Fox *and the* Goat.

A Fox and a Goat being thirſty went down into a Well, where having quenched their thirſt, the Fox ſpeaks to the Goat, who was looking about how he ſhould get up, take courage O Goat (ſaith the Fox) I have intended a way how we may both return; for thou ſhalt reare thy ſelf ſtraight up, holding thy forefeet againſt the Wall, and lean thy Horns forward, holding down thy Chin to thy Breaſt; and I skipping over thy Back and thy Horns, and getting out of the Well, will pull thee out thence afterwards. Whoſe counſel the Goat relying upon, and obeying, as he commanded, the Fox skipped out of the Well, and then for joy, danced about the brink of the Well, and was very merry, taking no care at all for the Goat. But when he was accuſed of the Goat for a League-breaker, he anſwered, O Goat, if thou hadſt had a mind full of wiſedom, as thy Chin is of Hairs, before thou hadſt gone down, thou wouldſt have been certain how thou mighteſt have come out again.

The

The Moral. *This Fable intimates, that a prudent man, before he ſets about any buſineſs, ſhould ſearch diligently what the end will be.*

THE *Fox* and *Goat* go to a Well to drink,
Which being ſo deep, that ſtanding on the brink,
They could not reach the Water, they deſcend
Both in the Bucket, and obtain their end.
So having quench'd their thirſt, when they deſire
To wind the Bucket upward and retire, (ſtand
Their ſtrength and wit both fail'd them that they
Doubtfull, what courſe is beſt to take in hand;
But crafty *Reynard* (for the *Goat* too wiſe)
For his eſcape this project did deviſe:
Willing the *Goat* himſelf upright to raiſe.
And 'gainſt the Wall his foremoſt feet to place,
That ſo his body to full length extending,
The *Fox* might on his ſhoulders ſtrait aſcending,
Get forth, and hail out him. They both agree:
And by this means the *Fox* gets liberty.
Which he no ſooner had, but he derides
The ſilly *Goat*, who ſtill in th' Well abides,
Railing that *Reynard* had unjuſtly done,
To break his word, and leave him there alone,
Yet all his paſſion was but ſpent in vain,
Onely the *Fox* returneth thus again;
My Friend, did you but half that wiſedom bear,
As in your Face does gravity appear
By your long Beard, you firſt would learn to ſhun
A danger e'er you headlong on it run.

The Moral.

Conſult before you undertake
A perillous attempt: or make
Choice of a friend; for fear that he
(Working on thy facility,
To gain his purpoſe,) Fox-like *ſcorn,*
And leave thee in diſtreſs forlorn.

F A B.

FAB. 127.

Of the Cock *and the* Partridge.

WHen a certain man had mady Cocks at home, he permitted a Partridge which he had bought to feed with them. But when the Cocks moleſted her and pecked her with their bills, the Partridge grieved very much at the injury, thinking, that becauſe ſhe was a ſtranger, and not of that kind, thoſe injuries were done unto her. Afterwards, when the Partridge ſaw the Cocks fighting among themſelves, caſting away ſorrow of mind, ſhe ſaid; for the future, indeed I ſhall not be grieved, for that I ſee ſuch odious contentions among themſelves.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that wiſe men take patiently the wrongs done to them, eſpecially by thoſe that neither know how to ſpare themſelves, nor their friends.*

ONE having a tame *Partridge*, let her feed
Among his Cocks: which ſuch a hate did breed,
That the bold Birds would never let her reſt,
But with their Spurs did ſtrike and ſtill infeſt

The

The harmleſs *Partridge*; who impatient bears
Their injuries, and wails them with ſad tears
The more, becauſe a ſtranger. But e'er long,
Diverting, there fell hate from her, among
Themſelves the *Cocks* at variance fall and turn
To mutual diſcord. Leaving then to mourn,
The *Partridge* cries, if 'twixt themſelves they be
So croſs, I cannot blame their hate to me.

The Moral.

No wrongs unto a wiſe man ſhould appear
Injurious or hurtfull, when they are
Offer'd by ſuch whoſe Diſcords hourly raiſe
Mutual Sedition, and domeſtick Frays.

FAB. 128.

Of a bragging Fellow.

A Certain man, that had travelled a while abroad, after that he was come again, in a bragging manner told, both many other things that he had gallantly atchieved in other Countries, and that the moſt of all, that he had out-leapt them at *Rhodes*; and

and ſaid that the *Rhodians* that were preſent, would bear him witneſs of the ſame. To whom one of them that ſtood by anſwering, ſaid, O Sir, if that be true which you ſay, what need have you of witneſſes; Look you here where a *Rhodian* is; ſee, here is a challenge to leap with thee.

The Moral. *The Fable ſheweth, that where there is a real teſtimony, there needs no words.*

MOſt *Travellers* (I knew not by what Fate)
Their virtues (boaſting) ſeek to elevate,
What rare exploits they did in foreign parts,
How grac'd in Manners, and how skill'd in Arts;
When they as empty and as frothy are,
As if come lately from their Nurſes care.
Such a New-nothing bragg'd what he had done,
How many famous Prizes he had wone
By his activity abroad; doth tell
That he all *Rhodes* at Leaping did excell,
To which thoſe *Rhodians* which were preſent there,
Without record, ſtill living, witneſs were,
With that a nimble youth of coſtive faith
Set him a Leap; and then replying, ſaith,
If this be true you ſay, what need you cite
The men of *Rhodes* for Witneſſes? our ſight
Shall teſtifie, we'll give you praiſes due,
If by your Deeds you prove your Words are true.
Here's equal ground to that of *Rhodes*, lo here,
I leap, let your activity appear.

The Moral.

Where Proofs are wanting, Words are vain, nor can
They credit get, but with a ſimple man.

F A B.

FAB. 129.

Of the Man *that tempted* Apollo.

A Certain Fellow went to *Delphos* to tempt *Apollo*, having a little Sparrow under his Cloak which he held in his hand, and approaching to the Trivet, he queſtion'd him, ſaying, is that which I have in my right hand, living or dead? intending if he had anſwered, living, to have produced it dead; if dead, alive: for he might have killed it under his Cloak before he had brought it forth. But the God diſcovering his crafty ſubtilty, replyed, O thou that comeſt hither to ask counſel, do whether thou pleaſeſt, for it is in thy power to produce that which is in thy hand, either living or dead.

The Moral. *This Fable declares, that nothing is hidden from, or can deceive the Divine underſtanding.*

AN unbelieving crafty knave would try
Th' *Oracle* of the *Delphick* Deity;
Whether thence truth or error iſſued
In his right hand, which his Cloak covered.

He

He held a little Sparrow, with which he
Approach'd the Image of the Deity:
And thus demands, what in my hand I have,
Is it alive or dead? The ſubtile knave,
Had the God anſwered, dead, meant to produce
The Bird alive, *Apollo* to abuſe:
And if the God, It is alive had ſaid,
The knave would quickly her have ſqueezed dead,
And ſhew'd it. But the God eſpi'd
The villain's craft, to which he thus repli'd;
Whether thou wilt, it is at thy diſpoſe,
To kill or ſave the Bird thy hand doth cloſe.

The Moral.

Naught can lie hid from God's all-ſeeing Eye,
Nor any craft delude the Deity.

FAB. 130.

Of the Woman *and her* Hen.

A Certain Widow woman had a Hen laid an Egg every day. The Woman thought, after the Faſhion of the World (having a greedy mind) that the Hen would lay twice a day, if ſhe uſed to feed.

feed her better; but the Hen growing fatter with more feeding, gave over laying that one Egg. So the Woman, from that time that ſhe ſought more after profit, loſt it, out of a blind deſire to inhance it.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that ſometimes preſent profit is loſt by a deſire of more things.*

A *Widow-woman* had a *Hen* did lay
(Not intermitting) one Egg every day.
But yet the greedy *Woman* not content
To have of her that fair emolument,
Simply concieved that her *Hen* would lay,
If ſhe were better fed, two Eggs a day;
And cram'd her, till the *Hen* ſo fat was grown,
Inſtead of two Eggs ſhe could lay not one.

The Moral.

That Panches make lean Pates, and dainty bits
Enrich the Ribs, but bankrupt quite the Wits.

FAB. 131.

Of the Man *whom the* Dog *had bitten.*

A Man bitten by a Dog, went about to every Body, begging cure; and he met with one, who, knowing the quality of the Diſeaſe, ſaid, if thou indeed

deed friend would'ſt recover, take a piece of Bread dipped in the Bloud of the wound, and give it the Dog which bit thee to eat. To which he made this reply, truly if I doe that, I am worthy to be bitten by all the Dogs in the City.

The Moral. *Wicked men receiving the greateſt favours are incouraged to greateſt miſchiefs.*

ONe bitten by a *Cur*, inquires what cure,
What could aſſwage the pain he did indure,
Of one that came to viſit him. Who ſaid,
Dip in the bloudy wound a piece of Bread,
And feed the *Dog* therewith. Not I, quoth he,
For then from Wounds I never ſhould be free.
Were ſuch an Act once bruited up and down,
I ſhould be bit by every *Dog* in Town.

The Moral.

Some curriſh natures benefits requite
With wrongs and ſlanders, injuries and ſpite.

FAB. 132.

Of the Beaver *biting of his* Stones.

THE Beaver above all four-footed Beaſts is ſaid to remain in the Water, and that his Genitals are very

very commodious for Phyſick, he perceiving himſelf near taking by the hunters (for he knew the reaſon why they purſue him) biteth off his Stones and throwing them towards them that purſue him, by this means eſcapes ſafe.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that wiſe men ought by this example, to have no regard of their wealth for the obtaining of ſafety.*

NAturaliſts ſay, that *Bevers* moſt frequent
(As *Otters* do) the liquid element.
His Genitals a ſov'reign medicine are,
For which reſpect *Hunters* no labour ſpare
Him to attach. But by Natures foreſight,
To ſave himſelf, he off his Stones doth bite,
In view of his purſuers; wherewith they
(The purchaſe made) deſiſt; he ſcapes away.

The Moral.

Thus wiſemen ſave their lives with their wealths loſs,
To keep his Gold, who would not part with droſs.

FAB. 133.
Of the Tunie *and the* Dolphin.

A Tunie, as he fled from a Dolphin that purſued him with a full career, and was near taking, threw himſelf into a narrow creek; the Dolphin alſo with his very force, was daſht upon another like unto it; at which the Tunie looking back, and ſeeing him gaſping, ſaid, now Death is not at all grievous to me, ſeeing him who was the cauſe of my Death periſheth with me.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that men bear their miſeries patiently, when they ſee them miſerable who were the cauſes of their miſeries.*

A *Tunie* by a *Dolphin* chas'd too cloſe,
To make eſcape above the Waters roſe,
And ſhot himſelf upon a hollow clift,
His Foe avoiding by a deſperate ſhift,
But not his Death: for the clift being high
Could not with Water her again ſupply.

For

For want of which ſhe ready to expire,
Beholds the *Dolphin* fettered in the Mire.
Through his o'er-violent purſuit, and cries,
O welcome object to my dying eyes!
Now Death's not grievous, ſince I him deſcry
Expiring too, who cauſed me to die.

The Moral.

Thus wronged men are ſomething eas'd, to ſee
Their Perſecutor in adverſity.

FAB. 134.

Of the Fortune-teller.

A Certain Fortune-teller, ſitting in the Market, made a Speech. To whom one relates, that his doors were broken open, and all the Goods, that were in his houſe were taken away; at which meſſage the Wizard groaning haſtned home, one ſeeing him running, cries, oh thou, who couldeſt propheſie concerning other mens affairs, haſt not rightly divined of thine own.

The Moral. *This Fable pertaineth to thoſe who notwithſtanding they order not their own buſineſs aright endeavour to look to and take care of other mens, which nothing concerns them.*

A

A *Fortune-teller* in the Market ſate
Telling the People their enſuing Fate.
Till one with haſt e'en breathleſs ruſheth in,
And to the *Wizard* this ſad news doth bring;
Your houſe is robb'd. This made the *Wizard* ſtart,
And haſten homeward. But to ſhame his Art,
One ſcoffing ſays, can he our fates foretell,
Who knew not what at his own houſe befel?

The Moral.

Here their unfitting cark is fitly ſhown
Who care for ſtrangers good, neglect their own.

FAB. 135.

Of the Sick Man *and a* Phyſician.

A Patient being asked of his Phyſician how he did, he replyed, that he ſweated beyond meaſure. To whom the Doctor anſwers, that it was a good ſign; being queſtioned another day, how he felt himſelf, very cold, ſaid he, and have been ſo a long time, and that, ſaid the Phyſician, is a good ſign too; being asked the third time how he fared, I am weakned ſaith he with a flux, and that is alſo good, replies the Doctor. Afterward being asked of a Friend how he did, well, anſwered he, but I am dying.

The Moral. *The Fable ſhews, that flatteries are to be reproved.*

A *Doctor* having undertook to heal
A *Patient*'s diſeaſe, his pulſe doth feel,
And asks him, how he far'd. The Man replies,
A burning heat o'er all my body lies.
A ſign of health the *Doctor* anſwers then:
So parts, and the next day returns agen,
Propounding the ſame queſtion. The ſick Man
Cries, a cold humour through his Body ran.
The *Doctor* likes that too. The third time he
Demands; but then his *Patient* mournfully
Anſwers, extremely weak. All this ſtill pleas'd
The *Doctor* well. But when of the diſeas'd
A friend more ſadly queſtion'd how he ſped;
The ſick man faintly to him anſwered,
He ſhortly hop'd for health; ſince Death his cure
Had finiſh'd now: nor ſhould he more endure
The pains already paſt. Which ſaid, he dies,
And his Friends celebrate his exequies.

The Moral.

Here is expreſt ſimplicity of thoſe
Who skill'd in nothing are but outward ſhows
Of ſeeming Art, and when they moſt profeſs,
Know leaſt, to help or cure a man's diſtreſs.

FAB. 136.

Of the Aſs *and the* Wolf.

AN Aſs having trodden on a Thorn, halted, but ſeeing a Wolf, cries, O Wolf, behold with pain I die, and become food for thee or the Vultures, or Crows, I onely intreat one favour, take the thorn out of my Foot, that at leaſt I may die without torment. The Wolf catching the Thorn between his Teeth, plucked it out; but the Aſs forgetting his dolour, hit his Iron heels upon the Wolf's face, and having broken his Fore-head, Noſe and Teeth, ran away. The Wolf blaming himſelf, confeſſeth it had hapned juſtly, that he who had learned to be a Butcher of Cattle, was become their Chirurgeon.

The Moral. *This Fable ſhews, that thoſe who forſake their own undertakings, thoſe who are unfit for them, are both derided and endangered.*

A Lame *Aſs* thus beſpake a *Wolf* of old,
The Crows, or Vultures, prey, or yours, behold
I die through pain; this favour onely I
Requeſt of your renowned clemency,

Pull out this ſtump from out my gangreen'd Foot
That I may die leſs pain'd. The *Wolf* ſet to't
His Grinders, and extracts both ſtump and pain.
But th' *Aſs*, to give the *Wolf* cauſe to complain
Of having ſtumps, forgetfull of his late
And grievous pain, diſchargeth on his Pate
His froſt nail'd Heels; and having broke his Noſe
And Teeth withall, braying away he goes.
The *Wolf*, as juſtly ſerv'd, himſelf doth blame,
That of a *Butcher* he a *Leech* became.

The Moral.

They that deſert their callings thus, incurr
Great dangers often, but always ſome blur.

FAB. 137.

Of the Fowler *and the* Black-bird.

A Fowler laid his Nets for the Birds, but was eſpi'd a far off by an Owſel, who asked him what he did, who repli'd, that he was building a City, and departed further; hiding himſelf, the Black-bird believing his word, came to the meat laid by the Nets,

Nets, and was taken: the Fowler haſtning, ſaith the Black-bird, Truly, O man, if thou erect ſuch a City, thou wilt find few inhabitants.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifies, that the private and publick weal is moſt of all deſtroyed on this faſhion, when the Rulers uſe cruelty.*

PLacing his Nets the *Fowler* is eſpi'd
By the black *Owſel*; which on every ſide
Viewing him round, demandeth of the man,
What he intended there, or what began;
The *Fowler* anſwers, He reſolv'd to lay
Foundation for a City: ſo away
Cloſely departs to hide him from her ſight.
He being gon, the *Owſel* takes her flight
To view the ſtructure; catches at the bait,
Not mindfull of the *Fowler*'s cloſe deceit,
And with it is intrapt. Whereat the man
To ſeize on the inſnared *Owſel* ran;
Which thus cries out, Friend, if you often build
Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The Moral.

This Fable ſhews that greateſt ruines riſe
In Common-Wealths, when private Enemies,
With their familiar flatteries delude,
And ſeek to inſnare the eaſie Multitude.

FAB. 138.

Of the Traveller *and a* Bag *that he found.*

A Traveller, going a long journey, made a Vow, that if he found any thing, he would ſacrifice the one half to *Jupiter.* And afterwards, when he had found a Bag full of Dates and Almonds upon the Road, he eat all the Dates and the Almonds. But he offer'd the Date-kernels and the Almond-ſhells and husks at an Altar, ſaying, Thou haſt, O *Jupiter*, what I vowed to thee; for I offer to thee the inſides and the outſides of that which I have found.

The Moral. *This Fable implieth, that a covetous man, for greedineſs of Money, will endeavour to cozen even the Gods.*

ONe going a long Journey made a Vow
His foundels half to *Jupiter* t'allow
For Sacrifice. Now having gon ſome Ground,
B *Bag* of *Dates* and *Almonds* full he found,
And eat them all; but left the Stones and Peels,
And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels,
And thus he ſpeaks, Behold, great *Jove*, I bring
My foundels half, a vowed Offering.

The Moral.

Thus avarice doth oft tempt men to lie
Not to men onely, but the Deity.

FAB. 139.

Of the Boy *and his* Mother.

A Boy having ſtollen his School-fellow's Horn-book at School, brought it to his Mother: by whom, being not chaſtiſed, played the Thief daily more and more. In proceſs of time, he began to ſteal greater things; at laſt, being apprehended of the Magiſtrate, was led to Execution: but his Mother following and crying out, he entreated the Serjeants that they would permit him to whiſper in her Ear, who permitting him, the Mother haſtening laid her Ear to her Son's Mouth, he bites off a piece of his Mother's Ear with his Teeth; when his Mother and the reſt rated at him, not onely as being a Thief, but alſo ungratious towards his own Mother, he ſaid, She is the cauſe of my undoing, for if ſhe had puniſhed me for ſtealing the Horn-book, I had not proceeded to greater things, nor been led to my Execution.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that they that are not reſtrained, when they begin to doe amiſs, grow up to greater Villanies.*

A Knaviſh Boy at School had ſtole a Book:
Brings it t'his Mother; who with ſmiling look
Seems more the *Boy* to cheriſh than chaſtiſe,
Or check him for his childiſh knaveries.
Whereat the *Boy* grew expert in his Trade,
And theft of ſomething his day-labour made;
She ſtill the ſame upholding. Till grown man,
Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
To catch at greater baits. For which at laſt
Being attach'd, he is arraign'd and caſt
At Seſſions for his death, (the *Theif's* reward)
Then drawn to Execution. She that ſhar'd
Both in his birth and fall, with grief and ſhame
Walks weeping by him, till in ſight he came
Of the ſad fatal Gallows, where with Tears
He begs one whiſper in his *Mothers* Ears.
'Tis granted, and his *Mother* lends her Head
To hear his laſt requeſt. But he in ſtead
Of whiſp'ring to her, faſtneth in her Ear
His Teeth, and doth her fleſh with anger tear.
For which unnatural act reprov'd by ſome
That to his execution did come,
He cries, Oh Friends, had ſhe chaſtis'd at firſt,
And not my childiſh Theft ſo fondly nurſt,
As if ſhe well allow'd it, I had bin
Free from this ſhamefull end and horrid ſin.

The Moral.

Too many Children ſo are bound to curſe
Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurſe.
That lulls them in their miſchief, till they run
Headlong upon their own confuſſion,
Not able to retire; but being brought up
In pleaſure, poſt to taſte of ſorrows Cup.

FAB. 140.

Of a Shepherd *exerciſing the Art of* Navigation.

A Shepherd kept his flock by the Seaſide; who, when he ſaw a calm Sea, had an earneſt deſire to make a Voiage to a Mart. Having therefore ſold his Sheep, and bought ſome Bags of Dates, he went to Sea. Now when a great Storm aroſe, and the Ship was in great danger to be ſunk, he threw all the burthen of the Ship into the Sea, and had much ado to eſcape, after he had unladed the Ship. A few days after one coming and admiring the calmneſs of the Sea (for indeed it was very calm) he anſwering, ſaid, It deſires more Dates, as I underſtand, and therefore ſhews it ſelf calm.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that men are made wiſer by loſs and danger.*

A Wanton *Swain* kept Sheep hard by the ſhore,
And never heard the then calm Sea to roar;
Seeing the ſurface ſmooth, with itch poſſeſt
To turn Adventurer, he could take no reſt,
Till he had ſold his Sheep, and with the price
Ladeth a Ship with Dates of Merchandiſe.

The Fool aboard not many leagues had ſail'd
Into the Main, but that the Sky was vail'd
In diſmal black. A tempeſt roſe ſo great,
And on a Ship of Dates ſo fiercely beat,
That left it ſink, he empties out of hand
His Dates, and hardly ſo eſcapes to Land,
Who ſtill, as oft as the Sea calm he ſpies,
Ne'er flatter, I have no more Dates, he cries.

The Moral.

Dangers and loſſes make men wiſe: 'tis thought
That wit is never good till it be bought.

FAB. 141.

Of an Old Man's Son *and a* Lyon.

A Certain Seignior had one onely Son of a Generous mind, a Lover of Hounds; he had ſeen this his Son in a Dream, ſlain by a Lyon, being afraid leſt the event ſhould verifie the Dream, he built a moſt exquiſite Houſe, very pleaſant, with fretted Works and Windows. Hither bringing his Son, he ſet a Keeper over him. He had painted in the Houſe,

for

for his Son's delight, all kind of living Creatures, amongſt the reſt a Lyon; which the young man looking upon, was much more troubled, ſtanding one time nearer the Lyon, he ſaid, Moſt cruel Beaſt, for the vain Dream of my Father, I am kept in this Houſe as in a Priſon, What ſhall I doe to thee? Uttering theſe words, he ſtruck his Hand againſt the Wall, thinking to pull out the Lyon's Eyes, but hits it againſt a Nail which he did not ſee, with which Scratch his Hand rankled, and the matter feſtered underneath, and a Fever came upon it, and the young Man died in a ſhort time, ſo that the Lyon killed the Man, the Father's ſophiſtication nothing hindred it.

The Moral. *The Fable teacheth us, that thoſe things will happen, none can avoid.*

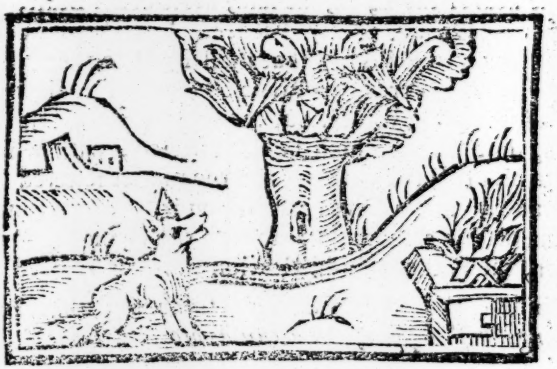
A Doting *Knight* had fanci'd in a Dream,
His Son (a *Gallant* given to th' extream
Of Hunting) was b' a *Lyon* ſlain. Then he
Immures his Son within a Gallery,
(Leſt chance ſhould act the Viſion) where he ſets,
Of youths ſports the painted Counterfeits,
His paſſion to divert. Amongſt the reſt
A *Lyon* was. To which the Youth addreſt,
(His Guardian gone) Muſt I be in a Cage,
To ſhun the formleſs fancy of thy rage?
Herewith aſſays to ſcratch the *Lyon's* Eyes:
But meets a ruſty Nail there, ſcarifies
His Hand, (though ſlightly) it ſo feſtereth,
This brought a Fever, and the Fever Death.

The Moral.

Thus while they think themſelves to ſave
From Death, they fall into the Grave.

FAB. 142.

Of the Eagle *and the* Fox.



AN Eagle and a Fox having made a league of amity betwixt themſelves, reſolved to dwell hard by one another, ſuppoſing their friendſhip would be the more firm by their often converſe. The Eagle therefore made her Neſt upon a high tree, and the Fox laid her Cubs near the tree, among the Bramble-buſhes. One day then, when the Fox went out of her kennel to ſeek ſomething wherewithall to feed her Cubs, the Eagle even herſelf lacking Meat, flew into the Covert, and ſnatch'd away the Foxes Cubs, and gave them to her young ones to eat. When the Fox came back again, and underſtood of the cruel death of her young ones, ſhe was very ſorrowfull. And whereas ſhe was not able to revenge her ſelf of the Eagle, becauſe being a fourfooted Beaſt, ſhe could not purſue a Bird, ſhe curſed the Eagle (a thing which is incident to the poor and impotent) and wiſhed ſome miſchief or other might befall her. Into ſo great an hatred is violent friendſhip turned. It befell then in thoſe days, that a Goat was ſacrificed in the Country,

a piece

a picce whereof the Eagle ſnatch'd away, together with the live coals, and carried it to her Neſt; but, when the wind blew ſomewhat high, the Neſt which was made of Hay, and ſmall and dry Sticks, was burnt. As ſoon as the Eagle's young ones felt the Fire, becauſe they were not able to fly, they fell down to the Ground. The Fox catch'd them up preſently, and eat them in the Eagle's ſight.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that they which violate friendſhip, though they may avoid the vengeance of them they have hurt, yet ſhall not eſcape the Judgment of God.*

THE *Eagle* and the *Fox* (no longer Foes)
Kindly each other greet; till friendſhip grows
So ſtrong 'twixt them, that they will neighbours be;
And better to confirm their amity,
One Tree muſt harbour both, the Eagle makes
Her Neſt aloft; the *Fox* her dwelling takes
At the ſame Root; and each brings forth their young,
But this true love continued not long,
For once it chanc'd the Fox forſook her hole,
To fetch in food. Who gon, the *Eagle* ſtole
Into the *Fox*'s den, and to her neſt
Bore the young *Foxes*: with their Fleſh to feaſt
Her little *Eaglets*: So by this agen
The *Fox* returns: who entring her den,
Finds all her young ones gone, their loſs laments
And 'gainſt the *Eagle* fearfull curſings vents,
And direfull imprecations; praying *Jove*
To ſend revenge for ſuch infringed love.
And ſo it hapned, after ſome few days
The Prieſt a Goat upon the Altar lays
For Sacrifice: which when the *Eagle* knew,
With winged ſpeed ſhe nimbly thither flew,
Part of the Victim ſnatching, with it bore
A fiery brand, ſo to her neſt doth ſoar.

Where

Where the Wind riſing ſo incens'd the Flame,
It fir'd all the Neſt. But when the ſame
Her unfleg'd young ones felt, to ſhun the heat,
With all their ſpeed out of the Neſt they get,
Attempting flight, but wanting Feathers fall
Straight to the Earth, and on their Mother call
For help; when ſhe too weak t'aſſiſt them, they,
Poor Birds, became the injur'd *Fox*'s prey.

The Moral.

So thoſe who Covenants of friendſhip break:
(Though th' injur'd parties ſeem a while too weak)
To right themſelves, from Heaven receive their due:
Which doth ſuch deeds with vengeance ſtill purſue.

FAB. 143.

Of the Nightingale *and the* Hawk.

A Nightingale, as ſhe ſate on a high Oak, ſung all alone, as ſhe uſed to do. So ſoon as the Hawk that was ſeeking meat eſpied her, he flew to her on a ſuddain, and ſnatched her away. But the Nightingale, when ſhe ſaw ſhe was going to be killed, intreated

intreated the Hawk, that he would let her go, becauſe ſhe was not ſufficient to fill his Belly, but that it would be a gallant piece of work to turn him to greater Birds, to ſatisfie himſelf. The Hawk looking frowningly upon her ſaid, Truly I ſhould be worſe than a Fool, if I ſhould let go the meat that I have in my clutches, in hopes of a larger prey.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that they that forgo that which they have in their hands, in hope of greater matters, are too much void of wit and reaſon.*

SWeet *Philomel*, to whom no Bird comes nigh
For various Notes and pleaſing Harmony,
On a tall Oak warbles her charming Strains,
Till the *Hawk* ſeiz'd her to replete his Veins.
The trembling Prey implores for her reprieve;
Inſerting, that her carcaſs could relieve
No ſuch vaſt appetite, and ſhe would pray
He might be fitted with a better Prey.
The *Hawk* replies, I have more wit than ſo,
To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
Never tell me, you are but little; tuſh,
One Bird in hand's better than two i'th' buſh.

The Moral.

This Fable ſhews it is not good to part
With that thou haſt obtain'd with pains and art.
And though but ſmall: be ſure thou do it keep;
Leſt when 'tis gone thy folly cauſe thee weep.

FAB. 144.

Of the Fox *without a* Tail.

A Fox having his Tail cut off, to get out of a Trap, when, for ſhame, he thought it a death to live, deviſed to perſuade other Foxes by a wile that under a pretence of a common benefit, they ſhould every one cut off his own Tail, and ſo leſſen his diſgrace. When therefore the Foxes were all met together, he perſuaded them to cut off their Tails; maintaining, that their Tails were not onely a diſgrace to Foxes; but a heavy and fooliſh burthen. One of the Foxes anſwering her wittily. Ho Siſter! if the matter be good for your ſelf onely, it is not fair for you to counſel others alſo unto it.

The Moral. *This Fable belongs to them, that, under a ſhew of Charity, look at their own benefit in adviſing others.*

A *Fox* intrapt, gets out with much ado,
With his Tails loſs; and glad he ſcap'd ſo too.
But when he miſt his Train, his joy did melt
To tears of grief; ſo great a ſhame he felt.
He thinks life dearly purchas'd with diſgrace,
And by invention would that ſtain deface.

Which

Which thus acted: He intreats a Court
Of *Foxes*, ſtill-pretending to report
Somewhat concern'd the publick; which being met,
Bob thus began to play the counterfeit:
Sirs, I have found our Tails ſuperfluous freight
Hinders our flight, o'ercharged with the weight,
And by the long extent doth oft expoſe
Us to more eaſie purſuit of our foes:
Which to avoid, let my example move,
Cut off your Tails, if you your ſafety love.
Brother, ſays one, your Plot to ſhame us fails;
Cauſe you have none, ſhould none of us have Tails?

The Moral.

'Tis good to ſift all Counſels; moſt mens tend
Unto their own, when they your good pretend.

FAB. 145.

Of the Fox *and the* Bramble.

AS a Fox got up upon a hedge, to avoid the danger which he ſaw near him, he took hold of a Bramble, and prickt the hollow of his Foot with the prickles. And when he was ſore wounded, he ſighed,

and

and ſaid to the Bramble, when I fled to thee to help me, Thou didſt undo me worſe, to whom the Bramble ſaid, Thou waſt miſtaken, Fox, which thoughteſt to catch me with the like wile wherewith thou haſt uſed to catch others.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that it is a fond thing to deſire help of them, whoſe nature is to doe miſchief, rather than to doe good to others.*

PUrſu'd with danger upon every ſide,
The *Fox* flies to a Buſh himſelf to hide,
Which ent'red, by ill chance a Thorn did ſtick
Upright, and the poor *Fox*'s trampled prick;
Who ſorely pain'd laments, O envious Tree,
That while I ſeek for refuge unto thee,
Torment'ſt me thus. The *Buſh* replys, My Friend,
Y'are much deceiv'd; for know, you did intend
Me to entrap, as oft you others do;
For which deceit I have rewarded you.

The Moral.

If help of any man thou wouldſt implore,
Firſt be adviſ'd, and know him well before
You truſt too far; for many are ſo prone
To miſchief, that they can doe good to none.

FAB. 146.

Of the Fox *and the* Crocodile.

THe Fox and the Crocodile ſtrove about their Nobility, when the Crocodile alledged many things for himſelf, and vaunted himſelf beyond meaſure, touching the ſplendour of his Anceſtors, the Fox ſmiling ſaid, Oh Friend, although thou hadſt never ſaid this, it is clearly manifeſt by thy Skin, that thou haſt been deprived of the ſplendour of thy Anceſtors now theſe many years.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that the matter it ſelf doth moſt of all confute lying perſons.*

THe *Fox* and *Crocodile* diſcours'd avy,
Anent their nobleneſs. And when the ſly
Crocodile boaſts the ſplendour of her Skin,
Naming how many ages they had bin
In good eſteem, and many things brought forth
To plead her Kinn's Antiquity and worth;
Reynard then fleering, now no more affords
A patient Ear, but thus retorts his words;

Con-

Concerning your antiquity, my friend,
I ſtrive not; but whatever you pretend
For your illuſtrious ſplendour, 'tis well ſeen,
That's loſt of old, by that your dusky skin.

The Moral.

Some never bluſh ſuch flat untruths to tell,
That e'en the very telling doth refell.

FAB. 147.

Of the Fox *and the* Hunters.

A Fox running away from the Hunters, and being now weary with running along the way, by chance light on a Wood-man, whom he entreated to hide him in a place. He ſhewed him his Cottage. The Fox going into it, hid himſelf in a corner. The Hunters came; they ask the Wood-man if he ſaw the Fox. The Wood-man indeed denied in words, that he had ſeen him; but pointed at the place with his hand, where the Fox lay hid. But the Hunters having not at all underſtood the matter; went away preſently. The Fox, as ſoon as ever he ſaw them gone, coming out of the Cottage, went ſoftly back again. the Wood-man blames the Fox, becauſe whereas he had

had ſaved him, he did not thank him at all. Then the Fox turning himſelf, ſaid ſoftly to him; Ho Friend, if the deeds of thy hands and thy behaviour had been like thy words, I would have given thee deſerved thanks.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that a naughty man, though he promiſe good things, yet he performeth things that are bad and wicked.*

Reynard purſu'd, leaves all the Dogs behind,
And takes the Wood for ſafety; yet could find
Small ſhelter there, untill at length he ſpies
A *Wood-man* cleaving Logs: to whom he cries,
My Friend, if thou a ſecret place canſt ſhow,
Where cloſely laid I may eſcape my Foe,
I much ſhall ſtand engag'd to thee. The man
Tells him, and poor *Reynard* ſwiftly ran.
The *Hunters* now approach, but loſt the ſcent;
Who ask the man, if the *Fox* that way went,
While he there wrought. The *Wood-man* anſwers, no;
Yet points to th' place wherein the *Fox* did go
To hide himſelf. The unbelieving men
Call off their Dogs, and ſo return agen.
Who being gone, the *Fox* in ſecret peeps
Out of his hole; ſeeing all quiet, creeps,
And ſteals away. To whom the *Wood-man* cries,
Friend, you may thank me for my courteſies:
I ſav'd your life. 'Tis true, quoth *Reynard*, then,
If your hand's quiet, as your tongue hath been,
Full many thanks you had deſerv'd, as due,
And I as many would have rend'red you.

The Moral.

This here diſplays the fallacy
Of thoſe whoſe words and actions diſagree;
But fairly ſeem to promiſe unto all,
Yet fail when any to performance call.

FAB.

FAB. 148.

Of the Man *and his* Wooden God.

A Man having a wooden God at home, intreated it to give him ſome good thing; but the more he prayed it, the leſs his Eſtate was at home. At the laſt, he being moved with anger, took the God by the Legs, and knocked its head againſt the Wall. When its head then was ſtruck off, a great deal of Gold flew out, which gathering up, the Man ſaid, Thou art too croſs and perfidious, becauſe, whilſt I honoured thee thou didſt me no good, but now that thou art ſtricken and beaten, thou haſt done me abundance of good.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that a naughty perſon, if ever he doe good, he doth it, becauſe he is forced to it.*

AN *Image* carv'd in Wood (ſuch men of old,
Eſteem'd as Gods) and inly lin'd with Gold,
One too profanely often had ador'd,
As often too its vainer help implor'd,
When need compell'd, yet could it yield him none,
Untill the *Man*, with begging weary grown,
Changes his ſtrong devotion into rage,
Which his fine *God* could not withſtand or ſwage:

And

And 'gainſt the Ground the carved *Image* throws,
From whoſe interior parts abundance flows
Of pureſt Gold. Whereat the joyfull Man,
Breaking to open Paſſion, thus began,
Vain thing, how long haſt thou deluded me?
That while with Worſhip I did reverence thee,
Thou could'ſt not help afford; yet for one blow
In my juſt anger, doſt this wealth beſtow.

The Moral.

Moſt men are ſo inclin'd to private gains,
That 'till the power of Juſtice them conſtrains,
They'll rather uſeleſs hoard: than part with what
May be beneficial to th' publick ſtate.

FAB. 142.

Of the Dog *invited to Supper.*

A Man, when he had provided a dainty Supper, invited a Friend home; his Dog alſo had the other Man's Dog to Supper. When he came into the houſe, he ſaw ſo much good chear got ready, he ſaid merrily with himſelf; I ſhall ſurely ſo fill my

ſelf

ſelf to day, that I ſhall not need to eat to morrow; and when he ſaid this, he wagged his tail for fain. But the Cook ſeeing him, took him ſoftly by the tail; and after he had whirled him often about, threw him out at the Window. He being amazed, got up from the Ground, and ran away crying. Other Dogs met him, and asked him how gallantly he had ſupped. But he being ready to faint, ſaid, I have ſo filled my ſelf with drink and good chear, that I ſaw not the way how I got out.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that one ought to be merry at thoſe things at which he is to be ſorry.*

A *Dog*, whoſe Owner had invited home
A Friend to ſup, invites his *Dog* to come
And ſup there too. Now, when this new-come gueſt
Saw ſuch good chear provided for the Feaſt,
Full glad at heart, he ſo reſolves to eat
His fill, that the next day ſhall need no meat.
So ſaid, he friſks his tail. But when the Cook
Saw him ſo buſie, by the tail he took
My fawning *Dog*, then whirls him round about,
And laſtly, through the window throws him out.
The Neighbour-Currs ſeeing him run and cry,
(Well near amaz'd) ask of him merrily,
How well he ſped. Quoth he, full ſad, ſo well,
That which way I came out, I cannot tell.

The Moral.

Preſume not of the future; but beware
That your luſts draw you not into a ſnare.

FAB.

FAB. 150.

Of the Eagle *and the* Man.

WHen a Man had caught an Eagle, he pluckt off the Feathers of her Wings, and put her to tarry among his Pullein. Afterwards, one having bought her, put Feathers into her Wings again. Then the Eagle flew, and caught a Hare, and carried it to her Benefactour. Which thing the Fox seeing, said to the Man, do not entertain this Eagle on Gueſt-wiſe, as formerly, leſt ſhe offer to catch you, aſwell as ſhe did the Hare. Then the Man likewiſe plucked away the Eagle's Feathers.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifies, that they that do us good-turns are to be requited; but naughty perſons are by all means to be avoided.*

AN *Eagle* caught, was rifled of ſome Pens,
The reſt clipt cloſe, and turn'd among the Hens
To feed i'th' yard. At laſt ſhe's by one bought,
Who arms her Pinnions with new Wings. Thus (fraught
She flies abroad, and lighting on a *Hare*,
She it brings to her Owner for his care

And

And love to her. But *Reynard*, that did fear
The *Eagle* might ſome of his young *Cubs* tear,
Perſuades the *Man*, the *Eagle* would not ſpare
To tear his *Children*, as ſhe did the *Hare*,
If ſhe enjoy thoſe Wings. For fear of this
The *Eagle* of her *Wings* deluded is.

The Moral.

Requital to good turns is due, but ſee
Thou be not over-reach'd with flattery.

The End of the Proſe.

FAB. 151.

Of the Husband-man.

A Man that was an Husband-man, when he ſaw that his Life was near an end, had a mind that his Sons ſhould be well skilled in ordering the Ground, he called them, and ſaid: Sons, I am a dying and all my Goods are laid in my Vine-yard. They, after their Father's deceaſe, thinking to find a Treaſure in the Vine-yard, took Spades, and Hacks and Mattocks, and quite digged up the Vine-yard, and found no Treaſure. But the Vine-yard, after it was well digged brought forth far more Fruit than it was wont to doe, and made them rich.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that daily Labour yields a Treaſure.*

A *Husband-man*, whoſe Life was full of care
To gather Wealth, and againſt want prepare,
Grown rich, and having ſpent his beſt of days,
Feeling his body ſubject to decays
Of humane frailty, when his Death drew nigh,
Among his *Sons* divideth equally,

His wealth; and told them in his *Vine-yard* they
Should find in what Eſtate their portions lay.
So he departs. His *Sons* dig up the Ground,
And carefully ſurvey the *Vine-yard* round,
Expecting hidden Treaſure, but find none,
Till to maturity the *Vines* were grown:
Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more
And larger *Grapes* than many years before.

The Moral.

By induſtry, true Labour wealth ſhall find,
When Sloth lies in her hungry Wiſhes pin'd.

FAB. 152.

Of a Fiſher-man.

A Fiſher-man, being not well skilled in Fiſhing, took a pair of Pipes and a Net, and came to the Sea-ſhore, and ſtood upon a Rock, and began firſt to Pipe, ſuppoſing that he could eaſily catch Fiſh by Piping. But when he could doe no good by Piping, he laid his Pipes aſide, and caſt his Net into the Sea, and caught a great many Fiſh. But when he drew the Fiſh out of his Net, and ſaw them dancing, he ſaid wittily;

tily; O naughty Creatures! whilſt I piped you would not dance; and now, becauſe I give over piping, ye doe nothing but dance.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that all things are well done, that are done in ſeaſon.*

AN Artleſs Fiſher with his Bag-pipe goes
To catch the ſportive Fiſhes. In he throws
His Net, and on his Pipe begins to play,
But that ſtrange noiſe drives all the Fiſh away;
That when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught
And drew the ſame, juſt nothing was his draught.
Whereat abaſh'd, he laid his Bag-pipe by,
Going again to work more ſilently.
And with ſhort expectation meets his wiſh,
And draws the laden Net with well-grown Fiſh,
Which feeling the dry Earth, and wanting now
What Water ſhould for Suſtenance allow,
As it were ſtriving with a ſtrong deſire,
Unto their proper Element to retire,
They leap and dance upon the Graſſy ſhore,
Which ſight, unuſual to the man before,
He thus exclaims; dull fools that ſport and play,
And dance, I having laid my Pipe away;
Yet when I plaid unto you, would not ſhew
Leaſt ſign of mirth, but from my Muſick flew.

The Moral.

Things ſeaſonably done move our reſpects,
But elſe produce ridiculous effects.

FAB. 153.

Of the Fiſher-men.

WHen ſome Fiſher-men, that had gone to Fiſhing, and were weary with Fiſhing long, and ſpent alſo with Hunger and Grief, becauſe they had taken nothing, reſolved to go their way; behold a Fiſh, that fled from another that purſued it, leaped into the Boat. The Fiſher-men, being very glad, caught hold of it, and when they came again into the City, they ſold it at a great rate.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that fortune often affords that which skill cannot doe.*

SOme Fiſhers long had fiſh'd, and nothing caught,
And therefore ſad and hunger-bit they thought
It beſt to make home; when behold a Fiſh
Of goodly ſize, fit for a Prince's diſh,
Purſued by a greater, to eſchew
His Foe, himſelf into the Fiſh-boat threw, (dear,
Which they took, brought to town, and ſold full
And with his price made merry with good chear.

The

The Moral.

Never deſpair; rely on God, and he
Will ſend thee help, though it ſeem chance to thee.

FAB. 154.

Of certain Fiſher-men.

CErtain Fiſher-men dragg'd a Net in the Sea, which when they felt to be heavy, they skipp'd for joy, ſuppoſing that they had many Fiſhes entangled in the Net. But when as they drew the Net to Land, they ſaw few Fiſhes, but a great Stone in the Net, they were very ſad. One of them that was very ancient, ſaid wittily to his Fellows; ſet your hearts at eaſe; for Sorrow is the Siſter of Mirth. For one ought to foreſee chances that are like to fall; and that he may bear them more eaſily, to perſuade himſelf that they will come to paſs.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that he that remembreth man's condition is not daunted in adverſity.*

SOme *Fiſhermen* were glad, becauſe the *Net*
They drew was ſad, hoping therein to get
Good ſtore of *Fiſh*. But finding a *great Stone*
Within the *Net*, and *Fiſhes* few or none,
Then they let go their *Net*, and much bemoan
Its heavineſs, which cauſes theirs. But one
Of grave content among them chears the reſt:
Let not this unexpected draught moleſt
Your minds due temper; for, *my Mates*, ye ought
To have foreſeen this chance, and to have thought
It poſſible that ſuch a chance might come;
So had it been not ſad nor burthenſome.

The Moral.

He that would not be broken with the weight
Of adverſe haps, muſt eaſe them with fore-ſight.

FAB. 155.

Of an Old Man *that wiſhed for* Death.

AN Old Man carrying a bundle of Sticks out of a Wood upon his Shoulders, being wearied by the long way, laying his Bundle on the Ground, wiſhed for Death. Lo, Death comes, and asks him the reaſon why he called him: Then quoth the Old Man, that thou mighteſt lay this Bundle of Sticks on my Shoulders.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that whoſoever is deſirous of Life, though it be ſubject to a thouſand dangers, yet it doth always avoid Death.*

AN old *Man* whoſe aged Shoulders bore
Of *Wood* a *Burthen* homewards wearied ſore,
Threw down his *Burthen*, and began to grieve
That he in ſuch eternal pains did live.
Then doth he wiſh and call for *Death*, and lo
Death comes, and asks my Grandſire, what to doe.
Then he his call recalling, and now more
Weary of's wiſh, than of his pain before,
Said, he call'd *Death* to heave his *Wood* again
Upon his Back, not eaſe him of his pain.

The Moral.

Though preſt with thouſand Torments Life doth pleaſe
Still more than Death, though Death all Torments eaſe.

FAB. 156.

Of the Woman *and the* Phyſician.

AN old Woman being troubled with an inflammation in her Eyes, ſent for a Phyſician to cure her, promiſing to give him a good fee, if ſhe were cured of that Diſeaſe; but if ſhe were not freed of it, ſhe agreed that ſhe would owe him nothing. But the Phyſician as often as he went to cure her, did ſo often carry ſomething out of her Houſe by ſtealth. The Woman therefore, after her ſore Eyes were cured, when ſhe ſaw none of her Goods in her Houſe, ſhe denyed to pay the Doctor, demanding the Fee which ſhe had agreed for: wherefore when ſhe was ſued, ſhe denied not the Bargain; but that ſhe was cured of her ſore Eyes, ſhe denies that ſtoutly; ſaying, when I was Blind, I ſaw my Houſe furniſhed with ſtore of Houſhold goods, but now that I ſee, as the Doctor ſaith, I perceive nothing to be at my Houſe.

The Moral. *This Fable ſheweth, that men that are given to covetouſneſs, do oftentimes contradict themſelves.*

A Woman troubled with ſore Eyes did call
For an *Hedge Doctor's* help, whoſe worſhip ſhall
Have, if he cure her, a round ſum; but 'gain,
If he do fail, *his Labour for his Pain.*
Agreed; the Cure is tedious, and the Wretch,
When e'er he comes to dreſs her, ſtill doth fetch
And carry ſomewhat of her Goods away,
Till her whole Houſhold-ſtuff was gon aſtray.
Her Eyes are cur'd at laſt. But when ſhe ſpies
That all her Goods were gone, ſhe then denies
The Leech his Money; he for's Debt doth ſue.
His Patient, ſhe at Bar ſays 'tis not due,
The Cure is not effected; for when 'fore
She was but pure, now ſhe's pure blind; before
She ſaw her Houſe well furniſh'd, now when he
Says ſhe is cur'd, ſhe there no Goods can ſee.

The Moral.

Covetous men for gain full oft bely,
And contradict themſelves moſt ſhamefully.

FAB. 157.

Of the two Enemies.

TWO men that were at deadly enmity betwixt themſelves, ſail'd in one Veſſel. And becauſe one of them could not endure to ſtand in the ſame place with the other, one ſate at the Head, and the other at the Stern. Now when a Storm was riſen, and the Ship was in danger, he that ſate at the Head, aſked the Pilot of the Ship, what part of the Ship would be firſt ſunk; and when the Pilot had told him, the Stern, he ſaid it will not now trouble me to die; if I but ſee my Enemy to die before me.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that an Enemy often chuſeth to undoe himſelf, ſo he may but undoe his Enemy.*

TWO deadly *Foes*, who mortal hatred bare
To each other, together ſhipped are,
And ſail together in one Ship. But ſee,
As firſt by Land, by Sea they diſagree.
The Maſter of the Ship, leſt they might wreak
Themſelves *aboard*, doth lodge one in the beak,

The

The other in the Poop. Anon behold,
A Tempeſt riſen frighteth the moſt bold
And Weather-beaten Sailers; every Wave
Threat'neth the gaſping *Veſſel* with a Grave.
Then he that in the Ship's Fore-caſtle ſate
With the *Ship-maſter* doth expoſtulate,
Whether the *Poop* or *Beak* would ſooner be
Sunk, if the Waves prevail'd; The *Poop*, quoth he.
Then, quoth the *Spightfull-man*, I ſhall not grieve
To die, ſince that my Foe I ſhall out-live.

The Moral.

Thus deſp'rate Caſt-aways ſpare not to ſpill
Their Souls through hate, and luſt their Foes to kill.

FAB. 158.

Of the Boy *and* Fortune.

WHen a Boy ſlept by a Well, Fortune came thither, and raiſed him up, ſaying, ariſe and get thee hence quickly, becauſe, if thou ſhouldeſt fall into the Well, all men would blame, not thy want of Wit, but me, Fortune.

Once

ONce on a time a certain *Boy* did ſleep
At a pit's brink with Water very deep;
Whom *Fortune* wakes: Good *Boy*, quoth ſhe, ariſe
And get thee hence, for if by precipice
Thou ſhould'ſt miſcarry, no man for the ſame
Thy want of heed, but all will *Fortune* blame.

The Moral.

Men ſtill cry out of Fortune, though they fall
Through their own faults into their dangers all.

FAB. 159.
Of the Mice *and the* Cat.

A *Cat* perceiving that there were many *Mice* in a certain Houſe, went thither, and catching ſometimes one, and ſometimes another, ſhe killed very many and eat them. But when the *Mice* ſaw they were waſted every day, being got all together, they ſaid with themſelves, for the future we muſt not go down below, if we would not all be deſtroyed, but we muſt tarry here above, whither the *Cat* can not come,

come. But the *Cat*, when ſhe underſtood the *Mice*'s Plot, counterfeiting her ſelf to be dead, hang'd her ſelf by the hinder Feet about a Poſt, which was faſtned to the Wall. One of the *Mice* peeping down from above, as ſoon as it knew it was the *Cat*, ſaid, not unwittingly; Ho Friend, if I knew for certain that thou wert the *Cat*, I would not come down.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that a diſcreet Man, if he be once deceived, doth no more truſt gloſing and diſſembling Men.*

A *Cat*, too powerfull for the little *Mice*,
Aſſaults them ſingle, and by that device
Devours a multitude; till at the laſt
(When the *Mice* ſaw their number daily waſte)
They call a gen'ral Councel, and decree,
That thenceforth none ſhould ſo adventrous be
To ſtraggle down, but cloſely to remain
Above, and in thoſe bounds themſelves contain,
Whither the *Cat* by no means could aſcend.
To this Command all glad attention lend,
And not a *Mouſe* peeps forth. The *Cat* at length
Suſpects the Plot, and thinks, now wit, not ſtrength,
Muſt work her ends: Who feigning her ſelf dead,
Upon a Pale her hind Legs faſtned,
And downwards hangs, by that means to deceive
The *Mice*. Yet they her falſhood not believe,
But ſcoffing cry, this is too weak a bait
T'intrap us now: go practiſe thy deceit
With thoſe who never thy deluſion knew,
Perchance ſuch eaſie Fools may credit you.

The Moral.

Burnt Children dread the Fire; E'en ſo by one Miſchance inſtructed, wiſe men future ſhun.

FAB.

FAB. 160.

Of the Ape *and the* Fox.

AN Ape danced ſo neatly at the meeting of the bruit Beaſts, that he was preſently made King by the conſent of almoſt all. But the Fox envying him as he led the Ape thither, where he had ſeen fleſh laid in a Trap in a Ditch, he ſaid to him, In this place Treaſure is hid, which by the Law belongeth to Kings: Wherefore ſeeing it is thine by Law, do thou thy ſelf take it. The Ape coming haſtily thither, by the Fox's perſuaſion, as ſoon as he perceived himſelf caught in a Trap, blamed the Fox roundly, which had beguiled him. The Fox ſaid to him prettily, O thou Fool, who thoughteſt, when Fortune had advanced thee, that thou wert worthy to rule over others?

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that he that raſhly ſets upon any thing, doth raſhly fall into trouble, and is laughed to ſcorn by every Body.*

Among

AMong the Beaſts a gen'ral Counſel held
The Ape fantaſtick (with ambition ſwell'd)
Boaſted that ſhe ſhould by conſent of them
Be King, and wear the Regal Diadem.
Which the Fox envying, when he had found
A ſecret Trap plac'd underneath the Ground,
And baited with raw fleſh, by fly deceit
He draws the Ape along, ſhews her the Bait,
And tells her where ſome hidden Treaſure lay,
None but the hands of Kings might bear away.
So wills the Ape to enter and receive
Her right. The Ape did eaſily believe
The crafty Fox, and ventures on the Trap;
Which ſhe no ſooner touch'd, but the poor Ape
Was faſt inclos'd, where having ſtaid awhile,
She raileth at the Fox, who with a ſmile
This Anſwer gives; Fond Ape, why doſt complain?
In that ſtrong Kingdom thou mayſt ſolely reign.

The Moral.

Who raſhly ſo doth place of rule aſpire,
And crown themſelves in their own fond deſire,
E'er they have reach'd their wiſh fall in ſome ſnare,
And by the common people ſcoffed are.

FAB. 161.

Of Jupiter *and the* Crow

Jupiter being desirous to make a King over the flying Creatures, appointed a day of meeting for the Birds, that he that was the faireſt might be ſet King over them; which thing the *Crow* perceived beforehand, and being privy to his own uglineſs, having gathered other Feathers from here and there, he trickt himſelf up, and made himſelf the fineſt of them all. The appointed day comes, the Birds come to the meeting: when *Jupiter* had a mind to make the *Crow* King over the Birds for his fineneſs, the Birds took it ill, and every one plucked her own Feathers from the *Crow*, but the *Crow* being bereft of others Feathers remained a *Crow* at the laſt as ſhe was before.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that he that dependeth on other mens things, when they are loſt, it will clearly appear to every body what he is.*

Grea

GReat *Jove*, deſigning to the Fowls of th' Air
The faireſt for a *King*, bids them repair
At a ſet day to him Th' aſpiring *Crow*,
Which did his own deformity well know,
With *others Plumes* adorns it ſelf moſt gay.
But now when *Jove* at the appointed day
Would have deſign'd him *King* for *Beauties ſake*;
The reſt of *Birds* that in *great Dudgeon* take,
And pluck their Plumes from the aſpiring *Crow*,
Croſſing all hopes of his advancement ſo.

The Moral.

Such Iſſues commonly their Suits attend,
Whoſe hopes on others, not themſelves depend.

FAB. 162.

Of the Smith *and his* Dog.

A *Smith* had a *Dog* which always ſlept whilſt he himſelf ſtruck the Iron; but when he went to meat, the *Dog* preſently got up, and eat what was thrown

thrown down under the Table, were it Bones or other ſuch things, without any more adoe. Which thing the Smith minding, he ſaid to the Dog: Wretch, I know not what I ſhall doe; for while I ſtrike the Iron, thou continually ſleepeſt, and lieſt idle: Again, when I begin to eat, thou preſently riſeſt, and fawneſt upon me.

The Moral. *This Fable ſignifieth, that Slothfull and Drowſie Perſons, that live upon others Labours, are to be ſeverely puniſhed.*

A Curr of old, that by a Smith was kept,
While that the Smith ſwear at his Forge, ſtill ſlept;
But whenſoever the Smith ſate at Meat,
The Curr would forthwith riſe, and fall to Eat
The Bones and Scraps which fell the Board beſides.
But when the Smith obſerv'd his tricks, he chides,
Rates, and doth bang his Dog, being very wroth
For his ill-tim'd attendance, and worſe ſloth.
Ha, lazy Curr, quoth he, what torments ſquare
With thy deſerts, which ſo ill-ſhapen are?
Thou ſtill doſt wake, fawn, wait to fill thy Gorge,
But ſleepeſt ſtill, while I toil at my Forge.

The Moral.

Thoſe lazy Knaves a ſharp reproof deſerve,
Who live on that for which they do not ſerve.

FAB. 163.
Of a Mule.

A *Mule*, being fed fat with too much Barley, grew wanton, becauſe ſhe was too fat, and ſaid with her ſelf, a Horſe was my Sire, which was a very good Courſer, and I am like him in all things. A little after it fell out that the *Mule* was to run full ſpeed; but when ſhe tired in the race, ſhe ſaid, wo is me, poor wretch, who thought I had been a Horſes Daughter, but now I remember that an Aſs was my Sire.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that Fools forget themſelves in their proſperity; but in adverſity they often ſee their own error.*

A Pamper'd Mule, through fat and eaſe grew proud
And wanton, boaſting to her ſelf aloud,
How like a gallant Steed her Sire ſhe was
In worth and fleetneſs. But it came to paſs,
Soon after this the Mule was forc'd to run
A tedious way. Now when her courſe was done,
Well tir'd and out of Breath, Ah wretch, quoth ſhe,
I thought my Sire a Horſe; but now I ſee
Some dull Aſs me begat upon a Mare,
My Feet and Breath ſo ſlow, ſo ſhortned are.

The Moral.

Fools in proſperity deign not to know
Themſelves, but ſee their Errors, once brought low.

FAB.

FAB. 164.
Of a Phyſician.

A Phyſician when a ſick Man chanced to die, whom he had in Cure, ſaid to them that carried the Corps to be buried; if that man had kept himſelf from Wine, and made uſe of Clyſters, he would not have died. One of thoſe that were there, ſaid wittily to the Phyſician; Ho, Doctor, that advice ſhould have been given when it might have done good; not now, when it can doe no good at all.

The Moral. *The Fable ſignifieth, that when Advice doth no good, to give is at that time indeed to befool a Friend.*

A *Leech* of whom and Pain his *Patient* dy'd,
Thus to the Bearers of the Corpſe repli'd;
This Man had liv'd yet, had he Clyſters us'd,
And *Wine* refrain'd; both which ſince he refus'd,
He now is dead; One of the Standers bye
Thus twitted the *Phyſician* wittily,
This Counſel had been fit for you to give
When your unhappy *Patient* yet did live.
For your Advice and *Receipts* are in vain
Now he is dead; nay worſe, they bring no gain.

The Moral.

Who lets occaſion ſlip, and then pretends
To love by after-counſels, mocks his Friends.

FAB.

FAB. 165.

Of the Sick and Lying Beggar.

A *Sick Man* vows *(a ſtranger unto Wealth)*
An *Hundred Beeves* to offer for his Health,
If ſome God would reſtore it. *Jove* to try
His thankfulneſs and vows ſincerity,
Recovers him. The *Poor man* (who behind-
Hand was, ſo could not pay his Vow in kind)
Reſolves an heap of *Beef-Bones* ſhould ſuffice,
And offers them to *Jove* for Sacrifice.
Jove thus deluded doth a *Dream* convey
To ſhew the falſe Vow-breaker, that there lay
An *Hundred pound in Gold* in ſuch a Place,
At the Sea-ſide. But as he hies apace
To ſeek his Gold, by *Joves decree*, Thieves do
Surprize him. He, ſo they will let him go,
An Hundred pound doth promiſe. They rely
Upon his word. He freed is by his lye.

The Moral.

They never ſcruple unto men to lye,
Who have broke promiſe with the Deity.

FAB.

FAB. 166.

Of the Wolf *and the* Dog.

SLeeping without a door a *Dog* did lye,
On whom the *Wolf* did ſeize unwarily,
And would have ſlain him, 'till with ſpeeches fair
The *Dog* intreats him yet his life to ſpare,
'Till he could fatter grow; as yet he ſaw
His skin ſtuck to his ribs, his fleſh but raw,
And little worth; but if he pleas'd to ſtay
A while for him, his Maſter the next day
His Nuptials kept, providing ſumptuous feaſts,
For entertainment of invited Gueſts,
And there ſhould he have happy time to feed,
And gather fleſh; then if the *Wolf* had need,
His life he would into his hands commit,
And he at pleaſure ſhould diſpoſe of it.
Whereat the *Wolf* diſmiſt him. Homeward ſtalks
The *Dog*; the *Wolf* into the Foreſt walks.
But ere long time was ſpent the *Wolf* retires,
And full performance of the *Dog* requires
Of his laſt promiſe; But the *Dog* within,
Then ſleeping ſafe enough, repli'd again,
Yea, *Wolf*, when next I nod without the door,
Take me, and truſt to Nuptials no more.

The Moral.

'Tis Wiſedom when you once a danger ſhun,
Never again into like hazard run.

FAB. 167.

Of the Lyon *and the* Bull.

A *Lyon*, loth to enter a pitcht field
To take a mighty *Bull*, about him wheel'd
Some while at diſtance; then, approaching near,
Invites the *Bull* to Supper, for whoſe cheer
He ſaid he kill'd a *Sheep*; the *Bull* agrees,
Attends him to the Den; but when he ſees
There many *Spits*, and many *Cauldrons* deep,
And *Pots* good ſtore, yet can deſcry no *Sheep*,
He ruſheth out in haſte, and gets away:
And when his *Hoſt* ask'd why he would not ſtay;
Becauſe, quoth he, your tools more fit do ſeem
To dreſs a *Bull*, than *Sheep*, in my eſteem.

The Moral.

Pretences are tranſparent to the wiſe,
Who ken the drift of gilded falſities.

FAB

FAB. 168.

Of the Lyon *in Love.*

A *Lyon* once a Countrey *Laſs* did love:
Whom to obtain, he did reſolve to move
The Clown, her Father, that he would give way
Unto their *Marriage*; the Clown ſays, Nay,
Jugg ſhall not wed a Beaſt, I *trow*. But when
He ſaw how ſtern the *Lyon* look'd him, then,
Having berhought him better, he's content,
But that his Daughter's fearfull to be rent
In pieces by his Claws and Teeth; if he
Will quit himſelf of thoſe, his Daughter's free,
And wed her when he pleaſe. The Lover then
Sticks not to quit his Claws and Teeth; but when
Unarm'd his Sweet-heart he demands, the Clown
Purſues him with a Club, to knock him down.

The Moral.

Love fools his Captives; they with eaſe are tane;
Who with their foe confide are brought to bane.

FAB. 169.

Of the Lioneſs *and the* Fox.

A *Lyoneſs* and *Reynard* ſtrove a vye,
Which of them twain were by their *Progeny*
Enobled moſt. The *Fox* her ſelf did pride
I'th' number of her *Cubs*, and doth deride
The *Lyoneſs*, 'cauſe ſhe but one brought forth.
The *Lyoneſs* replies, Her Off-ſpring's worth
Accrews not from their number, their renown
Springs from their nobleneſs, whereto the Crown
And Empire of the other Brutes was due:
That ſhe produc'd but one at once, 'twas true;
But he a *Lyon* is, and ſhall command
And rule o'er all the *Reynards* in the land.

The Moral.

The worth of things not in their numerous life,
But in their noble virtues doth conſiſt.

FAB.

FAB. 170.

Of the Wolf *and the* Lamb.

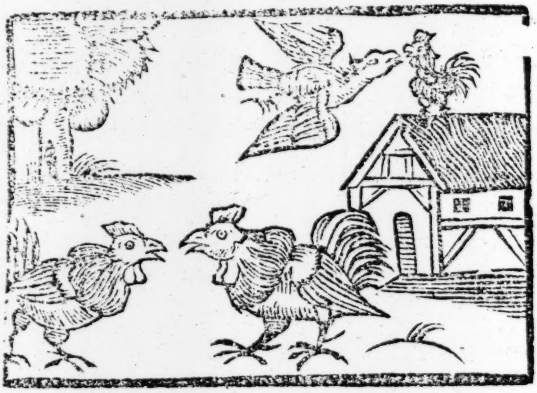
A *Wolf* ſurpriz'd a ſtraggling *Lamb*, and yet
Would not uſe open force, but ſought to get
Occaſion 'gainſt the *Lamb*, that it might die,
Not as by wrong, but as deſervedly.
Then doth he charge the *Lamb*, that ſhe had long
Heaped upon him injuries and wrong,
Devour'd his Paſture, drank his Waters dry.
The harmleſs trembling *Lamb* doth then reply;
She but new yeaned was, ſo could not eat
His Graſs, nor drink his Waters; all her meat
And drink was her *Dam's milk*. The *Wolf* at this
In rage replies, Sweet *Lamb*, although I miſs
To ſolve your *Sophiſms*, I'll not fail to feed
On you; and ſo he eat the *Lamb* with ſpeed.

The Moral.

Thus Innocence is ſtill oppreſt by force:
Mens cruel minds being deaf to all remorſe.

FAB. 171.

Of the fighting Cocks.



TWO *Cocks* long fought; at length who had the
For ſhame into a *hovel* runs, and durſt (worſt
Come forth again to fight. The *Victor* proud
Flies on the houſes top, and crows aloud
In token of his Victory: mean while
A rav'ning *Eagle* doth his Crowing ſpoil;
Who ſtooping, the triumphant *Victor* tears,
And to her Neſt him to her *Eaglets* bears.
Which when the *Craven* ſpies, he marcheth out,
And lords it o'er the *Hens*, as *Victor* ſtout.

The Moral.

They oft are croſt, and fall, to quell their pride,
Who in proſperity too much confide.

FAB. 172.

Of the Deer *and the* Fawn.

A *Deer* more ſwift of foot and large of ſize,
And better arm'd with Horns againſt ſurprize,
Than were the *Dogs,* was ask'd a reaſon why,
By a young *Fawn,* he did ſo dread the Cry
Of *Hounds.* The *Deer* replies, The reaſons all
That cauſe my fear, I muſt confeſs, are ſmall:
Yet though I be ſo qualifi'd as now
You have declar'd, my heart, I know not how,
Is on a ſudden ſo poſſeſt with fear,
I cannot chuſe but run when I them hear.

The Moral.

Natural Cowards by no Rhetorick can
Be heightned to the valour of a man.

FAB. 173.

Of Jupiter *and the* Bee

ONce on a time a *Bee* to *Jove* did bring
A dole of *Honey* for an Offering:
Wherefore the pleaſed *god* bids her demand
Her liſt, and ſhe ſhould have it out of hand.
Quoth ſhe then, To thy hand-maid grant, great King,
And *god* of *gods*, that whoſoe'er I ſting,
For rifling of my Hives, may forthwith die.
Jove, troubled at her ſtrange requeſt, is ſhie,
And loth to grant it; then replies, Oh *Bee*,
Let it ſuffice that I do grant to thee,
That if thou ſting ſuch Riflers, and there leave
Thy *Sting*, that *Sting* ſhall thee of life bereave.

The Moral.

God's juſt decree doth oft heap on us thoſe
Ills, which we pray may fall upon our foes.

FAB. 174.

Of the unfortunate Flie.

A *Pot* of Fleſh being ſeething on the fire,
A *Flie* by chance into the ſame did fall,
The heat and ſteam whereof made her expire;
At which the *Flie* ſeeing no help at all
For her eſcape, thus ſpeaks; Why ſhould I grieve
At ſuch a noble death? for if I die,
I am not ſtarv'd and pin'd, my fate receive,
Wanting relief my need to ſatisfie.

The Moral.

Death unreſiſted wiſe men never fear,
But with an equal mind all ſufferings bear.

FAB. 175.

Of the young Man *and the* Swallow.

A Youthfull *Spend-thrift* that had waſted all
His Father's *Legacy*, which was not ſmall
(His Cloaths alone excepted) chanc'd to ſet
Eyes on a *Swallow* flying (when as yet
Mid winter ſcarce was paſt;) whence he doth think
Summer at hand, and pawns his *Cloaths* for *drink*.
Soon after this, half ſtarv'd with Cold, he ſees
That very *Swallow* ready for to freeze
To death: to whom, Unlucky Bird, quoth he,
Thou haſt alike undone thy ſelf and me.

The Moral.

Unſeaſonable acts not long endure,
And wanton laviſhneſs brings want be ſure.

FAB. 176.

Of Mercury *and the* Carpenter.

CLoſe by a River ſide a Coppice ſtood,
In which a *Carpenter* was hewing Wood
T'erect a Temple, but in labour croſt,
His Axe flew from his hand, and quite was loſt
And buried in the floud. The Man ſits down,
Calls on the Gods, and ſadly making moan
For his miſchance; at length kind *Mercury*
Hears his requeſt, preſenting to his Eye
A golden *Axe*, demanding if the ſame
Belong'd to him; but he doth it diſclaim.
The God the next a ſilver one did ſhew,
But the poor honeſt Man denies that too;
The third time *Mercury* produc'd his own;
At ſight whereof the poor Man, joyfull grown,
It gladly takes. Which Juſtice when the God
In him beheld, he not alone beſtow'd
What was his own, but gave him both the other:
The Man, who ſuch good fortune could not ſmother,
Relates all to his fellows; 'mongſt which one
Hoping the like, with all his ſpeed did run;
And being arrived at that happy place,
Throws in his *Axe*, and mourning his ſad caſe;

He

He calls on *Mercury*; who hears his Prayer,
And ſtraightway comes preſenting to him there
A golden *Axe*, demanding if the ſame
Were his. The Man falſly to it lays claim.
And anſwers, Yea, whoſe falſe deluſion when
The god perceives, he flies from him agen;
And leaves the ſilly Cozener all alone,
Without reſtoring ſo much as his own.

The Moral.

God's juſtice here is ſhown, who as h' affects,
The Righteous, ſo the wicked he rejects.

FAB. 177.

Of the Man *and the* Serpent.

A *Serpent*, that did near a houſe reſide,
So bit a *Child*, that ſtruck her, that he dy'd,
And with him dies his Parents hopes and joy.
Then the ſad *father* to revenge his *Boy*,
Purſues the *Serpent* with a foreſt Bill;
Then wielding it, with full intent to kill,
Lops of her tail a piece: this done, he meant
To make peace with the *Serpent*, and ſo went
With Water, Honey, Salt and Meal, to ſee
If the *Snake* will embrace his amity.

But

But the *Snake* lurking in her hole, hiſs'd thus,
In vain you labour for a League 'twixt us:
For while you miſs your *Child*, and I my *Tail*,
To keep us quiet *friends* no *leagues avail.*

The Moral.

When injuries are freſh in mind, 'tis hard
For men from hoſtile acts to be debarr'd.

FAB. 178.
Of the Hen *and the* Fox.

A *Fox* crept in a *Hen-rooſt* there doth ſpie
A ſick *Hen* lodged on her neſt on high:
Then in great ſeeming love, but real hate
Bemoans his *cater-couſins* weak eſtate,
And asks her how ſhe did? The *Hen* with ſpeed,
With thanks replies, that ſhe was ſick indeed;
But this ſick *Sib* ſhould mend without delay,
If that her *couſin Reynard* were away.

The Moral.

Their very preſence is too great a ſore,
That are our foes, although we ail no more.

FAB.

FAB. 179.

Of the Fox *and the* Grapes.

Reynard walks through a Vineyard, where he ſpies
Large cluſters of fair *Grapes*, whoſe greedy eyes
Fixt full on them, inflame his ſtrong deſire
To gather ſome, but when too low t' aſpire
That height poor *Reynard* ſaw his reach to be,
And that by no means he could get them, he
Departs in peace, and onely this did ſay,
Tuſh, they are green and tart, not worth my ſtay.

The Moral.

'Tis better ſlight, than earneſtly deſire
Such things as are impoſſible t' acquire.

FAB. 180.

Of the Child *and* Scorpion.

ONce on a time a *Sun-ſhine Summers*-day
Invites a *Child* into the Field to play;
Where his low-pitch delight ſet him on work
To catch *Graſhoppers* that now leap, now lurk
Beneath the Graſs, as if to find him play.
Following his Game, he came at length where lay
A little *Scorpion* lurking, which he thought
A *Graſhopper*, and ſtooping down he ſought
To take it. But the *Scorpion* foreſaw
The *Child's* ſimplicity; bids him withdraw
His hand, and live at quiet, leſt he be
Slain by an unexpected deſtiny.

The Moral.

Men after pleaſures, like to Children, run,
Not knowing what to follow, what to ſhun.

FAB.

FAB. 181.

Of the Falconer *and the* Partridge.

A *Partridge* taken, and at point to die,
Beſpeak the *Falconer* with piteous Cry,
That if he let her free, ſhe will ſeduce
More *Partridges* into his Net, and uſe
Her beſt endeavour, during Life, to give
Him due requital, if he'll let her live.
Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee ſlay,
Becauſe thou would'ſt thy Friends to Death betray.

The Moral.

They that by Treachery would harm their Friends,
Come juſtly oft to ſudden evil ends.

FAB. 182.

Of the Hare *and the* Snail.

A *Hare* derides a *Snail* for her ſlow feet:
Who anſwers that the *Hare* ſhould know how
The *Snail* is, if ſhe will but run a Race, (fleet
And point an *Umpire* to appoint the place,
And mete it out, and the Race run decide
Whether hath won; then *Wat* in ſcorn repli'd,
Thou doſt not know my ſpeed, but ſince you dare
Challenge, we'll try: *A Match*; *Done.* Then the *Hare*
Points *Reynard* for their Judge, the *Wiſeſt Brute*:
The *Snail* (the liſts appointed) to confute
Wat's jeering confidence, ſets out with ſpeed,
And marching forward with induſtrious heed
And diligence, *ſans* ceaſing; till at laſt,
At the Race end, *Wat* loytered as faſt,
Confiding in her ſwiftneſs ſleeps, and then
Awaking runs to the Race end; but when
She ſees the *Snail* there firſt, with ſhame *Wat* quits
Her vain conceit, and vainer bragging fits.

The Moral.

Mans parts with pains and diligence effect
Things ſooner, than great parts with like neglect.

FAB.

FAB. 183.

Of the Willow-tree *and the* Axe.

ONE that would cleave a *Willow* he had fell'd,
Made *Wedges* of it; which when it beheld,
Preſaging wherefore they were made, it groan'd,
And thus its grievous uſages bemoan'd:
The (ſtranger) *Axe* I grieve not at alone,
Wherewith men fell me; but my grief and moan
Imbitterr'd is, becauſe out of my ſide
Wedges are made, my body to divide.

The Moral.

In mens adverſity more grievous blows
Are given by falſe friends, than profeſſed foes.

FAB. 184.

Of the Pomegranate *and the* Pippin-tree.

THe *Pomegranate* and *Pippin-tree* contend
For excellence long time; but in the end
After much conteſt, when the greater Trees
Had ſought in vain, to ſettle their ſtirr'd Lees;
And to compoſe their difference, a *Buſh*
From the near Hedge among them in doth ruſh,
And hearing their debate, Enough, quoth he,
Ye have already ſtrove, be rul'd by me,
Be Friends, and your Contention ſurceaſe;
Now ye both pine, but both ſhall thrive in peace.
This moves the Trees.

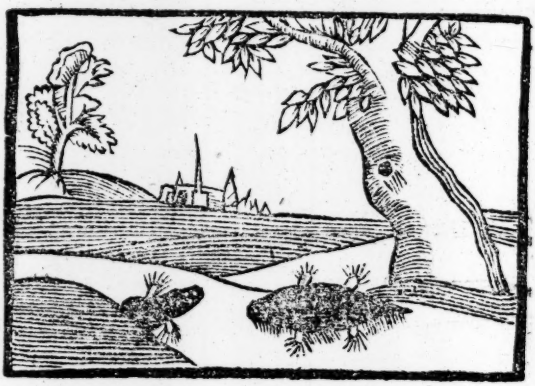
The Moral.

Thus mean folks compoſe
The differences of more potent foes.

FAB.

FAB. 185.

Of the Mole *and her* Dam.



THe *Mole* a Creature blind by Nature is,
Yet thus ſpake once to his Dam: I wis
Some ſtrange ſtrong-ſenting odor I reſent.
And by and by, e'er they much ground had went,
He ſees a mighty Furnace; then he hears
A noiſe of *Anvils* drumming in his Ears;
To whom his *Dam* in merriment replies,
He wanted Noſe and Ears as well as Eyes.

The Moral.

Great talkers and great boaſters, moſt of all,
Profeſſing great things, are convinc'd in ſmall.

FAB. 186.

Of the Waſps, Partridges *and* Husband-man.

ONce on a time the *Partridges* and *Waſps*,
So peſtered with thirſt, that each one gaſps
As well for life as water, jointly tend
To beg it of a *Farmer*; where they blend
And mix their begging with large proffers; ſay,
They for his waters will due thanks repay.
The *Partridges* to dig his *Vineyards* proffer,
That th' Vines may bear full cluſters; the *Waſps* offer
As largely, they by compaſſing it round,
Secure from Thieves will guard the *Farmers* ground.
To whom, quoth he, my yoke of *Oxen* ſee,
That till my ground, *ſans* promiſing for me;
Wherefore is it not fitter do you think,
That they that earn their waters, than you, drink?

The Moral.

Wiſe men benevolence ſhould never ſhow
To uſeleſs idle drones; 'tis wiſedom ſo.

FAB.

FAB. 187.

Of Jupiter *and the* Serpent.

Jove ſolemnizing with a ſumptuous feaſt
His nuptials, was preſented by each *Beaſt*:
All *Brutes* according to their power bring,
Thereto in duty bound, an *Offering*.
The *Serpent* 'mongſt the reſt a *Roſe-bud* crops,
And bearing it in his invenom'd chops,
Preſents *Jove* with it; which when *Jove* beheld,
With great averſeneſs he the gift repell'd:
Adding, that though he pleaſingly accepts
Preſents from all, the *Serpent*'s he excepts.

The Moral.

Wiſe men are well perſuaded that the gifts
Of wicked men have ſtill ſome evil drifts.

FAB. 188.

Of the fondling Ape.

THe *Ape* brings forth *two young ones*, but affects
And nurſeth onely one: ſome ſay neglects
And leaves the other to his ſhifts, and hates:
But ſee the ruling power of the *Fates*,
The *Brat* wherein the *Dam* did ſo delight,
Is ſtrangled by her in her ſleep at Night,
Or overlaid; and ſo the *Brat* ſhe hates,
Her darling proves, and thrives; ſo will the Fates.

The Moral.

Mens forecaſt and devices oft to nought
By God's o'er-ruling providence are brought.

FAB. 189.
Of the Man *and the* Flea.

THe little *Flea* whoſe onely food
Is gain'd by ſucking of the bloud,
With eager thirſt had ſeiz'd upon
Ones fleſh, and ſtuck ſo faſt thereon,
That ere eſcape by her was made,
The *Man* his hand upon her laid,
And ſhe his Priſoner became.
The *Flea* affrighted at the ſame,
Intreats the *Man* he would forgive
This firſt offence, and let her live,
Since ſhe but little harm could doe;
Beſides, by nature prone thereto:
To whom the *Man* this Anſwer gave;
By ſo much leſs ought I to ſave
Your life, when prone to miſchief, you
Can no one deed of virtue ſhew;
But if your ſtrength could equalize
Your will in hourly Villanies
Would ſtill perſiſt: Which to prevent
'Tis fit a ſudden puniſhment
Should cut you off, leſt other Men
Receive like hurts from you agen.

The Moral.

Or great or ſmall th' offence, the Pow'r of Law
And Juſtice, with ſeverity, muſt awe
Offenders, future miſchiefs to prevent,
Leſt, by too frequent pardon, inſolent
Preſumptuous Malefactors, fleſht in crimes,
With villanous examples fill the times.

FAB. 190.

Of the Man *and the* Gnat.

A *Gnat* in wonted manner flies about,
And lighting on the bare foot of a *Lowt*,
So ſmartly kiſs'd, that he, enrag'd with pain,
Would with his Nails the captive *Gnat* have ſlain.
But the *Gnat* skipping from between his hands,
Avoids her doom. The *Lowt* then thus demands,
Oh *Hercules* that wont to Death to bring (thing.
Things harmfull, would not aid me 'gainſt this

The Moral.

They do profane God's name that on him call
In every trivial hap and worthleſs thrall.

FAB. 191.

Of an old Man *and his* two Wives.

ONe full of years, but very luſty grown,
With one Wife could not reſt content alone,
But he muſt wed again. Contention grew
Betwixt his *Wives*, his old one and his new,
Which he ſhould moſt affect. His firſt kind *Wife*
Thus plots to gain his love, and end the ſtrife:
She from his griſled Head and Beard doth cull
All the black Hairs: His ſecond grey doth pull:
That he or old, or youthfull might appear;
And whom he moſt reſembled, ſo to ſteer
His love to them. But they ſo often ſtriv'd,
That through their emulation they depriv'd
The poor Man of his ornament in hair,
And made his head quite bald, his face quite bare.

The Moral.

This ſhews that Wedlock *equal years doth crave.*
And when thou haſt got one foot in the grave
To wed with Venus, *leſt grown bald, inſtead*
Of hair, ſome other thing adorn thy head.

FAB.

FAB. 192.
Of the Promiſer.

ONe *deſperately ſick*, and given o're
By his *Phyſicians*, now begins t'implore
His *God* for help: (and if *God* ſend him health,
Promiſeth, though he ſcanty were in wealth)
An *Hecatomb* of *Oxen*, at his riſe
To offer up a thankfull *Sacrifice*:
But where are th' hundred *Oxen*, quoth his *Wife*,
To offer, if thy *God* ſhould ſpare thy life?
To whom her *Husband* made this weak reply,
God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Moral.

Read, and abhor their vanities, who uſe
To make their tongues to idle talk a ſluce:
Who to their promiſes give ſuch a ſcope,
That to perform them they themſelves not hope.

FAB. 193.
Of the Frogs.

A Brace of *Frogs* liv'd once upon a time
Within a Pool, till drought had bak'd the ſlime,
And ſpent the water; then theſe Mates leapt on
To ſeek another Pool. And having gone
A little way, they find a Pit with ſteep
Deſcent, well water'd, being very deep.
At ſight of which quoth one, Come *Mate*, behold;
Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold;
The *Sun*, our envious Parent, cannot dry
Our envi'd ſtore. Her *Mate* made this reply;
If this ſtore alſo fail us, How ſhall we
Aſcend from this ſo vaſt profundity?

The Moral.

Look e'er you leap, rememb'ring this ſad truth,
That raſh attempts are waited on by youth.

FAB.

FAB. 194.

Of the Cock *and the* Dog.

WHen Brutes could ſpeak, a *Cock* & *Dog* agreed
To take a Walk, and for their better ſpeed,
A League offenſive and defenſive plight,
Strength'ned with that, they travel, and when night
The Earth's ſhade ſtaid them, *Chaunticleer* aſcends
A hollow Tree, the *Dog* at th' root defends
The Fort: between them keeping Watch and Ward.
The *Cock* of courſe doth crow, and is o'erheard
By *Reinard* paſſing by: who forthwith bends
His courſe that way, and there arriv'd, pretends
That he would fain embrace him, and deſires
The *Cock* would thence deſcend. The *Cock* requires
The *Fox* to wake the Porter, to give way:
Which done, the *Dog* the couzen'd *Fox* doth ſlay.

The Moral.

Wiſe men make uſe of their more potent Friends
Againſt a Foe that treachery intends.

FAB. 195.

Of the Lyon *and the* Bear.

A *Bear* and *Lyon* for a *Fawn* long fought,
Till with expence of bloud they both were brought
To giddineſs, that weary down they lie
To breathe themſelves. But *Reinard* paſſing by,
And ſeeing them ſo weary, and the *Fawn*
Between them, he reſolv'd to keep the pawn
Till they agreed; ſo ſeized on the prey,
And drew it to his den hard by. But they
Unable to reſiſt and riſe, deplore
Their fruitleſs double pains, and wounds ſo ſore,
And that they toiled for the *Foxes* maw.

The Moral.

See the Exit *of great Suits in Law,*
When potent purſes wrangle, till the ſtealth,
Of pick-purſe Lawyers rob them of their wealth.

FAB. 196.

Of the Buſh, *the* Bat, *and the* Cormorant.

THe *Buſh*, the *Bat*, the *Cormorant* agree
To join together, and will Merchants be.
The *Buſh* provideth Cloaths; the *Bat* doth load
The Ship with Silver, the *Corm'rant* made
Braſs his adventure: ſo to Sea they go.
But a Storm riſing, toſſed to and fro
Their rolling Veſſel, till the ſwelling Seas
Devour both Ship and their Commodities.
Wherefore to ſave their lives, the Merchants fly
To th' Land, to ſhun the Ocean's tyranny.
Being arriv'd, the *Cormorant* no more
Daring be ſeen, lurks cloſely by the ſhore.
Fearing her Creditors, the *Bat* by night
(Forſaking day) dares onely take her flight.
The *Buſh* no longer daring to be ſeen
In its own cloathing, or his wonted green,
Shakes off her leaves, that ſo unknown ſhe may
Remain t' her Creditors that paſs that way.

The Moral.

The Corm'rant, Buſh, *and* Bat, *to us deſcry*
The raſhneſs of thoſe men, who wilfully

Hazard their fortunes by attempting all
Their fancy prompts, and into ruin fall,
Scarcely eſcaping with their lives, when they
Might have forſeen that imminent decay.
So to avoid, and not ſo headlong run
On danger, which approaching, none can ſhun.

FAB. 197.

Of the Fox *and* Rhinoceros.

Rhinoceros his dulled Teeth did whet
Upon the hard'ned Tree thereon to ſet
A keener edge. But *Reinard* paſſing by,
Asks the *Rhinoceros* the reaſon why
He whet his Teeth, confronted by no Foe,
Not any danger; Why then did he ſo?
The Brute replies, Good reaſon why, for when
Dangers aſſault me, ſure I ought not then
Be to ſet edge upon my Teeth employ'd,
But uſe their ſharpneſs, leſt I be annoy'd.

The Moral.

Men muſt be arm'd 'gainſt Ills that may enſue,
And future dangers elſe they ſoon may rue.

FAB.

FAB. 198.
Of the ſnared Lark.

A Snared *Lark* bewail'd his captive ſtate,
Bemoaning moſt the odneſs of his Fate.
He no Man robb'd of Silver or of Gold,
Nor any thing of moment, yet behold
His ſiniſter odd Fate; for one poor grain
Of Wheat, poor *Lark* is ſnared to be ſlain.

The Moral.

Their croſſes juſtly may thoſe men complain,
Who hazard much a little pelf to gain.

FAB. 199.
Of the Covetous Man.

A *Covetous* rich *Man* when he had ſold
All he was worth, and turned all to *gold*,
Went out into the field, and digg'd a pit,
A grave to hold his mind, and ſoul, and it:
Whither he ſtill on daily viſits went
To ſee his *gold*, his ſoul, and ſole content.
At laſt, a *Slave* of his obſerv'd the Wretch,
And markt the place, and the next night did fetch
Away the *golden Globe*. The *Miſer* then
Walks next day forth to ſee his *gold*: but when
He miſt it, he moſt ſtrangely taketh on,
And tears his hair, his ſoul, his *gold* is gone.
This one deſcrying, jeer'd out this reply,
Be cheary Man, there's nothing loſt; for why?
Thou mayſt conceive thy *gold* here ſtill, and have
Joy of it, as when it lay in that grave.
Thou never hadſt it when thou didſt it keep:
Let not its abſence then cauſe thee to weep.

The Moral.

He that poſſeſſeth wealth, and doth not uſe
The ſame, ne'er had it, yet doth it abuſe.

FAB.

FAB. 200.
Of the one eyed Doe.

AN one ey'd *Dear* that near the *Sea* did graze,
To Sea-ward turn'd the blind ſide of her Face,
Suſpecting thence no harm: but t'other ſide
Wherewith ſhe ſaw, ſhe to the land appli'd,
Expecting thence whatever Men could doe
To bring her miſchief, and to work her wo.
But ſome ſly Lads had notice of her Plot,
And went to Sea by Boat, from whence they ſhot
The *Sea-ſecure-Doe* unto Death, who bray'd
Her laſt breath thus; Ah! wo is me, betray'd!
Thence whence I thought no ill to me could come,
Yet thence untouch'd whence I did dread my doom.

The Moral.

Oft things are harmleſs which yet hurtfull ſeem
To men, and hurtfull which they harmleſs deem.

FAB. 201.

Of the Dear *and the* Lyon.

AN hunted *Dear* a *Cave* far off deſcries,
Whither in hope to reſt herſelf ſhe hies;
But entering the *Cave*, a *Lyon* there
Looking, arreſts her, ready her to tear.
Then dying, thus ſhe ſigh'd; Did I then ſhun
Men, by the fierceſt *Beaſt* to be undone?

The Moral.

Unwary men and fearfull often ſhall
(Shunning ſome petty harms) by greater fall.

FAB. 202.

Of the Deer *and the* Vine.

UNder the Covert of a *Vine* a *Deer*
Lay cloſe to ſhun ſome *Archers* that were near.
Who hardly paſt by, but the *Deer* began
To browze the *Vine*-leaves. Then the *Archers* ſcan
The noiſe and ſhaking of the leaves, and why
May not, ſays one, ſome *Deer* there lurking ly?
And ſo it was. Then they with Arrows keen,
Thick ſhot, do wound to death the *Deer* unſeen;
Who dying, juſtifies her doom, 'cauſe ſhe
Offer'd the *Vine* that ſav'd her injury.

The Moral.

Who wrong their Benefactors, often rue,
Juſtice Divine repaying them their due.

FAB.

FAB. 203.

Of the Cock, *the* Lyon, *and the* Aſs.

THE *Cock* and *Aſs* together feed:
Towards whom a *Lyon* making ſpeed,
The *Cock* firſt ſees him, and to warn
The *Aſs* to ſhun enſuing harm,
He crows aloud; at whoſe ſhrill voice
The *Lyon* back retires, (no noiſe
More terrifying him than that)
Which when the *Aſs* perceiv'd, thereat
Inſults, and thinks from him he flew,
Seeming with fury to purſue
The *Lyon*. But e'er far th' had gone
Beyond the noiſe of *Cocks*, where none
Was preſent but the *Aſs* and he,
The *Lyon* longer ſcorns to flee,
But turns, and unreſiſted flew,
The *Aſs* that did but now purſue:
Who thus laments; Alas! that I,
Of cow'rdly parents born, muſt die,
Not able in this fatal ſtrife
Return a ſtroke to ſave my life:
Nor when in ſafety feeding fly,
But follow ſuch an enemy.

The

The Moral.

As ſottiſh Cow'rdiſe brands thee with diſgrace,
From equal enemies to turn thy face;
So proves it raſher folly to purſue
A Foe that politickly flies from you,
Till he have drawn thee under his command,
Where no reſiſtance can his force withſtand.

FAB. 204.

Of the Gardiner *and his* Dog.

A *Gardiner's Dog* was tumbling by his *Well,*
And at the laſt into the ſame he fell,
The *Gardiner,* beholding how he ſtrove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Deſcends to help him out. The *Dog* for dread
Leſt he would thruſt him further in, makes head,
And biting him, compels him thence to part.
His *Maſter* out, replies, I juſtly ſmart,
That would a *Felon to himſelf* reprieve:
There ſhall he drown e'er I will him relieve.

The Moral.

Ungrateful men requite good turns ſo ſtill;
If not with evil deeds, with evil Will.

FAB.

FAB. 205.

Of the Dog *and* Swine.

A *Swine*, at variance with a *Dog*, did ſwear
By *Venus*, ſurely he the *Dog* will tear
To pieces with his Tusks. The *Dog* puts off
Theſe threats with fleering ſemblance and a ſcoff.
'Tis well, quoth he, that you by *Venus* ſwear;
For well you intimate thereby how dear
You are to *Venus*, who allows no ſeat
About her *Tholes* to thoſe that *Swines fleſh* eat:
A food impure. The *Swine* replies, Therefore
The *Goddeſs* ſhews that ſhe affects me more,
Abhorring thoſe that hurt me; but for thee,
Thy ſtink alive and dead's unſavory.

The Moral.

'Tis wiſedom to convert that to ones praiſe,
Which ones Detractor to diſgrace one ſays.

FAB.

FAB. 206.

Of the Wolf *and the* Kid.

A Tender *Kid*, her Dam b'ing by
To guard her from the tyranny
Of the inſulting *Wolf*, grows bold
With him a conference to hold,
And with ill words the *Wolf* upbraid,
To whom the *Wolf* this anſwer made;
Fond *Kid*, it is thy guard and place,
Not thou, that doth me thus diſgrace:
For know, weak fool, wert thou but here
Alone, and ſhould'ſt ſo domineer,
My courage ſhould ſuppreſs thy vip'rous tongue
From utt'ring ſuch inſufferable wrong.

The Moral.

The valiant ſo abuſes take
From Cowards, nor reſiſtance make:
The place or preſence of ſome other
Forcing them their ill words to ſmother.

FAB.

FAB. 207.
Of the Fox *and the* Wolf.

POor *Reinard* by unhappy fortune fell
Into the bottom of a dangerous Well.
Fearfull of ſudden Death, at length he ſpies
A *Wolf* upon the brink, to whom he cries
With lamentable voice, Aſſiſt dear Friend,
My miſeries, ſome ſpeedy ſuccour lend,
And help me to a cord, that ſo I may
Eſcape with life, and I'll to thee repay
A thouſand thanks, and by engagement ſtand
Ready to act what thou ſhalt me command.
To whom the greedy *Wolf* ſadly replies,
Alas, poor *Fox!* whence did thy ſorrows riſe?
Tell me what dire miſchance, what ſudden fate
Led thee thy fortunes thus to ruinate.
The half drown'd *Fox* makes anſwer, Friend, no more
Stand to demand the reaſon, leſt before
Our talk have end, my vital parts expire,
And thou in vain accompliſh my deſire.

The Moral.

A ſudden wound exſpects a ſudden cure,
Nor will prolixity of time endure;
Leſt while prolong'd in tedious delay,
The ſlow Phyſician with fond queſtions play

Upon

Upon the wounded Patient, vainly be
Produc'd a ſlight and friv'lous Comedy.

FAB. 208.

Of the Cock *and the* Fox.

THE rav'nous *Fox*, that often did embrue
His Paws in bloud, and harmleſs Pullen ſlew,
Is by the crafty *Countrey-man* enſnar'd
Within a trap to that intent prepar'd.
Whom the much wronged *Cock* perceiving, he
(Not daring elſe approach his enemy)
Draws near to *Reinard*, who with mild intreats
(For need enforced him to lay by threats)
Begs of the *Cock* to help him to a knife,
And cut the cord, for to prolong his life,
Which now he fear'd to loſe, or elſe to prove
So faithfull to him, that he would not move
His Maſter's rage againſt him, but forbear
Complaints, till he the cords aſunder tear
With his ſharp teeth. The *Cock* with gentle words
And ſeeming ſmiles to th' *Foxes* will accords,
But inwardly reſolveth otherwiſe,
And with all ſpeed to call his Maſter flies,
Who, joyfull at the news, with equal haſte
Provides a club, ſo while the *Fox* was faſt

To

To take revenge. At ſight of whom the *Fox*
Exclaims at his credulity, the mocks
Of the deceitfull *Cock* to bid on, when
He knew that wrongs would be return'd agen
By ſuch who had ſuſtain'd them, and requite
With loſs of life thoſe who in bloud delight.

The Moral.

'Tis ſottiſh folly credit to impoſe
Of ſecrecy upon profeſſed Foes.

FAB. 209.

Of the Travellers.

ONE of two *Paſſengers* an *Ax* had found,
Caſt by ſome neighbor Workmen on the ground,
And claim'd it all himſelf, although his *Mate*
Crav'd half betimes, and did expoſtulate,
Urging him t' ſay, not I, but *we have found.*
This paſt on, but e'er they had gone much ground,
The Owners of the *Ax* with *Hue and Cry*
Purſue the *Paſſengers* moſt furiouſly,
Cry, *Stop Thieves.* Then timid guilt appears:
He that took up the *Ax* cries, full of fears,
We are undone. Not we, reply'd his *Mate:*
Said you not, *Not we, have found* of late? The

The Moral.

None can expect them true friends in diſtreſs
With whom they would not ſhare their happineſs.

FAB. 210.

Of the Harper *and the* Tiplers.

A Mean skill'd *Harper*, in a plaiſter'd houſe,
(Where petty Tiplers us'd to roar and bouſe)
Sung to his *Harp*, that the rebounding noiſe
From the near Walls did much amend his voice,
Which of it ſelf was ſmall and harſh, that he
Was deem'd by them t' excel for melody.
The *praiſed fool grows proud*, and thinks it fit
He to the *Theatre* ſhould himſelf commit,
To ſhew his gifts, and reap more praiſe. But there
When his low voice ſcarce reached any Ear,
And pleaſed none at all, the people thence
Soon hiſs and ſtone away his impudence.

The Moral.

Each petty (knowing) Tradeſman is not fit
To rule a State, or at its Helm to ſit.

The

FAB. 211.

Of the Raven *and the* Serpent.

AN hungry roving *Raven*, as ſhe pries
For prey, at length a basking *Serpent* ſpies
Aſleep and ſunning on a bank, and ſtraight
Seizeth upon it. But the dear-bought bait,
The *Serpent*, turning, by invenom'd bite,
With Death the greedy *Seizer* doth requite.
The dying *Raven* then doth ſore complain (gain.
That ſhould her bane prove which ſhe ſeiz'd for

The Moral.

Ravenous people greedy after wealth
Prefer the getting of it unto health,
And deſperately bent, heed not the ſting
Of ill-got goods, which will confuſion bring.

FAB.

FAB. 212.

Of the Ape, *the* Wolf, *and the* Fox.

THE *Wolf* accuſes *Reinard* for a Thief.
The *Fox* cries, No ſuch matter, 'tis a Ly.
The learned *Ape* is choſen preſently
To judge, who thus decides the cauſe in brief:
Wolf, thou haſt not a farthing loſt; and yet
What he demands, *Fox*, thou haſt pilfer'd it.

The Moral.

I'll not truſt him who's us'd to tell me lies,
Once a Deceiver, and ne'er otherwiſe.

FAB.

FAB. 213.
Of the Mice *in Council.*

A *Mouſe Committe* plot to ſhun the *Cat.*
Up ſtands one ſomething wiſer than the reſt,
My *Maſters*, trouble not your heads with that.
Doe as I bid, and ſet your hearts at reſt.
Each *Cat* about her Neck ſhall wear a *Bell*,
Which we ſhall hear and run. All praiſe the *Mouſe!*
The *Cats* may now go hang them if they will.
Quoth one, it ſeems ſenior to all the Houſe,
I muſt confeſs, I like the project well,
But who dares venture there to hang the *Bell.*

The Moral.

Good councel's eaſie given, commended to.
But ſome things are a little hard to doe.

The End of the *Fables.*

THE LIFE of ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

A Deſcription of the Birth, Shape and Qualities of Æſop.

SOme there have been who have heretofore diligently enquired into humane affairs, and commended them to poſterity; but *Æſop* ſeems to me, as it were acted by a Divine Intelligence, (eſpecially for Moral Diſcipline) far to ſurpaſs the greater number of them. Not onely in deſcribing the nature of things, and rational diſcourſes, but alſo for Hiſtory, there was ſcarcely any Age which produced a man comparable unto him. But his Art of inſtructing by Fables was ſuch, that he gained the affections of his Auditors, and ſhames even reaſonable creatures, who would act or think that which neither Birds nor Foxes would; refuſing to employ themſelves in ſuch things, which the moſt brute Animals (as occaſion ſerved) are wittily fabulized to doe; in conſideration whereof many prevented ſundry eminent dangers; and others opportunely gained fair advantages.

Æſop therefore ſetting himſelf to advance the republick Philoſophical, ſeems to play the Philoſopher in his works rather than his words. His original riſe was from *Amorius*, a Town in *Phrygia* the Great, by his fortunes a ſervant; whereupon that ſeems to be very well and truly ſpoken by *Plato* in *Gorgia*, *For the moſt part* (ſaith he) *theſe two ſeem to be contrary, Nature and Law.* For Nature had gratified *Æſop* with an ingenious mind, but the Law had enſlaved his body. But thus the ingenuity of his mind could not be depraved; for although his body was buried into ſeveral places upon manifold occaſions, yet nothing could remove his ſoul from its proper ſenſe.

He was not onely a ſlave, but amongſt the men of his age the moſt deformed; for he was of a ſharp head, flat noſe, crooked back, his lips pendent, black, from which he had his name, (*Æſopus* is the ſame with *Æthiops*) large belly, crooked bow legs; *Therſites* in *Homer* was not hard favoured and miſ-ſhapen as he.

But of all he was moſt unfortunate in this, his ſpeech was ſlow, inarticulate, and very obſcure. All which made *Æſop* fit for nothing but ſervitude; for a man ſo extraordinarily ill ſhapen could ſcarcely avoid that kind of life. Such was his Body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a moſt accompliſhed Mind for the moſt ſublime contemplations.

ÆSop a Man of Birth, but mean at firſt,
Was to a ſlaviſh bondage long accurſt,
Diſdain'd by all, and ſeeming to all Eyes
Made up of *Natures* worſt Deformities;
Whoſe Head was great, his Viſage black of hue;
Huge rolling Eyes; his Noſe beneath them grew
Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewiſe,
And yellow Teeth had like deformed ſize,
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large,
His knotty Knees, and Bow Leggs could diſcharge
(According to our Proverb) able ſtrength.
His ſplay'd Feet thick, and of unſeemly length;

His

His Voice inarticulate; his Geſture rude;
Preſaging badges of plain ſervitude.
But to delineate his more noble parts,
(Th' endowments of his mind, and skill in Arts,)
Let them that reade his Works hereafter gueſs:
While I his Life's whole paſſages expreſs.

CHAP. II.

ÆSOP *clears an Accuſation falſly laid upon him by his fellow Servants for eating the Figs.*

FOraſmuch as his Maſter ſaw him uſeleſs for any domeſtick buſineſs, he ſent him into the field to dig, *Æſop* falls merrily to his work. At a certain time as his Maſter walked in the fields, one of his laborers preſented him with excellent Figs. He being much taken with the pleaſantneſs of them, gave them to *Agathopodus* (for this was the Servant's Name) charging him to keep them till his return from *Bath*. It fell out that *Æſop* upon ſome occaſion coming home, *Agathopodus* (that kept the Figs) ſaid to one of his fellow ſervants, If thou wilt, come, let us fill our ſelves with Figs; and if our Maſter ſhall require them of us, we both of us will teſtifie, that *Æſop* came home and ſecretly eat them up. And this we can ſay

upon a true ground, for upon his coming home we ſhall make our tale good; and one is nothing to two, eſpecially when he ſhall gainſay without proof. This being determined, they eat up all the Figs, and laughing in themſeves, ſaid, alas for the unfortunate *Æſop*! Now whenas his Maſter returned from the Bath, and asking for the Figs, underſtood that *Æſop* had devoured them, in a fury commanded him to be called for. To whom he thus ſaid, Tell me thou curſed Villain, how is it that thou haſt thus ſlighted me, and going into my Celler, haſt eaten up the Figs that were reſerved for me? *Æſop* indeed heard and underſtood all his Maſter ſaid, but by reaſon of the ſlowneſs of his ſpeech could not return him anſwer. But when he was ready to be beaten, and his Accuſers very eager to have it ſo, he fell down at his Maſters feet, beſeeching him to have a little patience with him. Whereupon *Æſop* run haſtily, and brought warm water, and drinking it off, put his finger into his mouth, vomited up the water only, for as yet that day he was faſting; and he beſought his Maſter that his accuſers, as he had done, might drink likewiſe of the water, whereby it might appear who had eaten the Figs: The Maſter admiring the Ingenuity of the Man, commanded his accuſers to drink the water as *Æſop* had done. They willingly drank the water, but loth to put their fingers into their Throats, no ſooner had they drunk the water, but preſently, up come the Figs. Without any more adoe the Maſter commanded them to be laſhed upon their bare skins, clearly perceiving the envy and vileneſs of his ſervants. Who by this came to know the truth of that ſaying, *He that plots Miſchief, uſually* (when he leaſt thinks) *it falls upon himſelf.*

NOw *Æſop* being thus, and b' outward ſhow,
Not fit for other uſe to th' field muſt go,
Amongſt the daily Laborers to toil,
To dig the Earth, and till the fruitfull Soil,

Untill

Untill the gratefull *Harveſt* drawing near,
Yields her firſt-fruits to th' glad labourer,
Which being gather'd, to his Maſter he
With gladneſs them preſents; who jofully
The ſame accepts, and wills his ſervant ſtraight
Nam'd *Agathopus* (who did on him wait)
To keep them ſafe. But *Agathopus* mind
How to deceive his Maſter b'ing inclin'd.
Thus with his fellow plots; we'll eat (quoth he)
The Figs, and *Æſop* our excuſe ſhall be;
He ſhall ſuſtain our fault: nor will our Lord
Belief to one againſt us two afford.
And ſo they both agreed, the Figs are gon.
Which when the Maſter miſſed; (coming home)
He calls for *Agathopus*; and demands
The Figs which were deliver'd to his hands.
Who anſwer'd, he but laid them down, and ere
His back was turn'd from him convey'd they were
By *Æſop*'s craft. Which crediting, his Lord
In anger threatned *Æſop*, till implor'd,
And by his piteous ſigns ſomewhat appeas'd,
Æſop warm water craves, which (drinking) eas'd
His ſtomach quite, from whence there iſſued
Nothing but that whereof they ſaw he fed.
Whereat awhile they all in doubting ſtand,
Leſt *Æſop* might be wrong'd: who (out of hand)
Urging his baſe accuſers now to taſte
The ſelf ſame drink, upon the ground they caſt
The undigeſted Figs; whereby appear'd
Their guilt, and *Æſop*'s accuſations clear'd.
So ſhall all falſe accuſers (though conceal'd
Awhile) by their own plottings be reveal'd.
For falſhood never ſo ſecurely ſlept,
But juſtice her deceits could intercept.

CHAP. III.

How Æſop was endued with perfect underſtanding and uſe of his Tongue by the Goddeſs Diana, *for his kind and affable nature to the two Prieſts.*

UPon the day following his Maſter returns to the City, and he, as he was commanded, to his labor. The Prieſts of *Diana* loſing their way, found *Æſop* by chance, and adjured him by *Jove* to guide them into the City. Who ſetting them under a ſhade, feaſted them, and then conducted them into the way which they enquired for. They therefore, as well for his hoſpitality, as for his courteous guidance of them into the way, lifting up their hands to Heaven, with their hearty wiſhes, rewarded him for theſe favours. *Æſop* returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sun, dreamed that he ſaw *Fortune* ſtand by him, gratifying of him with nimbleneſs of Tongue and Language, even the elegancy of Fabuliſing. Forthwith ſtarting up, O wonderfull, ſaith he, how ſweetly have I ſlept, and how pleaſantly have I dreamed! For behold I ſpeak readily, and as the gods would have it, by whoſe favour thus it is, I can call Creatures by their names. Becauſe of my devotion unto Strangers this propitious

ſucceſs

ſucceſs is fallen to me. Thus *Æſop* overjoyed with what was done, returns to his labour and digging. But the Overſeer of the field, whoſe name was *Zenas*, coming to the Laborers for ſome error in his work, ſmote him with his Wand. *Æſop* crys out, ſaying, You are always crowing over, and conſtantly ſmiting him that offends you not: Verily I will let our Maſter know of it. *Zenas* hearing *Æſop* thus ſpeaking did not a little wonder, and ſaid with himſelf, Now *Æſop* begins to ſpeak, it will be no advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuſe him to his Maſter, before he ſhall have the opportunity, leſt I be put out of my ſtewardſhip. Having thus ſaid, he returns home to his Maſter: but when he came, ſeemed to be troubled in himſelf. Maſter, God ſave you ſaith he. What is it that troubles you, ſaith his Maſter? *Zenas* replied, A wonderfull thing hath hapned in the field. The Maſter enquires whether ſome Tree had brought forth fruit untimely, or ſome Beaſt had brought forth any thing monſtrous. Not ſo, my Lord; but *Æſop*, who formerly was dumb, now begins to ſpeak. His Maſter anſwers, This will be no ways lucky for thee, who thoughteſt him a monſter. Yea indeed, Maſter, what he hath contumeliouſly ſpoken againſt me, I paſs it by; but againſt the gods and thee he hath intolerably railed. With this his Maſter in anger ſaid to *Zenas*. He is in thy hand, ſell him, give him away; doe any thing with him.

NExt day approaching, early in the morn,
Æſop again muſt to the field return.
Where hot with labour to a cooling ſhade
(Which by a goodly ſpreading Beech was made)
He goes to take repoſe. Whom drouſie ſleep
Seizing his mind in pleaſant dreams did keep.
Midſt which appears *Diana* in a fair
White ſilken Robe, with long diſhevel'd hair,

Crown'd with a wreath of Lawrel in her hand,
Bearing a long white Silver tipped wand,
Which waving, thus ſhe ſpeaks, *Hence all prophane,*
Let no dull thoughts of Folly here remain.
For thy great kindneſs to our Prieſts, when thou
Supply'dſt their wants, and didſt relief allow.
Directing them the perfect way to tread
Unto their home, when error had miſled,
For this thine Hoſpitality, poſſeſs
Thy tongue's clear uſe, and wiſemens happineſs.
A brain inſpir'd with wiſedom, which ſhall give
Thy Countrey aid, and make thee truly live!
This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd, and *Æſop* now
(Riſing from ſleep) did the true nature know
Of every thing, and could his language frame
To call each Creature by its proper name.
Back to the Field again he comes where he
Zenas the Steward ſaw injuriouſly
Beating the Servants. *Æſop* him reproves
For unjuſt cruelty which *Zenas* moves
(When he deformed *Æſop*'s threatnings ſaw)
To fear, leſt he might peradventure draw
His Maſter's love from him by juſt complaints,
Which to prevent, he ſtraight his Lord acquaints,
How *Æſop* now could ſpeak, and did upbraid
His worthip with foul language. Who thus ſaid,
(With anger in his looks) Lo *Zenas*, I
Commit the Villain to thy Cuſtody:
Take him, and ſell the Slave, or elſe him loſe;
Or him to any greater harm expoſe,
So he be from my ſight. Thus *Innocence*
Is oftentimes betray'd without offence.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Æſop the firſt time ſold.

WHen *Zenas* had thus got *Æſop* into his hands, and had related to him what power he had over him, Do your pleaſure, quoth *Æſop*. Now whereas by chance a certain man enquired to buy ſome cattel, and to this end journeyed through that field, and asked *Zenas*, Cattle (ſaith he) I have none to ſell, but a Man-ſlave, whom if you have a mind to buy, here he is. When the Merchant heard him ſpeak of a ſervant, *Zenas* called for *Æſop*; whom the Merchant ſeeing, loudly laughed, ſaying to *Zenas*, where had you this Pot? is he the ſtock of a tree, or a man? This, but for his voice, is like a blown bladder: Why did you ſtop my journey for the ſight of ſuch a tun-belly? Having thus ſaid, away he went. *Æſop* following him, intreats him to ſtay a little. The Merchant looking behind him; be gon thou filthy Cur, ſaith he. *Æſop* deſires to know of him the cauſe of his coming hither. Thou Villain, quoth he, to buy ſomething that was good: I want no ſuch worthleſs and unprofitable fellows as thou art. But ſaith *Æſop*, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any truth in man, I am able to do you good ſervice. Wherein, I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any ſervice, you loathſome

beaſt? Have you not at home, quoth *Æſop*, crying and froward Children? let one be ſet to tend them; I will be a Bug-bear to them. The Merchant laughing hereat, thus ſaith to *Zenas*, what wilt thou ask for this filthy Veſſel? three half-pence, quoth he. The Merchant forthwith laid him down three half-pence, ſaying, I have laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought. Now when as they took their Journy and came home, two Children which were brought up by their Mother, ſeeing *Æſop*, were affrighted and cryed out. By and by, ſaith *Æſop* to the Merchant, you ſee the proof of my promiſe. Whereat ſmiling he goes in, and commands him to ſalute his fellow-ſervants. Who ſo ſoon as they ſaw him, ſaid, What miſchief is this which hath hapned to my Maſter, that he hath bought ſuch an ill favoured Slave? But as it ſhould ſeem he hath bought him a Witch for his houſe.

WHen *Zenas* by this falſe report had gain'd
His will, and *Æſop's* ſervitude obtain'd;
A Merchant which from *Epheſus* repairs,
Himſelf to furniſh with ſome needfull wares,
And Servants to tranſport them, forthwith came
To *Zenas* to be furniſh'd with the ſame.
Who anſwers, He had no Commodities;
Onely a Servant for three half-pence price,
If't pleaſe him he ſhould buy, and *Æſop* have
At ſuch an eaſie rate to be his Slave.
But when the Merchant eyes his ugly form,
He 'gain rejects his Merchandiſe with ſcorn,
Replying thus to *Zenas*; Think'ſt thou I
Came hither ſuch miſ-ſhapen Slaves to buy?
And ſo (half angry) parted, but at laſt
Æſop unto the Merchant making haſte,
Thus fairly promiſeth; if he would free
And take him from proud *Zenas* ſlavery,
He ſoon ſhould ſee with what obedience ſtill
He would ſubject himſelf to pleaſe his will;

Not

Not grudge at any labour he'd impoſe,
But faithfull prove what way ſoe'er he goes.
By which intreaties witty *Æſop* gain'd
The Merchant's love, and his good-will obtain'd,
So (having bought him for the foreſaid rate)
To *Epheſus* he doth conduct him ſtraight,
And 'mongſt his other Servants, plac'd him there
To labour, and like heavy burthens bear.
At length from *Zenas* Yoke being free, he went
To *Epheſus*, with more than ſmall content.

CHAP. V.

Æſop's wit in chuſing the lighter burthen, which his fellows thought to be the heavieſt.

NOT long after the Merchant commanded all things to be made ready for his Journey, which on the morrow he was to take into *Aſia*. His ſervants forthwith divided amongſt them their burthens. But *Æſop* deſired that he might have the lighteſt, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to ſuch ſervice. Which they ſeemed indifferent to. But he replied, That whilſt they all endured ſuch ſore labor, he alone ought not to be idle. Whereupon they permitted him to take what burthen pleaſed him. Wnen he had looked about him, and had gathered ſeveral Carriages together, he deſired that ſuch a

Baskes

Basket of Bread, which was a burthen deſigned for two, might be laid upon him. But they laughing, thought that there could not be a more dull fool in the world, which before deſired the lighteſt burthen, and now had made choice of the heavieſt. But to fulfill his deſire, they laid the greateſt burthen upon him. When he had his load he reeled this way and that way. Which when the Merchant beheld, he wondred, ſaying, Sith that *Æſop* is ſo able to labor, he is worth my money, for he carries a burthen like an Horſe. When Dinner time came, *Æſop* was commanded to ſet down his Basket, and diſtribute his Bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his Basket: ſo that after Dinner his Basket being lightned, he went on with more alacrity. But at evening when they went to Supper, ſo ſoon as the Bread was divided to every one his ſhare, the Basket was quite empty, and *Æſop* marched in the front. Thereupon grows a queſtion among the Servants what this fellow ſhould be? and much wonder that ſuch a motly villain ſhould deal more cunningly than all they; for whereas they took up ſuch goods as would not waſte by the way, he made choice of the Basket of Bread, which he knew would not laſt to his journey's end.

THE Merchant and his Servants all prepare
For *Epheſus* each one to bear his ſhare
Of ſuch Commodities as he had bought
Æſop firſt takes the Bread; for which they thought
Him but a fool, the heavieſt for to chuſe,
Who might have taken the lighteſt, and refuſe
Whatever him diſlik'd. But by the way
When at the Inn they for refreſhment ſtay,
To reſt and eaſe themſelves at every Meal,
When as their Maſter did to each man deal
His ſhare of Bread from *Æſop*'s Basket, they
Perceive his burthen lighter every day;
And (e'er they came to *Epheſus*) to bear
Scarce any weight, when they ſtill loaden were.

Thus

Thus Policy oft times prevaileth, when
Fools think they have out-witted wiſer men.

CHAP. VI.

The ſecond ſale of Æſop.

WHereas the Merchant was now at *Epheſus*, he made good profit by ſelling his Slaves; three onely at preſent remain with him unſold, *Grammaticus*, *Cantor* and *Æſop*. Now one of his familiar acquantance adviſed him to ſail unto *Samos*, where he might put off his Slaves to greater advantage. The Merchant being come to *Samos*, ſet *Grammaticus* and *Cantor* (both new cloathed) in the Market-place. But *Æſop* was ſet in the midſt of them with a Garment of Sackcloth, for no art, with the beſt apparel could make him handſome. Whom when the amazed Market-people ſaw, they cryed out, whence is this hideous fellow? *Æſop* all this while ſtood boldly notwithſtanding many a biting ſcoff. *Xanthus* the Philoſopher at that time dwelling at *Samos*, went into the Market where he ſaw two Lads dreſs'd for ſale; and betwixt theſe two he eſpied *Æſop*; wondring much at the Merchant's conceit, that he placed the worſt in the midſt whereby the other two might appear the fairer. *Xanthus* drawing near, asked *Cantor* what Countryman he was. He anſwered a *Cappadocian*. What canſt thou

thou doe, ſaith *Xanthus*. All things, quoth he. Whereat *Æſop* laughed. But the Scholars which were with *Xanthus* ſeeing *Æſop* laugh and ſhew his Teeth, they preſently imagined him to be a monſter. They deſirous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one of them asked him the queſtion. Be gone about your your buſineſs you Sea-ſheep, quoth *Æſop*. Which anſwer confounded the Scholar quite. *Xanthus* deſired to know of the Merchant what he would take for *Cantor*; a thouſand half-pence, quoth he. But hearing his extraordinary rate, he went from this to the other; whom the Philoſopher asked what Countrey man he was? He made anſwer, he was a *Lydian*. *Xanthus* demanded of him what he could doe. All things, quoth he; again *Æſop* fell a laughing. One of the Scholars wondred to ſee him laugh again. Another ſaid to him, If you will be called Sea-goat, ask him. The Philoſopher asks, what price for *Grammaticus*? 3000 half-pence, quoth the Merchant. The Philoſopher diſliking thoſe departed; the Scholars deſired to know of him whether he did not like thoſe ſervants. No verily, quoth he, I am determined to buy no ſervants ſo dear. One of them ſaid, Buy this filthy fellow; he may doe your work, & we will pay for him. That's not fitting, quoth *Xanthus*, that you lay down the money, and I buy him: But indeed, you know my wife is given to one that is handſome, and will not endure to be ſerved by ſuch an ill-ſhapen ſervant. We have ſomewhat elſe to doe than obſerve a woman, ſaid the Scholars. But let us try whether he have any skill or no. He thereupon coming to *Æſop*, Be of good chear, quoth he. Was I ever ſad, quoth *Æſop*? What Countreyman are you, ſaid *Xanthus*? A *Negro*, ſaith *Æſop*. I do not ask you this, but where were you born, ſaid *Xanthus*? He anſwers, Of my Mother's belly. This I ask you not, but what place were you born in, ſaid *Xanthus*? My mother ne'er told me, ſaid *Æſop*, whether aloft or below. What canſt thou doe, ſaid the Philoſopher?

pher? Nothing, quoth *Æſop*. How is that, ſaid *Xanthus*? Theſe whom you have examined already can doe all, whereupon nothing remains for me to doe. The Scholars wondring much hereat, concluded his anſwers to be by a divne providence. Again, quoth *Xanthus*, art willing I ſhould by thee? See you to that, quoth *Æſop*. Muſt you needs have my advice herein? If you have a mind, open the door of your Purſe, and down with your money: if not, make no more words. Whereupon the Scholars ſaid amongſt themſelves, He hath got the better of our Maſter. If I buy thee, ſaith *Xanthus*, thou wilt run away. If I ever do, ſaid he, I ſhall not come to you for counſel, as you do to me. Thou ſaiſt well quoth *Xanthus*, but thou art ill-favoured. Quoth *Æſop*, Good Mr. Philoſpher, look upon a man's mind, not his face. At this *Xanthus* goes to the Merchant, & ask'd him the price. Thou art come ſaith the Merchant, to diſparage my commodities, for thou haſt paſt by the beſt, & makeſt choice of this il-ſhapen one. Buy one of theſe, & take this fellow into the bargain.

Xanthus deſirous of *Æſop*, asked his price. So ſoon as the Merchant had told it, the Scholars preſently laid down the money, and *Xanthus* took him into his poſſeſſion. Whereupon the Publicans came, inquiring who was ſold. Every one was aſhamed to ſpeak, the bargain was ſo worthleſs. *Æſop* ſtanding in the midſt, cries out, I am he that am ſold, this is the Buyer, and that the Seller; if they ſay nothing to it, I am thereupon free. The Publican ready to burſt with laughing, away they went. *Æſop* followed his Maſter *Xanthus* home. And it being about high noon, *Xanthus* by the way lift up his Coat to piſs. Which *Æſop* ſeeing caught him by the cloaths, ſaying, Sell me preſently, otherwiſe, I run away. Why ſo, quoth *Xanthus*? Becauſe I ſhall never be able to ſerve ſuch a kind of Maſter, ſaith *Æſop*, who will not ſpare time to eaſe nature, but piſſeth as he goeth. If ſuch a chance ſhall happen to me, your ſervant, when you ſend me of any

buſineſs

buſineſs of neceſſity I muſt ſhite as I flie. Doth this ſo much move you, quoth *Xanthus*? To avoid three evils, I piſs as I go: For had I ſtood ſtill, the Sun had beat hot upon my head, and the hot ground had burnt my Feet, and the ſmell of the Piſs had offended me. Piſs on, Sir, I am ſatisfied, quoth *Æſop*.

THE Merchant now with his Commodities
Arrives at *Epheſus*; Whoſe Merchandize
With profit ſold, excepting his three men,
Æſop and t' other two, with theſe he then
To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there
Sets forth his men for ſale, who different were
In ſtature, two being of proportion ſtrait,
But *Æſop* crooked, whoſe unſeemly gate
To them appear'd moſt ugly. Straight there came
Xanthus, a great Philoſopher, whoſe fame
Was through that Country ſpred; who viewing theſe,
Asked the firſt what he could doe to pleaſe
His Maſter that ſhould buy him: who replies,
All things he can command me, or deviſe
The which made *Æſop* laugh. To th' other then
The ſelf ſame queſtion he propounds agen:
Who gave him the like anſwer, and thereby
Made witty *Æſop* laugh more heartily.
Xanthus demanded then their price, but found
The value far beyond their worth abound
And ſo departs. But *Xanthus* Scholars well
Perceiving *Æſop* ſtanding there to ſell,
Thus to their Maſter ſpake; Sir, pray you buy
That other Slave, whoſe foul deformity
Shall bring us mirth; his price we'll 'mongſt us pay.
Then *Xanthus* back returns, and thus did ſay,
Asking of *Æſop* what he was. Who gave
This Anſwer, He was a deformed Slave.
Quoth *Xanthus*, that I know; but I demand
(If thou my queſtion canſt but underſtand)
From whence thou diddeſt unto *Samos* come?
Æſop replies, out of my Mother's womb.

Xanthus

Xanthus again, nor ask I that of thee;
But from what place, if thou canſt anſwer me.
Quoth *Æſop* then, troth Sir, I do not know
Where I was born, above or elſe below:
My Mother never told me. *Xanthus* thus
Deluded, ſaw he was ingenious.
And now proceeding in his queſtions ſtill,
Demandeth in what Science he had skill?
Who ſays, in nothing. Ho! quoth *Xanthus* then,
Why?-quoth *Æſop*, if your two other men
Can all things doe, as they profeſs to you,
They then for me will nothing leave to doe:
The Scholars hearing *Æſop* anſwer ſo,
Applauded him; for *none can all things know.*
So *Xanthus* now agrees for threeſcore pence
To buy poor *Æſop*, and conveys him thence;
Eſteeming nevertheleſs the value dear,
Becauſe he did ſo much deform'd appear.
To whom thus *Æſop*, *Wiſe men will not ſcan,*
Th' external ſhape, but the internal man.

CHAP. VII.

Æſop goes home with Xanthus *to his Wife.*

AFter they came home, *Xanthus* commands *Æſop* to tarry in the Porch before the door, becauſe he knew his wife was ſomething dainty, and it was not fit

on

on the ſudden to preſent her with ſuch a deformed piece. *Xanthus* enters, ſaying, Miſtreſs, Thou ſhalt have no occaſion of diſcontent hereafter, for I have bought thee a Lad, wherein thou ſhalt ſee as much comelineſs as ever Eye beheld, he ſtands at the door. The Maids thinking all this true, had no little contention amongſt themſelves which of them ſhould have him to her husband. *Xanthus* wife commanded ſome one to call this new ſervant in a doors; who no ſooner heard, but, I come, quoth *Æſop*. The Maid that called him being amazed; Art thou he, quoth ſhe? Yes indeed, ſaid *Æſop*. Of no hand come into the houſe, unleſs thou intendeſt we ſhall all run away, quoth the Maid. He came in, and ſtood before his Miſtreſs; who when ſhe ſaw him, turned her Eyes away to her husband, ſaying, What monſter have you bought? carry him away. In this *Xanthus* thou ſeemeſt to expreſs much ill will towards me, and that which I never thought to doe, I muſt doe it; Give me the portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this *Xanthus* chides *Æſop*, who was ſo witty by the way, but had nothing to ſay before his wife. Throw her into Hell, quoth *Æſop*. Away, you Villain, quoth he, wot you not that I love her as well as my ſelf? Do you love a woman, quoth *Æſop*? O extremely, quoth *Xanthus*? At this *Æſop* gave a ſtamp with his foot, crying out that *Xanthus* was wiſiſh, and running to his Miſtreſs, he ſaid, You would have had the Philoſopher to have bought you a young ſervant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the Bath, and might play with you, to the ſhame of Philoſophy. O golden mouth'd *Euripides*, how well haſt thou ſaid! *Great is the force of the Seas ſwelling waves; and the flames of ſcorching fire; poverty is an hard condition; and there are infinite things intolerable: but nothing in compariſon to a ſhreud woman.* You being the wife of a Philoſopher, ſhould not deſire to be attended with ſuch beautifull Lads, leſt by any means you

you bring an ill report upon Philoſophy. She hearing this, and in no wiſe able to contradict; Husband, quoth ſhe, where had you this beauty? though he is ill favour'd, yet he is very witty. I will be friends with him. Your Miſtreſs is friends with you, quoth *Xanthus* to *Æſop*. Ironically anſwers he, It is a great matter ſure to appeaſe a woman. Hereafter be ſilent, quoth *Xanthus*: I bought you to ſerve & not to contradict.

Æſop, becoming *Xanthus* ſervant now,
Muſt to his houſe repair, and humbly ſhow
His ſervice to his Wife, who long deſir'd,
And of her husband earneſtly requir'd,
That he would buy a ſervant which ſhould be
In ſhape from all deformed members free,
And luſty, ſtraight and fair. But when her eyes
Were fix'd on *Æſop*'s foul deformities.
Reader, imagine what an angry look
A woman dants, whoſe ſtrong deſires can brook
No foul diſpleaſing object, if her will
Be bent her expectation to fulfill;
And ſuch expect from *Xanthus* wife, who bends
Her brows, and frowns, inſtead of ſmiling ſends
Againſt her aged Husband, when ſhe loſt
Her will, and of her lodging now was croſt.
But he kind man, more willing her to pleaſe,
And to a womans peeviſhneſs give eaſe,
Firſt ſeems t' excuſe, and then his fault deplore,
The which incenſed her yet more and more.
Whereat 'gain *Æſop* laughs, with this reply,
I now a grave Philoſopher eſpy,
Yield conqueſt to a Woman. This did make
Xanthus his milder humour to forſake,
And (angry) ſpeak to *Æſop*; Slave you ſee
For you your Miſtreſs is diſpleas'd with me:
'Twere beſt you ſeek to pleaſe her ſtraight again.
But *Æſop* anſwers him, *No greater pain*
Can you impoſe, or any mortal fiend,
Than to appeaſe an angry Woman's mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII. *Æſop reſolves the Gardner a queſtion which* Xanthus *could not*

THE day after *Xanthus* going to the Garden to buy Herbs, commanded *Æſop* to follow him: when the Gardiner had gathered them, he gave them to Æſop. Now *Xanthus* paying for them. Mr. ſaid the Gardiner, I pray you reſolve me one queſtion. What is that, quoth *Xanthus*? What is the reaſon, quoth he, that the Herbs which I plant do not grow ſo faſt as thoſe which the Earth of her own accord brings forth? *Xanthus*, although it was a queſtion in Philoſophy, when he knew not how to ſay any thing elſe, ſaid, this amongſt the reſt is ordered by divine providence. *Æſop* hereupon (for he was by) laughed Do you laugh, or deride me, quoth the Philoſopher? Quoth *Æſop*, I laugh at you, and not you, but him that taught you. Let me reſolve this doubt. Whereupon *Xanthus* turning to the Gardner ſaid, It's not fit for me who have diſputed in famous auditories to reſolve queſtions in a Garden. If you propound your queſtion to this my Lad, he will preſently give you ſatisfaction. This ſordid fellow, hath he any learning, quoth the Gardner? O unfortunate! But, good Sir, anſwer me this queſtion, if you know how. A woman, quoth *Æſop*, when ſhe comes to marry the ſecond time, the children

children which ſhe hath by her firſt husband ſhe is the Mother to, thoſe which ſhe finds with her ſecond husband at the time of Marriage ſhe is ſtep-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt theſe two; thoſe of her own ſhe loves dearly, but the other ſhe neglects. Theſe that are her own properly by nature ſhe loves, but undervalues thoſe to whom ſhe is a ſtep-mother. In like manner the earth is mother to what it brings forth of it ſelf, but to that which thou planteſt, it is a ſtep-mother. With this the Gardner was much taken; and believe me, quoth he, you have eaſed my thoughts, and pleaſed my fancy. Take your Herbs freely, and as often as you have occaſion, come as into your own Garden, and take what you pleaſe.

XAnthus now calls for *Æſop*. He doth ſtrait
Obey, and at his Maſter's elbow wait;
Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear
Such Herbs as for his practice uſefull were.
Æſop loaden departs; the Gardner then
Doth call his Maſter *Xanthus* back agen,
And prays that he his anſwer would afford.
One queſtion to reſolve, he doth accord.
The Gardner thus begins: Unfold (I pray)
How and from what ſtrange cauſe proceed it may,
As by experience I have often found,
The Herbs all of one kind upon the ground
That there a difference grows, and thoſe appear
More freſh, and far more early bloſſoms bear,
Which naturally grow than thoſe that are
Manur'd and dunged with our chiefeſt care.
By Divine Providence, *Xanthus* replies,
From which in them a virtue hidden lies.
Which anſwer lik'd not *Æſop*: Wherefore he
Thus to his Maſter: This reply can be
No perfect reſolution; but give Ear,
And I will make the queſtion plain appear.
As when a Woman, whoſe firſt Husband dies,
And leaves her many Children once more ties

The nuptial knot, and with a Man is join'd;
Whoſe wife deceas'd as many left behind;
But when together in one houſe they live,
She to her own all tender love doth give,
But proves to his a Step-mother; and they
Scarce thrive ſo well as her own Children may:
Ev'n ſo in nature oftentimes we ſee
Betwixt two Plants the like Antipathy;
That thrives the beſt, and makes the faireſt ſhew,
Which Nature's ſelf manureth, and not you.
Thus *Æſop*'s witty reſolution lent
The Gardner's doubtfull fancy full content.

CHAP. IX.

Æſop boils one ſingle Lentil to entertain Xanthus *friends, and cuts off the Fat Hogs Foot.*

AFter certain days, *Xanthus* being gone to the *Bath*, (where he met ſome friends) commanded *Æſop* to run home, and preſently boil a Lentil in the Pot: He went and boiled one Corn. When *Xanthus* had now done bathing with his friends, he deſired them to go and dine with him; apologizing, that he had but ſlender proviſion, namely Lentils, and he hoped they would meaſure their welcome by his good will, and not any good cheer. They all coming into his houſe, *Xanthus* commanded *Æſop* to bring forth ſome drink

drink to them now coming from the Bath. *Æſop* taking up water from the ſtream of the Bath, gave it to *Xanthus*; who apprehending the ſtrength of the water, cried out to *Æſop*, What's this? From the Bath, quoth he. *Xanthus* before his friends ſuppreſſed his anger, and called for a baſon; which *Æſop* having ſet, ſtood over againſt him. *Xanthus* asked him, do you not uſe to waſh: He anſwers, It's fit for me to doe thoſe things I am commanded; for you did not bid me put water into the baſon. *Xanthus* ſpeaking to his friends, asked them whether they thought he had not bought a ſervant. No, ſaid they, a Maſter. When as now they were ſet down to Supper, *Xanthus* asked *Æſop* whether the Lentil were boiled. He takes the grain of Lentil in a Cockle-ſhell, and brings it to his Maſter; who took it, thinking to taſte and try whether it was enough, or not. It's well boiled, quoth he, bring away. *Æſop* put all the water into Saucers, and brought it in. *Xanthus* asked where the Lentils were. You have had it already, quoth *Æſop*. Did you boil but one grain, quoth *Xanthus*? No more, Sir, for you commanded me to boil a Lentil, ſaith *Æſop*, and no Lentils in the plural. *Xanthus* ſtormed at this, ſaying, This fellow would make one mad. But that I abuſe not my good friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four Hogs-feet, and boil them preſently. This he chearfully goes about. But while the Feet were boiling, *Xanthus*, willing to take ſome occaſion to beat *Æſop*, when he was buſie about ſomewhat elſe, ſtole away one of the Feet out of the Pot and hid it. By and by *Æſop* came, and finding but three Feet in the Pot, he ſuſpecting ſome trick, preſently runs to the Hog-ſty, and cuts off a Foot from a fatting Hog, which he ſinged the hair off, and boiled in the Pot. *Xanthus* fearing leſt *Æſop* not finding all the Feet ſhould run away, threw the Foot he had taken into the Pot again. *Æſop* finding Five when he took them out. *Xanthus* asked,

How

How is there Five? He replied, How many Feet have two Hogs? Eight, quoth *Xanthus*. Here then are Five, ſaith *Æſop*, and the fatting Hog hath but three Feet. Whereupon *Xanthus* chafes; Did not I ſay, quoth he, that this fellow will make me mad? But finding no juſt cauſe to beat him all this while, he pacifieth himſelf again.

Xanthus to Bathing goes, where meeting friends,
To dreſs a Lentil *Æſop* home he ſends:
He dreſſes only one. The Bathing done,
Xanthus invites them every Mother's Son.
Then calls to *Æſop*: Bring us here a Cup
Of drink new come from Bathing. He takes up
The waters coming from the Bath; What's this
Saith *Xanthus?* What you call'd for, he replies;
'Tis drink come from the Bath: *Xanthus* is mad,
That there were Strangers *Æſop* may be glad;
A Baſon's call'd for: *Æſop* brings it dry.
It is to waſh, you Rogue, doth *Xanthus* cry.
Then call for water, Maſter, if you will;
For till you bid me, not a drop I'll fill.
'Tis Dinner-time, Xanthus *the Lentil wants.*
Æſop *takes it up in a Cockle ſhell,*
And brought it, Xanthus *taſtes, and ſays, 'tis well*;
Come bring them. Æſop's *heart begins to pant.*
You've had it, Sir, you would not have it twice,
His Maſter ſtorms to find more knaveries.
Quoth *Æſop*, Lord, doe what I will, I'm chid,
You bad me boil a Lentil, ſo I did.
Xanthus replies, ſhall I thus ſerve my friends,
Make them ſit whiſtling on their fingers ends?
Go Sirrah, buy four Hogs feet, boil them quick,
Xanthus *ſteals one out of the Pot to pick*
A quarrel with him. Æſop *ſmells the trick.*
Runs to the Sty, cuts off the fat Hog's foot,
Singes and boils it: *Xanthus* put his too't,
Leſt *Æſop* miſſing it, ſhould run away,
Æſop finds Five. Quoth *Xanthus*, Prithee ſay,

Five!

Five! How comes that: *Æſop* replied ſtraight,
How many have two Hogs? quoth *Xanthus*, Eight.
Then we have five here, and the fat Hog three:
Was man e'er curſt with ſuch a Tongue as thee?
Thus *Xanthus* frets, but fretting was in vain,
And ſo grows quiet of himſelf again.

CHAP. X.

Æſop *beareth a Preſent, which* Xanthus *commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him beſt.*

THE day after one of the Scholars invites his Companions, and amongſt the reſt *Xanthus*, to Supper. While they were at banquet, *Xanthus* gave ſome diſh to *Æſop*, and commanded him to carry it to her that loved him beſt. While *Æſop* was upon the meſſage he thought with himſelf, now I have an opportunity to be avenged of my Miſtreſs for her cavelling with me when I newly came. Coming to the houſe, he ſate him down in the entry, and calling for his Miſtreſs, he ſets the meſs which he brought before her; Miſtreſs, quoth he, my Maſter ſent this to her that loves him beſt, not thee. Whereupon he calling the Bitch, ſaid to her, Come *Lycena*, eat this which my Maſter hath ſent thee: and ſo he caſt it all to her, afterward

ward coming to his Maſter, he was asked whether he had given the meat to her that loved him beſt. All of it, quoth he, and ſhe eat up every bit before my face. *Xanthus* asked what ſhe ſaid while ſhe was eating. Nothing to me, but to thee ſhe ſent thanks, quoth *Æſop*. *Xanthus* wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her ſelf in her cloſet, vowing ſhe would forſake his houſe. Now at ſupper the cup going round, one propounds a queſtion. When ſhall be the greateſt confuſion amongſt mortals? *Æſop* ſtanding behind, when the dead ariſe, quoth he, and ſhal enquire for their ancient poſſeſſions. The Scholars laughed, ſaying, this is a witty fellow. Another asked why the Sheep died ſo quietly, and the Sow with ſuch an hideous outcry? The Sheep, quoth he, uſe to be milked and ſhorn, and ſo are ſilent, wherefore ſeeing the knife they expect nothing dreadfull, onely what is uſual; but the Sow which is neither milkt nor ſhorn, whoſe fleſh and nothing elſe is good for uſe, makes an horrid noiſe at her ſlaughter. Upon theſe anſwers the Scholars fell in exceſſive mirth. After ſupper *Xanthus* coming home, and according to his manner diſcourſing with his wife ſhe turned aſide, ſaying, Come not near me, give me what I brought, and fare you well; go you your way and make much of your bitch, to whom you ſent your dainties. *Xanthus* amazed at this, asks his wife to whom he ſent the diſh of meat if not to her. By *Jove* you ſent them not to me, but your bitch, quoth his wife. *Xanthus* calling *Æſop* asked him to whom he gave the meat that was ſent; to your beloved, quoth he; whereupon calling the bitch, this is ſhe that bears you moſt good will; beat her, turn her out of doors, yet ſhe will not forſake you, preſently ſhe forgets all, and fawns upon you again. You ought to have ſaid, carry theſe dainties to my wife, and not to my beloved. Thou ſeeſt Miſtreſs, quoth *Xanthus*, it was not my fault, but his that I ſent: take it patiently this time, I

ſhall

ſhall have a good occaſion ſuddenly to pay him for all. His wife believing nothing of this, went privately away from him to her own friends. Now, Maſter, quoth *Æſop*, did not I ſay the truth, when I told you that your bitch bore more reſpect and good will to you, than my Miſtreſs?

XANthus prepares a banquet, and invites
Friends to participate of ſuch delights
As for their welcome he provided had;
But his croſs wife diſdainfull ſtill and ſad,
Pouts in a corner, nor will preſent be
To welcome his invited company,
Seeking to vex her Husband's humour ſtill.
Yet *Xanthus* ſtriving how to pleaſe her will,
Cuts off the beſt, and *Æſop* thus commands,
That Preſent to deliver to the hands
Of her that lov'd him beſt; who ſeeing well
How much ſhe did in wrath and hate excel
Towards her Husband, ſtudied now to try
Her angry paſſions worſt extremity.
And thus relates his meſſage: here you ſee
(Miſtreſs) the Preſent was deliver'd me
For her who moſt reſpect to *Xanthus* ſhows.
With that, the meat unto a Bitch he throws.
This with new rage incenſeth *Xanthus* Wife,
And ſets her love and anger both at ſtrife,
Which way to take revenge: at laſt reſolv'd
She is (while vengefull thoughts her mind involv'd)
To leave her Husband quite; and ſo retires
Home to her friends. But *Xanthus* (whoſe deſires
Her abſence could not brook) inquires the cauſe
That ſhe 'gainſt modeſty and Marriage-laws
Should thus forſake his bed: but when he found
How *Æſop* gave the Preſent to his Hound,
Not to his Wife; inrag'd againſt him thus,
Villain (quoth he) that ſow'ſt debate 'twixt us,

Thy life ſhall anſwer it, unleſs thou find
A way t' appeaſe her diſcontented mind,
And call her home again. But *Æſop* ſaid,
Thou for thy dotage now art well apaid,
For now thou ſeeſt who lov'd thee beſt; ſince ſhe
Is gone, thy hound abideth ſtill with thee.
Yet *Xanthus* writes, and ſues for her return:
But his affection ſhe requites with ſcorn:
And while he ſtrives her preſence to regain,
The more doth ſhe reject him with diſdain.
So peeviſh women (might they have their will)
Would uſe their husbands at their pleaſure ſtill.

CHAP. XI.

Æſop (by a witty invention) cauſeth Xanthus *Wife to return again.*

SOme certain days after, *Xanthus* Wife not being reconciled, he ſent ſome of his kindred to intreat her return: She refuſing, *Xanthus* grows very melancholy and ſad. *Æſop* coming to him, ſaid, Do not thus perplex and trouble thy ſelf, for to morrow I will make her come quickly and willingly. *Æſop* taking his money, into the market he goes, and having bought Geeſe and Hens, and other fitting things for

for the banquet, he came with theſe at his back by the houſe where his Miſtreſs was, pretending not to know that it was her Father's houſe. When as he met with one of the Servants, he enquired whether they had any thing to ſell, that might be fitting for a wedding. The Servant deſired to know who was to be married; *Xanthus* the Philoſopher, quoth *Æſop*, to morrow he is to be married. The Servant of the houſe ran up ſtairs and told this to *Xanthus* wife. As ſoon as ſhe had heard it, away ſhe went with all ſpeed back again to *Xanthus*, and exclaimed againſt him after this manner; You cannot, Mr. *Xanthus*, be married to another while I am alive. And ſo *Æſop* who was the cauſe of her departure, was an occaſion alſo of her return.

Xanthus inraged ſtill no reſt can take,
Since his diſcourteous Wife did him forſake.
Which *Æſop* well perceiving, he invents
This wile to cure his Maſter's diſcontents.
Loaden with Fowl and ſuch like coſtly fare,
Which he ſeems for a banquet to prepare
Againſt his Maſter's Wedding, doth relate
His errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife: Your hate,
And ſudden parting, doth my Maſter move
From you to ſue Divorce and ſeek the Love
Of one that ſhall with him more quiet live,
And not ſuch cauſes of diſſention give.
To morrow is the day. So *Æſop* goes,
Leaving his Miſtreſs boſom full of woes;
Till ſhe 'twixt hope and fear reſolves to try
The truth, and home returneth ſpeedily;
And with a mind more humble than before,
With ſighs and tears her Husband doth implore
Her errors to forgive, and ſhe will prove
More mild to him, and conſtant in her love.
From whence let all men learn what will prevail
To curb a Shrew, whenas intreaties fail.

CHAP. XII.

Æſop commanded to ſerve the beſt meat, ſerved Xanthus *at his Table with nothing but Tongue.*

AGain, after a while, *Xanthus* inviting the Scholars to dinner, gave command to *Æſop*, to buy the beſt and the choiceſt proviſion: while he was upon his way, he ſaid to himſelf, I will teach my Maſter to command ſuch fooleries. Whenas therefore he had laid out his mony in Hogs tongues, he brought them in with ſauce to dinner. The Scholars highly commended the diſh, as miniſtring occaſion to uſe their tongues for diſcourſe. The ſecond and third courſes *Æſop* brought in and all was Tongues. The Gueſts a little moved to ſee nothing but Tongues, *Xanthus* ask'd, What nothing but Tongues? Nothing elſe Sir, quoth *Æſop*. Thou ill-favour'd raſcal, I bad thee buy the beſt and choiceſt dainties. I thank you Sir, quoth *Æſop* for this chiding before Philoſophers; for what in the world is better than the Tongue? all manner of exquiſite Learning and Philoſophy is ſhewed and given out by the Tongue; by the Tongue, givings, receivings, ſalutations, commendations, marriages

riages are celebrated, Cities built; and briefly, the Tongue is the total preſervation of a man's life, therefore nothing better than Tongue. Upon this the Scholars thinking *Æſop* wiſer than his Maſter, took their leaves, and departed.

Xanthus intends a Feaſt, invites home Friends,
And therefore *Æſop* to the Market ſends,
The choiceſt diſhes to provide, but he
(Still full of craft and witty ſubtilty)
Buys nothing elſe but *tongues*; no other meat
Provided he at all for them to eat:
The firſt courſe *tongues*; and at the ſecond came
No other fare, and at the third the ſame.
Villain (quoth *Xanthus* then) I bad thee buy
The choiceſt diſhes that thou could'ſt eſpy,
And not courſe *tongues* alone; wherefore did you
Thus croſs, and not my juſt commandment doe?
But *Æſop* anſwers, Sir, the *tongue*'s the beſt
Of diſhes to preſent at any Feaſt.
By that, Diſcourſe and Traffick ſtill is held
'Twixt man and man; by that, is right upheld.
What but the *tongue* unfolds the mind, and gives
A light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives;
And Sages grave our ſtraggling thoughts controll,
Conducting in the paths of truth the Soul.
When neighbours jar, the Lawyers fluent *tongue*
Diſputes the cauſe, and puniſheth the wrong
By a juſt Sentence, that example may
Inſtruct Offenders Juſtice to obey.
The hidden Secrets of Philoſophy
By *tongues* of Learned Doctors we deſcry.
A thouſand other benefits beſide
The *tongue* affords. Then can it be deny'd
But that a *tongue*'s the beſt Diſh to prefer
Upon the Board of a Philoſopher?

CHAP. XIII.

Æſop commanded by Xanthus *to buy the worſt of meats for Supper, provides Tongues again.*

A While after the Scholars twitted *Xanthus* with his ſhear. He anſwered, It was not his mind, but the will of his perverſe Servant; to day I will change your diet, and you ſhall hear what command I will give him: Who, calling *Æſop*, commanded him to buy the worſt meat he could lay his hand on. But he not moved from his purpoſe, went and bought Tongues again; and when they were ready, ſet them before them. The Scholars, a little diſcontented to ſee nothing but Swines Tongues; *Æſop* brought in the ſecond and third Courſe of nothing elſe. *Xanthus* much moved hereat, ſaid to *Æſop*, Did I now charge you to buy the beſt meat, and not rather the worſt yo could get? He anſwered, And I pray you Maſter, What is worſe than the Tongue? Is it not the ruine of Cities? the death of many a man? Are not all Lies, and evil Speeches, and Perjuries produced from her? Are not Marriages, and Principalities, and Kingdoms, overturned.

turned by her? In brief; Is not the whole life by her ſtuft with infinite errors? *Æſop* having thus replied; the Scholars ſaid, As is his body, ſo are his manners, and unleſs you have a care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth *Æſop*, you ſeem too ill diſpoſed, and too much a medler, to provoke the Maſter againſt his Servants.

THis Anſwer pleas'd them all, and *Xanthus* then
Invites them all to ſup with him agen;
Commanding *Æſop* now not to prepare
Such curious diſhes, and ſuch coſtly fare,
But to ſeek out the worſt, and that to buy,
Which *Æſop* apprehending craftily,
And Tongues makes ready ſtill. Night drawing nigh,
The Gueſts to ſupper unto *Xanthus* high,
But find no fare but *tongues*, whereat they deem'd
Their welcome baſe, and ſome half angry ſeem'd;
To whom thus *Æſop*; Sirs, My Maſter's will
I never yet was backward to fulfill,
Nor have I done it now: for lo, he ſaid,
Go buy the worſt of meats, and I obey'd.
For if abus'd the *tongue*'s the worſt of all;
That ſows ſedition, making neighbours fall
At variance 'twixt themſelves, by that 'tis known,
Cities have been betray'd, Towns overthrown.
And too too often Children have revil'd
Their aged Parents, Parents curſt their Child.
Beſides, no man more miſchief can expreſs
Than he that doth an evil *tongue* poſſeſs.
And thus you ſee the *tongue*'s the worſt and beſt
For mortal uſe, as 'tis in uſage bleſt.

CHAP. XIV.

Xanthus *commandeth* Æſop *to ſeek a man that regardeth nothing.*

Xanthus upon the former buſineſs deſirous to find occaſion to beat *Æſop*, thus ſaid to him; you run-away Villain, ſeeing you have accuſed my Friend of too much curioſity, ſee you find me a man that lives without care at all. The day after *Æſop* goes into the ſtreets, and looking about him, ſaw a man ſitting long in a place, whom he ſuppoſed to be ſimple and careleſs, called to him. Ho, you, my Maſter deſires your company to dinner. The Ruſtick asking no queſtions, who it was that invited him, followed *Æſop* and ſate him down in his dirty habit. *Xanthus* asks, Who is this? A careleſs man, quoth *Æſop*, *Xanthus* whiſpers in his Wifes ear to doe what he deſired her, that he might have a fair occaſion to be avenged of *Æſop*; whereupon in the preſence of them all, he ſaid, Wife, pray thee get ſome water in a Baſon, and waſh the Stranger's feet; for he thought the Stranger would have been ſhie and refuſed it; ſhe therefore taking the Baſon of water, went about to waſh his feet: which the careleſs Clown ſeeing, ſaid, She will honour me much to

waſh

waſh my feet, ſeeing there are maids enough in the houſe, whom ſhe might command; but ſtretching out his feet, waſh, Miſtreſs, quoth he, and ſo ſate down to meat. *Xanthus* commanded to bring him Wine: the Clown thought they ſhould have drunk firſt, but being it was their pleaſure, he drank it off. When his meſs was brought him at dinner, *Xanthus* complained the meat was not ſeaſoned, and thereupon beat his Cook. The Clown ſaid to himſelf, the meat is ſeaſoned well enough, and it wants nothing; if the Maſter will beat his Servant for nothing, what is that to me? *Xanthus* much troubled to ſee his gueſt not troubled at any thing, commanded the Cheeſe-cakes to be brought in: the Clown turned them about, and toſſed them down like Bread. *Xanthus* pettiſhly chafed at the Baker, that he had not put in Pepper and Honey into the Cheeſe-cakes. The Baker replies, if they be not baked, blame me: if they want ſeaſoning, the fault is in my Miſtreſs. *Xanthus* in a fury breaks forth, ſaying, if it be my Wifes doing, I will burn her alive. He commanded forthwith to make a good fire, and aſſaying to caſt his Wife in, he looked about, thinking the Ruſtick would have beſtirr'd him to have prevented ſuch a daring act; but he ſeeing no cauſe for all this chafing fury, ſtept in, ſaying, Good Sir ſtay awhile, I will fetch my Wife, that they may both burn together. *Xanthus* hearing this, and ſeeing the ſimplicity of the man, ſaid to *Æſop*, this man is verily a moſt careleſs fellow, thou haſt got the better of me, *Æſop*, it's enough, I will ſhortly make thee free.

WHen *Xanthus Æſop*'s cunning did perceive,
How craftily his anſwers he did weave,
To ſave himſelf from blame: at length doth lay
A task on him (*Æſop* muſt obey)
To ſeek a man whoſe care was fixt on nought,
That nothing begg'd, nor earthly pleaſure ſought,

Say

Say what he did poſſeſs. *Æſop* anon
Beholds a luſty Countrey Clown alone;
And walking to him, as the Clown he meets,
Him at firſt ſalutation thus he greets;
Xanthus invites thee home. The Clown doth need
No great invitation, but with ſpeed
Along with *Æſop* walks. When *Xanthus* ſaw
The Clown approach, and near unto him draw,
Asks *Æſop* what he was? Quoth he, A man
That cares for nothing. *Xanthus* then began
To frown at *Æſop*: but at length in mind
Revolving his command he proves more kind,
Who lovingly now entertains the Clown,
And with himſelf at Table ſets him down;
Till queſtions paſſing on either ſide,
When *Xanthus* the Clown's ignorance eſpi'd,
He ſeems to chide his Cook, not having dreſt
The Dinner worthy ſuch a welcome Gueſt.
But the Cook ſtudying himſelf t' excuſe,
Doth with the fault his Miſtreſs there accuſe.
Xenthus the better then the Clown to prove,
In his affection what he beſt did love,
Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her
That ſhe ſhall burn alive before ſhe ſtir.
The Clown (ſuppoſing *Xanthus* angry grow,
And that his Wife ſhould to the fire go,
Shews all his wit at once) replies, O ſtay
A while, till I from hence but go away
To fetch my Wife, and then they both ſhall be
Within one Fire burnt for company;
At which fond Anſwer *Xanthus* did confeſs
Æſop the greater knowlege to expreſs:
For ſince the Clown ſo little lov'd his Wife,
He nothing elſe regarded in this life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Æſop's anſwer to the Judge.

THE day after *Xanthus* commanded *Æſop* to go to the *Bath*, and ſee what company was there, for he had a mind to bathe. While he was running, by chance he met the *Prætor*, who knowing him to be *Xanthus* his ſervant, asked him, Whither away? Who anſwered, He knew not; thinking the *Prætor* would not regard him; who commanded, for his ſaucineſs, to have him away to priſon. While they were carrying him away, *Æſop* cryed out, thou ſeeſt, O *Prætor!* how rightly I anſwered, that which I looked not for it is befallen me, and I am dragg'd to priſon. The *Prætor*, amazed with the wittineſs of his anſwer diſmiſſed him. So *Æſop*, running to the *Bath*, ſaw much company, and withall a great ſtone laid as one ſhould enter into the *Bath*; whereat many going in and coming out ſtumbled. One amongſt the reſt going to waſh, took the ſtone and laid it aſide. *Æſop* returning, tells his Maſter he ſaw but one man in the *Bath*. *Xanthus* coming and ſeeing a multitude? What is this? O *Æſop*, I may ſee many here & thou

thou toldſt me of one man? Sir, there lay a great ſtone at the entry of the Bath, whereat many ſtumbled; onely one man turned it aſide; therefore I ſaid I ſaw but one man, eſteeming him more than all. You have your Anſwer ready, quoth *Xanthus*. On a certain time, *Xanthus* coming out of the Privy, asked *Æſop*, why men after they had done their eaſment, looked upon their excrements. He anſwers, in time paſt, a certain man living delicately, ſate in the Privy till he avoided his Heart; from that time men have looked upon their excrements, for fear of the like: but, Maſter, take you no care for any ſuch matter, for you have no heart at all.

THree days being paſt *Æſop* employed is
Upon another meſſage, which was this:
Xanthus would go to Bath, and ſent to know
(That he more privately might thither go)
What company was in it. *Æſop* now,
That ne'er to doe his Maſter's will was ſlow,
Makes all the ſpeed he can; but by the way
He meets a Judge, who to him thus did ſay,
Now, Loggerhead, where go'ſt thou? *Æſop* then,
Troth Sir, I know not, cries to him agen:
But when the Judge did his croſs Anſwer hear,
He calls two men, and will them *Æſop* bear
To priſon ſtraight; to whom thus *Æſop* cri'd,
For this firſt fault, good Sir, be pacifi'd:
Knew I that you would me to priſon ſend?
How could I truly then an Anſwer lend
Which way I had to go? the Judge (who ſmiles
At *Æſop*'s Anſwer, and his craftry wiles)
Bids, Let the Knave go free. So *Æſop* makes
All ſpeed away, and his quick journey takes
Towards the Bath; where being entered, he
Eſpies there bathing a great company.
But at the entry ſeeing there a ſtone,
Whereat all ſtumbled ſaving onely one:

Who

Who (wiſer than the reſt) mov'd the ſame,
When *Æſop* therefore back t' his Maſter came,
Who asking him how many bathing were;
Æſop replies, He ſaw but one man there.
Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies:
But b'ing arriv'd, a multitude he ſpies
Of Strangers altogether in the Bath;
Who thus to *Æſop* (b'ing incens'd with wrath)
Villain, thou ſaidſt here were no more than one,
And he himſelf was bathing all alone.
'Tis true, quoth *Æſop*, for behold where lies
A ſtone before the Bath, yet none ſo wiſe
To move the ſame, all ſtumbled ſave this man,
And therefore him ſo ſtyle I onely can.

But deem the reſt like ſenſleſs Ideots all,
Who rather than they'd ſtoop, would ſtumbling fall,
Thus *Xanthus* though diſpleas'd, no way could
(Hearing his Anſwer) *Æſop* for the ſame. (blame

CHAP. XVI.

Xanthus *fooliſhly in his Cups made a bargain to drink all the water in the Sea: but* Æſop *wittily taught him how to diſſolve the wager.*

A Feaſt on a certain day being appointed by *Xanthus* and other Philoſophers, the Cup beginning to conquer, there aroſe certain queſtions. *Xanthus* began to chafe. *Æſop* ſaid to him, Maſter, *Bacchus* is commander of three temperaments, the firſt of Voluptuouſneſs, the ſecond of Drunkenneſs, the third of Reproaching: You, being now merry, and having well drunk, have a care of the reſt. *Xanthus* being now through drunk, one of the Scholars asked him whether a man might not drink up the Ocean. Very eaſily, I can doe it my ſelf, quoth *Xanthus*; I will wage all I am worth upon it. At preſent they bind the wager with the mutual depoſition of their Rings, and for that time departed. The next day *Xanthus* being early up, waſhing his Face, perceived his Ring was loſt; he calls *Æſop* to an account for his Ring. I know not, quoth he, what's become of it! but this I know, you muſt out of your houſe, for yeſterday in a drunken fit you waged your houſe that you could drink

drink up the Sea; and you bound the wager with your Ring. *Xanthus* replied, And what could I wage leſs? But canſt thou tell me a way how I may either doe it, or diſſolve the bargain? For doing it (quoth he) it's impoſſible: how thou ſhalt untie the wager I will tell thee. When you ſhall meet again to day, ſeem not to fear, but what you ſaid drunk, ſpeak with as much confidence now you are ſober. Command a table to be ſet upon the ſhore, and that Lads be provided to reach the water out of the Sea in Cups; and when the multitude ſhall meet to ſee this fight, ask them with whom you have waged what the bargain was. It will be replied, That you ſhould drink up the Sea. Turning thy ſelf to all of them ſay thus, Ye men of *Samos*, you know that many Rivers run into the Sea, and I have bargained onely to drink up the Sea, and not the Rivers that run into it: let any one ſtop the courſe of the Waters which run into the Sea, and I am ready to drink up the Sea. *Xanthus* knowing this to be the only way to diſſolve the wager, rejoyced exceedingly. The people therefore coming to ſee the fight, *Xanthus* did and ſaid as *Æſop* had taught him: whereat the *Samians* admired, and highly commended him. Upon this the Scholar fel at his feet, and acknowledging himſelf overcome, intreated him to diſſolve the bargain; which *Xanthus* at the intreaty of the people did.

IT chanc'd 'mongſt his acquaintance on a time,
Xanthus o'ercome with lib'ral Cups of Wine,
'Midſt their diſcourſe one of them doth demand,
If it with poſſibility might ſtand
For one to drink the water in the Sea.
Xanthus replies, It poſſible might be;
And he could doe it. Wagers then were laid
On either ſide, and ſtakes by either made;
An hundred Crowns to *Xanthus* houſe. But now
When *Xanthus* well had ſlept, and hearing how

He

He had himſelf o'er reach'd, he 'gan repent
His fooliſh bargain, full of diſcontent.
To whom thus *Æſop* ſpake, if you will pleaſe
To free my bondage, and my bonds releaſe,
I ſhall invent and eas'ly find the way,
Whereby your bargain ſoon diſſolve you may.
Xanthus agrees: and *Æſop* thus began;
Maſter, you know the boundleſs Ocean,
Which worketh ſtill with an inconſtant Tide,
Doth not alone within it ſelf abide,
But purging ev'ry minute, when it flows,
What ebbs receiv'd again to Rivers throws:
Whoſe Currents if your oppoſites can keep
From back returning to th' unfathom'd deep,
Bear you the loſs. This *Æſop Xanthus* taught;
Who next day (when his Adverſaries thought
To win what he had laid, all ready were
To ſee him drink the Sea, but firſt forbear
A while, quoth *Xanthus*, ſeeing yeſterday
I did this bargain make, and wager lay,
I muſt perform it; but the Sea you know
'Tis onely I muſt drink, not Brooks that flow
Into the ſame: therefore if you can ſtop
Their Currents thence, I ſoon ſhall drink it up,
The which did ſeem a Task as great as his,
As well for them as for himſelf to miſs.
Which both the parties ſeeing, they agree
To break the bargain, and each other free.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Xanthus *his ingratitude to* Æſop.

THey departing to their houſes, *Æſop* came to *Xanthus*, ſaying, I hope now I deſerve my freedom. *Xanthus* repell'd him with rebuke, ſaying, doſt thou think I will not be ſo good as my word? Go and ſtand before the door, and view, if thou canſt ſee two Crows, tell me, for it preſages good luck: if but one, ill luck is towards. *Æſop* return'd and told him he ſaw two Crows ſit upon a Tree. *Xanthus* coming out, one of them fled, and he could ſpie but one ſitting ſtill: then he ſaid, Thou curſed Villain, didſt thou not tell me thou ſaweſt two; thou takeſt delight to deride me: whereupon he commanded that *Æſop* ſhould be ſoundly ſcourg'd. While he was beating there came in one to ſup with *Xanthus*, and *Æſop* cried out, Ah, Wo is me! I am beaten that ſaw two Crows, and thou, who ſaweſt but one goeſt in to a banquet, it was therefore an unhappy omen. *Xanthus* admiring his ſubtilty, commanded them to ceaſe beating.

WHen *Xanthus* had receiv'd the benefit,
And freed his Wager by his Servant's wit,

Æſop

Æſop his Maſter's promiſes expects,
But *Xanthus* moſt ingratefully rejects
His juſt demand, ſtudying more and more
To uſe him haſher than he did before,
And mingle ſtripes with threats. But *Æſop* ſtill
So well conform'd him to his Maſter's will
In all things to obey, that *Xanthus* hate
Could find no juſt ground (though inveterate)
To puniſh *Æſop*. Yet as quenchleſs fire
The more ſuppreſt, doth with more force aſpire,
Conſuming all it meets: ſo *Xanthus* rage
Æſop's beſt duty no way can aſſwage;
Being reſolv'd (although without a cauſe)
Now to burſt forth, and not one minute's pauſe
Admit to keep it in: for which intent
He on a fooliſh errand *Æſop* ſent,
To ſeek about the field, if haply he
Could find two Crows perching upon one Tree?
And ſo to bring him word: for two (quoth he)
Portend good luck, but one a Prodigy.
Æſop walks forth, and finds them; back doth run
To *Xanthus*, ere who got out one was gon.
Which he perceiving, Crook-back'd Slave (quoth he)
Thy daily cuſtome is to flout at me;
And now I'll take revenge, and bang thee well.
But *Æſop* cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell
The news to you, one of them fled away.
Yet *Xanthus* ſlights th'excuſe, and ſtripes doth lay
More thick on him, till dinner time grew on,
And *Xanthus* to his meat was call'd upon.
When *Æſop* murmur'd thus; Alas, how curſt
My fortune is? I'm ſure to have the worſt.
Two Crows portend good luck, one onely Crow,
My Maſter ſays, misfortune doth foreſhew:
But I ſpi'd two, and he but onely one:
Yet have I ſtripes, he to good cheer is gone.
If men by Birds no better can divine,
Let them foretell their own good luck, not mine.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Æſop waggiſh diſcovered the nakedneſs of his Miſtriſs.

Xanthus having invited ſome friends ſends *Æſop* ſo cater for proviſion, who very diligently performed his Maſter's commands and provided it. When Dinner was ready and brought in, his Miſtreſs was repoſed on a Pallet in the room, and faſt aſleep. *Æſop* awaked her, and prayed her to watch, leſt the Dogs carried the meat away. She being angry replies, that ſhe had eyes to ſee behind to watch the proviſion. *Æſop* took this merrily, and watching his opportunity to retort, (but firſt made an end of ſerving in the meat) at his return ſtole gently to the Couch, and lifting up her garments unveiled her poſteriors. By this time *Xanthus* was come in with his Gueſts. At which ſight whether he was pleaſed or abaſhed let the Reader judge.

Xanthus again to market *Æſop* ſends,
To buy proviſion t' entertain ſome friends,
Which he invites to dinner: *Æſop*'s care
Not backward is all ready to prepare.

When

When Dinner time approach'd he brings the meats,
And on the Board each diſh in order ſets.
But on a Velvet Couch which ſtood thereby
He ſees his Miſtreſs ſleeping ſoundly lie,
To whom he calls, Miſtreſs, awake I pray,
And look the Dog ſnatch not the meat away.
But ſhe, b'ing angry that he wak'd her, cries,
Villain, be quiet, my back-ſide hath eyes.
Now *Æſop* who his Miſtreſs anſwer took
In way of courſe deriſion, could not brook
Longer delay, till he might back retort
So groſs a frump, (though by a knaviſh ſport:)
And therefore in his mind conceiv'd it beſt,
To thwart her humour with an equal jeſt.
Mean while (e'er he the project could effect)
His Maſter's charge he held in firſt reſpect;
So goes back to the Kitchen to fetch more;
Which brought, he finds his Miſtreſs as before
Still faſt aſleep: with that he walks to her,
And ſoftly doth her ſmock and coats prefer
To hide her face, and to himſelf replies,
Miſtreſs, if your *Poſteriors* have eyes,
Pray let them be unmask'd. By this time home
Xanthus with his invited Gueſts is come;
Who entring now the Hall, and ſeeing there
His Wife to lie with her Buttocks bare,
Of *Æſop* asks the cauſe. *Æſop* doth tell
His Maſter all. Reader, think thou how well
Xanthus was pleas'd. I more forbear to ſay,
Leſt I too much the womans ſhame diſplay.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Xanthus *commands Æſop to admit of none to enter at his Gate, but Wiſe men and Philoſophers.*

SOme days after *Xanthus* inviting many Philoſophers and Orators to dinner, commands *Æſop* to keep the Gate; and to let in no illiterate Dunce amongſt them, but onely the great Sophies. At dinner-time, *Æſop* ſitting in the Portal, here comes one who was invited and knocks at the Gate. *Æſop* within ſaid, what, ſtirs the Dog? he thinking himſelf to be called Dog, away he goes: ſo in brief every one that came, went back, not taking ſuch an injury well. But at length when one of them came to the gate & knockt and heard the words, what *ſtirs the Dog?* his ears and his tail, quoth he. *Æſop* judging his Anſwer acute and proper, gave him entrance, and brought him to his Maſter, ſaying, there's no Philoſopher come to dinner Maſter, ſave this one. *Xanthus* was very ſorry hereat, that he ſhould be ſo much deceived by them whom he had invited. The day after when they came to the Schools they accuſed *Xanthus*, ſaying, Sir, as it ſhould ſeem, you ſlighted us, and not onely ſo, but ſet that ugly fellow *Æſop* to abuſe us at your Gate, and to call us Dogs. But, Sirs, quoth *Xanthus*, are you

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in earneſt, or jeſt? They replied, unleſs we are aſleep, it's true as we tell thee. *Æſop* preſently was call'd for, and asked upon what ground he abuſed his friends? Who anſwered, Maſter, Did not you command me that I would not admit any unlearned or vulgar fellow into your feaſt, but onely ſuch as were wiſe men? And what are theſe? Sirrah, quoth *Xanthus*, are they not wiſe men? No ways, quoth *Æſop*, for when they knock'd at the Gate, I asked them what the Dog ſtir'd: not one of them underſtood me. Therefore I gave entrance to none, but onely this man, who gave me a wiſer anſwer. When *Æſop* had this ſaid, they all agreed that he was in the right.

ÆSOP, who muſt ſupply all Offices,
And all his Maſter *Xanthus* humours pleaſe,
Muſt now become his Porter, and muſt wait
To ſee that no man enter at the Gate
But ſuch as he appoints, and thoſe to be
Wiſe men, not Fools, elſe none muſt *Xanthus* ſee.
At length one comes demanding entrance there.
But *Æſop* (ſtill whoſe anſwers rugged were)
Thus unto him doth ſay, Thou Dog come in.
The wiſe man angry grown, goes back again.
In brief, thus *Æſop* anſwers all that came,
And all return with anger at the ſame.
Untill amongſt the reſt one wiſer grows,
Not minding *Æſop*'s words, and in he goes.
The next day, thoſe that were repulſt relate
Æſop's rude anſwer to them at the Gate
Unto his Maſter, who doth *Æſop* call,
And harſhly chide with him before them all;
Who thus to quit himſelf, Good Sir, replies,
You bad me let in none but who were wiſe.
Nor did I diſobey; for no wiſe man
Will ev'ry fooliſh word or anſwer ſcan,
And anger ſhew at every fool, leſt they
The greater folly in themſelves diſplay:
Therefore I him who entred hold to be
The onely wiſe man of the company.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Æſop finding a Treaſure, Xanthus *proves ungratefull*

NOT many days after *Xanthus* (*Æſop* following him) went to the Monuments, and reading the Epigrams, was much delighted. *Æſop* ſeeing theſe Letters, *ſc.* α, β, δ, ο, ε, θ, χ, ingraven, ſhew'd them to *Xanthus*, and enquired of him if he knew what they meant: who after diligent ſtudy not able to find out what they ſignified, plainly acknowledged himſelf dubious. Maſter, quoth *Æſop*, If I ſhall find a Treaſure by this column, what reward ſhall I have? Thou ſhalt have thy liberty, be confident, ſaid *Xanthus*, and half the Gold. Then *Æſop* digged four ſteps diſtant from the Grave-ſtone, found a Treaſure, and brought it to his Maſter; demanding, according to his promiſe both Freedom and Gold. Nothing, ſaid *Xanthus*, untill I underſtand the Letters, and the Senſe: for to be skill'd in that I eſteem above the Treaſure. *Æſop*, to ſatisfie him, told him that a wiſe man was the ingraver of thoſe Letters, which, ſaith he, imports thus much (according to the Greek α *going*, ϐ *paces*, δ *four*, ο *digging*, ε *thou ſhalt find*,

δ *a treaſure,* χ *of Gold. Xanthus* replied, Becauſe thou art ſo cunning thou ſhalt be no free man. Then, Sir, quoth *Æſop*, I will declare that it belongs to the King of *Byzantium*, for it's hid here for him. *Xanthus* replies, How know you this? From the Inſcription, quoth he, for thus much it intimateth (in Greek,) α *reſtore,* ϛ *to the King,* δ *Dionyſius,* ο *which,* ε *thou haſt found,* δ *the treaſure,* χ *of Gold. Xanthus* underſtanding that the Treaſure belonged to the King, ſaid to *Æſop*, take half the Treaſure, and hold thy peace. Now I take not this as thy good will, ſaid *Æſop*, but as his that hid the Gold. But hear me, Sir, thus ſpeak the Letters; α *taking,* β *go your way,* δ *divide,* ο *which* ε *ye have found,* δ *the treaſure.* Hereupon *Xanthus* replied, Come your ways, Take half the money and your liberty. Departing therefore together, *Xanthus* fearing the prating of *Æſop*, commanded him to be caſt into priſon. While they drew *Æſop* away, Alas, quoth he, Are theſe the promiſes of Philoſophers? for I not onely receive not my liberty, but thou giveſt command to throw me into priſon. *Xanthus* therefore gave order for his liberty, ſaying to him, thou ſpeakeſt truth, but when thou haſt got thy liberty, thou wilt ſtickle againſt me to ſome purpoſe. Then ſaith *Æſop*, Do your worſt: whether you will or no, I will have my freedom.

AS *Æſop* grew in years, his wiſedom ſo
Increaſed ſtill, and did exacter grow.
Who with his Maſter walking to behold
Decayed Sepulchres with age grown old;
Amongſt the reſt a Monument appears,
Whereon engraven were ſtrange Characters,
Which the prefixed Emblem here diſplays.
Æſop demands the meaning. *Xanthus* ſays
The meaning ſeem'd much difficult, and he
Could not unfold ſo great a Myſtery.
Quoth *Æſop* then, my Lord, what benefit
Shall I receive, if I reſolve you it?

Xanthus

Xanthus his freedom promiſeth. To whom
Thus *Æſop* then, behold this aged Tomb:
A golden Treaſure in it doth contain,
As theſe engraven Characters explain;
Which we ſhall find by digging; for to us
In Latine ſo it anſwers,

Recedens Paſſus quatuor, fodiens, invenies Theſaurum aureum,

Engliſhed thus,

Deſcend four ſteps, then dig, and there
A golden Treaſure ſhall appear.

So doing, there they find what was foretold,
The Treaſure rich, and all of maſſie Gold.
Which having got, poor *Æſop* now doth crave
His Maſter's promiſe, and his ſhare to have.
But *Xanthus* doth ingratefully deny
Æſop not onely ſhare, but liberty;
Detaining all himſelf. Then *Æſop* (thus
Defrauded) cries, King *Dionyſius*
This Treaſure claims, it is not due to thee,
For ſo the following Letters ſignifie;
In Latin thus,

Redde Regi Dionyſio, *quem inveniſti Theſaurum*:

In Engliſh thus expreſt,

The Treaſure you diſcovered, bring
To Dionyſius *your King.*

This laſt expounding troubled ſore the breaſt
Of wretched *Xanthus*, doubtfull what to doe:
But yet the greater miſchiefs to eſchew,
He is contented now with all his heart,
Rather than all to loſe, give *Æſop* part.
For ſo the latter clauſe again implies,
In Latin thus,

Accepium euntes dividite quem inveniſti Theſaurum aureum.

Thus Engliſh ſpecifies,

The golden Treaſure which you are
Poſſeſſed of, betwixt you ſhare.

Yet *Xanthus* home returning big with hate,
And envying his Servant's proſperous ſtate,
Seeks more to doe him wrong, than gratefull be
And honeſt as his word, to ſet him free,
But that he might the Treaſure all poſſeſs,
As old men moſt are g'ven to covetouſneſs;
Fearing leſt *Æſop*, by his talking would
That mighty Treaſure's maſſy ſum unfold,
Thinks beſt to lay him faſt, which he effects,
And 'gainſt all gratitude and due reſpects,
Sends him to loathſome priſon, there to lie,
And add more griefs to former miſery.
Till *Æſop* thus, too ſenſible of wrong,
And injuries which he had ſuffer'd long
In's Maſter's ſervice, Thankleſs man, (quoth he)
Is this the freedom once you promis'd me?
Is this the recompence? and, Muſt I ſtill
Be thus rewarded for my good with ill?)
You gods aſſiſt my juſt complaint! At this
Xanthus was ſomewhat mov'd, and did releaſe
Æſop from priſon: but by no intreat
From bondage could he his enlargement get;
Untill reſolv'd he boldly thus did ſpeak;
Now doe thy worſt, ere long my bonds ſhall break,
And ſpite of thy trangreſſion or diſdain,
Ere few days paſs I ſhall my freedom gain.
The which as he foretold effected was,
And in the following Chapter comes to paſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Æsop is set at liberty.

AT that season after this manner it fell out at *Samos*. A stately feast was kept publickly: an Eagle flew suddenly over & snatch'd away the publick Ring, and dropt it into the Lap of a Servant. The *Samians* affrighted at this accident, and wondering what it should portend, gathering together to consult, moved it to *Xanthus*, being a chief Citizen and Philosopher, desiring the meaning of this prodigy. He very dubious of the matter, enquired the time when this fell out; and going home, was very sad and pensive, because he could not resolve them. *Æsop* seeing *Xanthus* so dejected, went to him, and enquired what made him so sorrowfull; reveal it pray you to me, and bid farewel to your sadness. To morrow when you go into the Market, tell the *Samians*, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty Riddles, neither can you divine, but I have a Lad who will resolve you this question. And although I shall resolve this, yet you shall have the honour of this by keeping such a Servant: if it fall out otherwise, the disgrace will redound to me. *Xanthus* thus perswaded, the next day came into the

Theatre, and ſtood in the midſt, according to the advice of *Æſop*, declaring to them that met together what he had counſelled him to doe. They preſently deſired that *Æſop* might be ſent for. Who when he came and ſtood among them, the *Samians* looking on his face derided him; Will this countenance ever be able to reſolve us? and they fell into loud laughing. *Æſop* ſtretched forth his hand, deſired ſilence, and ſaid, Men of *Samos*, why cavil you at my face? you ſhould not look upon my face, but my mind; for oftentimes Nature hath covered an excellent mind under a viſage unſeemly. Do you look upon the exterior faſhion of the Veſſel, and not attend the inward virtue of the Wine? Hearing theſe things, they ſaid, *Æſop*, if thou haſt any thing to ſay, ſpeak it to the City. Then he boldly ſtood forth, ſaying, Ye men of *Samos*, becauſe fortune, which is deſirous of contention, propounds the glory of victory to the Maſter and Servant, if the Servant ſeem inferiour to his Maſter, let him go away ſoundly beaten, but if the Servant excell, let him eſcape free. Then all the People cried out, *Xanthus*, give *Æſop* his freedom; in this obſerve the *Samians*, and gratifie them in their requeſt. *Xanthus* refuſed not indeed, but ſticking a little at it, the *Prætor* ſaid, *Xanthus*, if thou hearken not to the People, I even in this hour will give *Æſop* his freedom, and then he will be equal to thee. Then *Xanthus* was conſtrained to give him his freedom. Hereupon the Cryer cried out, *Xanthus* the Philoſopher gives *Æſop* his freedom. And in the mean time *Æſop* ended his Speech, ſaying to *Xanthus*, Now againſt your will I ſhall be freed. Thus *Æſop*, being freed, ſtood in the midſt of them, ſaying, Ye men of *Samos*, the Eagle you know is Queen of Birds, and whereas ſhe dropt this imperial Ring into the lap of a Servant, it ſeems to intimate, that ſome there are of the Kings, who endeavour to bring your liberty into ſlavery, and to diſanul your eſtabliſhed Laws. The

Samians

Samians hearing this were exceeding ſad. Not long after there came Letters from *Cræſus*, King of the *Lydians* to *Samos*, requiring Tribute of them; if otherwiſe, that they prepare themſelves for Battel. Hereupon there was a general conſultation, and fear to become ſubjects to *Cræſus*; yet they thought it fitting to take *Æſop*'s advice. He told them, I will inform you what is beſt: Fortune hath ſhewn us a double way: one of liberty, which in the beginning is difficult, but the iſſue eaſie; another of thraldom, whoſe beginning is eaſie, but the end toilſome. The *Samians* hearing this, cried out; Seeing we are free-men, we will not for nothing become ſlaves. So they diſmiſſed the Embaſſador without terms of peace. Which ſo ſoon as *Cræſus* knew, he determined to wage war againſt the *Samians* But the Embaſſador told him, You cannot conquer the *Samians* ſo long as *Æſop* is amongſt them, and counſels them. Rather, O King, ſend Embaſſadors, and deſire *Æſop* of them; promiſing them many thanks, and a releaſing of the required Tribute, and then perhaps you may ſubdue them. Theſe things prevailed with *Cræſus*, he ſent, deſiring *Æſop* might come to him. The *Samians* decreed to deliver him. Who when he knew it, ſtood up in the midſt of them, ſaying, Ye men of *Samos*, I am ready to proſtrate my ſelf at the feet of King *Cræſus*; but I will relate to you one Story. At what time the Beaſts ſpake amongſt themſelves, the Wolves brought War upon the Sheep, whom the Dogs aided. The Wolves ſent an Embaſſage to the Sheep, that if they would live in peace and quietneſs, they deſired them to ſend them their Dogs. The fooliſh Sheep were perſuaded hereto, and ſent the Dogs. The Wolves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and eaſily ſlew the Sheep. The *Samians* underſtanding the meaning of this Fable, determined ſtill to keep *Æſop* with them. But he ſuffered not them, but ſet forth with the Embaſſadors to *Cræſus*.

NOT many days expired, there befell
An accident in *Samos* ſtrange to tell
Where *Xanthus* dwelt: behold an Eagle o'er
The City flies, and the chief Signet bore
Away with her, while as the *Samians* all
Were ſolemnizing a great Feſtival.
Whereat amazed, they unto *Xanthus* ſend,
To be reſolved what it might portend.
But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his mind,
Becauſe he could not the true meaning find.
Æſop perceiving now his Maſter's grief,
Requeſts the cauſe, with promiſe of relief
To his content. *Xanthus* relates the ſame,
With that before the *Samians* *Æſop* came,
Whoſe crooked limbs did more deriſion raiſe,
Than hope to be reſolv'd; till *Æſop* ſays
Thus unto them, Sirs, wherefore laugh ye ſo?
'Tis not the form, nor the external ſhow,
That makes a man; but wiſedom, and a mind
That can cloſe Nature's deepeſt ſecrets find.
Nor ſhould a wiſe man, 'cauſe a Veſſel's new,
Reject an old one of a blacker hue:
For old Veſſels may perchance contain
Far richer Wine than doth in new remain.
Which learned Anſwer made them all admire,
And with intreaties *Æſop*'s aid require,
T'expound the meaning of that ſtrange event.
But *Æſop*, of his wiſedom confident,
Fortune (quoth he) hath ſome ſedition ſown
Betwixt a Lord and ſervant of his own.
But if the Lord the victory do gain,
The Servant ſhall no liberty obtain,
Nor his juſt right. If therefore you would ſee
A true ſolution, give me liberty;
That ſo I may unfold with boldneſs all
Which you demand, or may to you befall.
Then all reſolv'd that *Xanthus* ſhould releaſe
The bonds of *Æſop*, and his ſlavery ceaſe.

Which

Which (though againſt his Maſter's humour) they
Effect; nor durſt old *Xanthus* but obey,
Remembring now what lately *Æſop* ſpoke,
In ſpight of thee I ſhall caſt off the yoke.
Then *Æſop* ſtraight was plac'd before the ſeat
Where all the *Samians* were in Council met:
Who (ſilence b'ing proclaim'd) doth thus begin.
My Lords, the Eagle *over Birds is King:*
Which having born your Seal away with her
(The ſtate and power of your Governour)
Infers thus much, a King by conqueſt ſhall
O'erthrow your Laws, and Liberties inthrall.
According to which ſaying lo there came
Embaſſadors from *Lydia*, who proclaim
Their *Lydian* King's command, and do relate
To them of *Samos* who in Council ſate,
How that great Monarch Homage did expect
From thoſe of *Samos*, and to that effect
Demand a yearly Tribute; elſe that he
Will ruinate their City ſpeedily.
A time for anſwer given, *Æſop* then
Is call'd to give them counſel once agen.
Who thus; *My Lords, I would not you diſſuade,*
But that the King of Lydia *be obey'd:*
Nor 'gainſt the publick profit would I break
Silence, or elſe againſt the City ſpeak;
Yet hear two things, which in this mortal age
Fortune preſents upon this earthly ſtage:
The one is Liberty, which to procure
At firſt ſeems hard, the end is ſweet and ſure;
Bondage the other, whoſe beginning ſhows
Sweet at the firſt, the end more ſower grows.
The *Samians* hearing this, and knowing that
It tended to the good of publick State,
This Anſwer th' Embaſſadors did give;
Go tell your Lord, that *Samos* will not live
Subject to any man, but ſtill poſſeſs
Her ancient liberty and happineſs,

With that the *Lydian* King did angry grow,
Propos'd to raiſe an Army, and o'erthrow
Their City, till th' Embaſſador thus ſpoke;
Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the yoke,
Unleſs thou *Æſop* from their Council call,
And then into thy hands they ſoon will fall.
So ſtrait Embaſſadors provided be,
And ſent again to *Samos* ſpeedily,
Bearing this Meſſage; *Lords, our Maſters will,*
Though once deny'd, at laſt you muſt fulfill:
Which is, That to this Court you Æſop ſend;
And then 'gainſt you his anger ſhall have end.
But *Æſop* hearing this did let them know,
He was not backward to the King to go:
Yet to the *Samians* does a *Fable* tell,
Which long ago (when Beaſts could ſpeak) befell.

The FABLE.

THe Wolves intended War againſt the Sheep,
But they (too weak their fury to withſtand)
Sent to the Dogs, deſiring aid to keep
The Wolves from quite deſtroying of their Land.
The Dogs ſend aid, and in full many ſore
And dreadfull fights did the Wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then ſeeing force could not prevail
To curb their foes, which had ſo powerfull aid,
Conſult with policy them to aſſail;
If poſſibly the Sheep might be betray'd:
And with their words and promiſes at large,
Intreat the Sheep the Maſtives to diſcharge.

The Sheep believing what the Wolves did ſay,
Not dreaming of the treach'ry of their foes,
Reſolved are to ſend the Dogs away,
Hoping to live at quiet without blows:
And ſo rewards for what the Dogs had done
Being beſtow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But when the Wolves percieve their ſtouteſt foes
Had left the Sheep, and to their home were gone,
Perfidiouſly they with redoubled blows
The Sheep (harm not miſtruſting) ſet upon,
And overthrew them. Since which ſtill we ſee
Continual diſcord 'twixt them two to be.

So when the *Samians* had this *Fable* heard,
They in his abſence their deſtruction fear'd;
And by all means they could ſought him to ſtay,
But could not him by their intreaties ſway.

CHAP. XXII.

Æſop's ſucceſsfull entertainment with the Lydian *King in behalf of the* Samians.

THey coming forthwith to *Lydia*, the King ſeeing *Æſop* before him, was angry to think that ſuch a fellow ſhould prevent the ſubduing of ſo famous an Iſland. *Æſop* anſwers, Mighty King, not of force nor neceſſity, am I come unto thee, but willingly and of my own accord, wherefore I humbly beg your patience. A certain man catching Locuſts killed them. He took alſo the Grashopper, and when he would

have

have killed her, ſhe ſaid thus, Good Sir, kill me not; for I am not injurious to the Corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary Traveller with my harmleſs Muſick: in me thou findeſt nothing but a ſound. This he having heard, diſmiſſed her. Thus I, O King, humbly touching your Feet, beſeech you ſpare my life, for I cannot be injurious to any Man; and in this ſqualid Body you ſhall find a generous Soul. The King, wondering and pittying him, ſaid, *Æſop*, I will not onely give thee thy life but a fortune alſo: therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it, May it pleaſe thee, O King, (quoth *Æſop*) to be reconciled to the *Samians*. And when the King anſwered, I am reconciled; he fell down to the ground, and gave him moſt humble thanks. After this he wrote his Fables, which to this very day are extant amongſt the *Lydians*.

ÆSOP, according to the King's requeſt,
To *Lydia* goes. The King provides a Feaſt
To entertain the Stranger. But when he
Beholdeth *Æſop*'s foul deformity,
He vents his anger thus; Is this the man
Whoſe counſel made the *Samians* us withſtand?
Can Wiſedom lurk in ſuch an ugly form?
And thus inrag'd, he furiouſly doth ſtorm.
But *Æſop* (whoſe invention ne'er was ſlack
A ready Anſwer unto all to make)
Reply'd, *Great King, thy power forc'd not me,*
But my deſire t' attend thy Majeſty
Caus'd my arrival, who with hope depend
That thou ſome audience to my words wilt lend.
The King attends, and *Æſop* thus replies;
The other day a man was chaſing Flies,
But caught a Nitingale. *The tim'rous Bird*
(Without deſert now to be ſlain afeard)
Cries to the Faulkner, Maſter, thee I pray
Blame without offence thou wilt not ſlay.

I do

I do no harm, nor any thing annoy,
Nor do I Corn or Fruits of earth deſtroy
Like other Birds; but with my warbling Song
Make glad the hearts of thoſe that paſs along.
Neither canſt thou reap benefit at all
By killing me, my Carcaß is ſo ſmall.
Which lamentation mov'd the Faulkner ſo,
That he the harmleß Nightingale let go
Therefore (great Sir) conſider my weak ſtate:
I wiſh none harm, then haſten not my fate
By death or violence: for if I die,
My body profits none, but living, I
Unto the World may by my wiſedom lend
Things uſefull for her, till her lateſt end.
This *Fable* moralliz'd the King did pleaſe,
And's rage 'gainſt *Æſop*'s crookedneſs appeaſe:
Who anſwers thus; *Lo, Æſop, unto thee*
I give not life; 'tis fortune's gifts from me.
But if within my power thou ought requeſt,
As ſoon as asked thou ſhalt be poſſeſt.
This *Æſop*'s mind rejoyced, who (as ſoon
As he had promis'd) thus demands a boon.
Great King, I render thanks, and ſince your Grace
Is pleas'd ſuch favours upon me to place
Without deſert, if ſo you deign to grant
(For I my ſelf no earthly treaſure want)
The Samians *tribute onely to be free,*
Your Highneß hath enough rewarded me.
The King conſents. And *Æſop* now began,
While he doth in the *Lydian* Court remain,
To write theſe *Fables* which i'th' firſt do
Preſent themſelves to each ingenious view.
But ſome time paſt, *Æſop* doth now deſire
Unto forſaken *Samos* to retire,
The news of the releaſed tax to bring,
So freely granted by the *Lydian* King.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Æſop's Return to Samos.

ÆSOP having received Letters from the King of *Lydia*, which intimated the grant of peace, and releaſing of a Tribute to the *Samians*; the men of *Samos* ſeeing of him, came to meet him with garlands and dancings. He reads the Letters, and ſhews them that the King had freely granted them their liberty. Whereupon *Æſop* was honoured the ſecond time with the favour of freedom. Not long after this he departed from this Iſland, and travelled over the World, every where diſputing with Philoſophers. At length he came into *Babylon*, and there making his Learning appear, was in great repute with King *Lycerus*: for in thoſe days truce being between Kingdoms, there was great delight taken in mutual ſending Philoſophical Queſtions one to another; which whoſoever could reſolve, received a relaxation of Tribute from him that ſent them.

ÆSOP returns to *Samos*. B'ing arriv'd,
The People with all gladneſs him receiv'd,
Shewing

Shewing all ſigns of joy. Some few days gone,
Æſop makes open Proclamation,
How *Lydia*'s King their Tribute did remit.
The *Samians* (joyfull of this benefit)
More thankfulneſs to learned *Æſop* gave,
And nothing thought too dear that he would have;
All honours ſeem'd too mean they could beſtow,
Such gratitude did joyfull *Samos* ſhow.
Æſop at laſt again to travel bent,
To ſee ſome other foreign Regions went,
His knowledge to increaſe. And now he came
To *Babylon*, a City of great fame:
This was the Seat of King *Lycerus*; who
Hearing of *Æſop*; entertainment due
To him did give, and other gifts confer
Worthy ſo famous a Philoſopher.
Æſop now having ſpent ſome few days there;
The cuſtoms of the bord'ring Princes were,
Problems obſcure oft mutually to ſend,
And Riddles, which their learned'ſt men had penn'd.
To try the Judgments of the wiſeſt men;
Who if they could not Anſwers ſend again,
And rightly them explain, that King muſt claim
Tribute from him to whom he ſent the ſame.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Æſop unfolds all Secrets whatſoever, and by his wiſedom much inricheth the Babylonian *King.*

ÆSOP therefore underſtanding the Problems which came to *Lycerus*, gave the meaning, and ſo made the King renowned. And he, in the name of *Lycerus* ſent to other Kings after the ſame manner: which queſtions unreſolved, cauſed an exaction of a far greater tribute from thoſe Kings who were not able to doe it. Now *Æſop* ſeeing he had no Children, adopted *Ennus*, a certain Nobleman, and commended him to the King. Not long after this *Ennus* had to doe with *Æſop*'s Concubine; which when *Æſop* knew of, he turned him out of doors. Who being much offended with this act, feigned Letters from *Æſop* to thoſe who moved theſe Philoſophical queſtions to *Lycerus*, which Letters ſignified his readineſs to doe them ſervice rather than *Lycerus*, and theſe Letters *Ennus* gave to the King ſealed with *Æſop*'s Ring.

WHile *Æſop* with *Lycerus* did remain,
Diverſe wiſe men in foreign parts did feign
Strange *Fables*, and dark Myſteries invent,
Which to the *Babylonian* King were ſent,

T'un-

T'unfold the meaning. Each Philoſopher
His verdict gave, but none did true appear:
Till *Æſop* (being call'd) the perfect way
Found out the cloſeſt Secrets to diſplay,
And other *Fables* penned, to which none
Of other parts could give ſolution.
By which *Lycerus* full of Riches grew,
Which by that means from foreign Kings he drew:
And therefore now, in ſhew of Thankfulneſs
For *Æſop*'s learning, and his love t' expreſs,
He doth to greater Honours *Æſop* raiſe,
Whoſe wiſedom almoſt the whole Countrey ſways;
Till *Ennus* young, well manured and fair,
(By *Æſop* b'ing adopted for his Heir,
And rais'd to ample fortunes) fell in love
With *Æſop*'s Concubine, and ſuits did move
To bring her to his will. To his deſire
(Burning with luſtfull and unquenched fire)
She yields; and *Ennus* by her looks is won,
To rival who adopted him his Son.
But as alone one miſchief ſeldom falls,
But to the wronged part another calls;
So *Æſop* now, not dreaming of the wrong
Already acted, but remaining ſtrong
In love to *Ennus*, *Ennus* to requite
His love doth in ingratitude delight.
And fearing leſt that by ſucceſs of time
Æſop would vindicate his loathed crime,
And caſt him out of favour (big with hate)
He plots which way to haſten *Æſop*'s fate:
And therefore him of Treaſon doth accuſe;
Then with falſe Letters *Æſop*'s truth abuſe,
(Which to incenſe the King) that *Æſop* had
His Majeſty to other Kings betray'd
By feigned *Fables*, the which here and there
He had divulg'd and ſcatter'd every where.
Thus luſt oft times at firſt which pleaſant ſhows,
'Twixt deareſt friendſhip moſt ſedition ſows.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Æſop commanded to be put to death upon Ennus *his falſe accuſation; and how he is ſaved.*

THE King giving credit to the Ring, wonderfully moved with anger, commands *Hermippus* without any farther examination to take away the Traytor's life. But *Hermippus* was *Æſop*'s friend, and then he ſhewed it, for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nouriſhed him: *Ennus* alſo by the King's leave took poſſeſſion of all *Æſop*'s goods. A certain ſpace after, *Nectenabo* King of *Egypt* hearing that *Æſop* was dead, ſent a letter to *Lycerus*, requiring workmen that could build a Tower which ſhould neither touch Earth nor Heaven, and one that could anſwer all that he ſhould be ask'd. Which if he did, then he ſhould exact tribute, if not, he ſhould pay. *Lycerus* having read this grows very penſive, ſeeing none of his friends could deviſe what the queſtion concerning the Tower meant. The King upon that cries out, *Æſop* the pillar of my Kingdom is fallen and dead. *Hermippus* ſeeing the King ſo much dejected for *Æſop*'s loſs, came to the King, and brought him word that *Æſop* was alive; adding that even for the King's ſake he had not put him to death, becauſe he knew it would much grieve him afterwards.

The

THE King too eaſie *Ennus* to believe,
And to falſe accuſations credit give,
Thinks all 'gainſt *Æſop* true; and with command
(Whoſe will doth fixed as the Centre ſtand),
Dooms *Æſop* ſtraight to death. But as the Sun
In ſpight of Clouds his wonted courſe doth run.
And (they b'ing chaſed quite away) appear
More full of luſtre, radiant and clear;
So *Æſop* now, by kind *Hermippus* aid,
(Who in an obſcure Sepulchre him laid,
To hide him from the wrath of th' angry King,
Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring
Againſt his Father, falſe; and ſent him there
All things for ſuſtenance that needfull were:)
Some few weeks paſt his Honour doth obtain,
And in his former glory ſeat again;
Occaſion'd by this means; Ne'er-ſilent Fame
This News in joyfull *Egypt* did proclaim
Unto the King, That *Æſop* now is dead,
Whereby he thought from *Babylon* was fled
All hope t' oppoſe him more: and therefore ſtraight
Frames Letters which theſe Riddles did relate,
That *Nectenabo* lately did project
I' th' air a ſtately Tower to erect,
To touch not Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
That King *Lycerus* would the Maſons get,
And ſend them to effect it. And beſide,
If for his uſe ſuch men he could provide,
The Letters thus much likewiſe did diſplay,
He of his Land would the tenth Tribute pay.
But no wiſe man of *Babylon* had wit
Enough to anſwer or accompliſh it.
Whereat their King *Lycerus* (with a brow
Whereon dwelt anger, which could terror throw
'Gainſt any which diſpleas'd him) curſes all
That were the cauſe of *Æſop*'s wrongfull fall.
Which when *Hermippus* well perceiv'd, in haſt
He goes, and on the ground his body caſt

Be-

Before the King; to whom he thus did ſay,
Great Sir, Let no ſad thought your paſſion ſway
To grow inrag'd at me, and I ſhall bring
Æſop alive and ſafe before the King;
For I preſerv'd whom thou didſt doom to death,
Well knowing that the loſs of Æſop's breath
Could have no profit, but his life might be
(Though hatefull then) ſome benefit to thee.

CHAP. XXVI.

Æſop is brought before the King again, and re-obtains his former credit.

THe King, not a little glad that *Æſop* was yet alive, called for him. He was brought to him all dirty and bemired. Whom when he ſaw, he was moved with much compaſſion towards him, and commanded that he ſhould be waſhed and cleanſed. After this *Æſop* eaſily confuted the grounds of his former accuſation: Whereupon when the King gave command that *Ennus* ſhould be put to death, *Æſop* begged his pardon. Not long after a letter came from the King of *Egyt*, which the King gave *Æſop* to peruſe. He forthwith knowing how to reſolve the queſtions propounded, ſmiled, and deſired an anſwer might be diſpatch'd, and after winter ſent away, both who ſhould build this Tower and alſo

one.

one that ſhould anſwer all that ſhould be demanded. The King thereupon ſends the *Egyptian* Embaſſadors back, and gives to *Æſop* his former wealth, and *Ennus* alſo; whom he having received again, uſed him as his Son, and with theſe or the like words admoniſhed him: My Son, in the firſt place worſhip God, honor the King, ſhew thy ſelf terrible to thine enemies, that they deſpiſe thee not, facil and courteous to thy friends, that they may be enlarged in friendſhip towards thee. Alſo pray that thine enemies be poor, leſt they offend thee; wiſh thy friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Conſort, that ſhe make no trial of another. Be not ſwift to ſpeak, but to hear. Envy not well doers, for thereby thou ſhalt injure thy ſelf moſt. Be carefull of thy domeſtick affairs, that thou mayeſt not be lookt upon as a Maſter, but adored as a Benefactor. Be not aſhamed always to learn the better things. Reveal not thy ſecrets to a Woman; for ſhe is always provided to domineer. Every day ſtore up for to morrow, for it is better after death to leave ſomewhat to thine enemy, than want while thou liveſt for thy friends. Gently ſalute all thou meeteſt. Repent not that thou haſt been honeſt. Turn a Whiſperer out of doors. Doe that for which thou mayſt not have cauſe to repent. Thus *Ennus* being adviſed by *Æſop*, and ſtruck as it were with an arrow in his Conſcience, a little after his Soul and Body parted, and he died.

THE King, b'ing full of joy that *Æſop* lives,
Deſires to ſee him, and commandment gives,
That he before his preſence ſtraight be brought
Who (as before to kill him) now is thought
Had wholly bent how to requite the wrong
That *Æſop* in the Dungeon ſuffer'd long.
And therefore doth to him his wealth reſtore;
And gives him greater honour than before.
Then ſhews what Letters late from *Egypt* came,
And *Æſop* having well perus'd the ſame,

Thus

Thus wills the King to anſwer; that when as
The Winter's paſt he'll bring the ſame to paſs:
And ſo Embaſſadors diſpatched are,
Lycerus will in *Egypt* to declare.
Return we now to *Ennus*, whoſe ſad breaſt
With Envy ſwoln, that *Æſop* is poſſeſt
Of wealth, and into favour call'd again,
No reſt can take, but full of foul diſdain
Runs up and down with diſcontented looks,
And no ſociety or comfort brooks,
But Deſarts and wild places, like a man
Whoſe ſenſes loſt, no reaſon bridle can.
And thus, by baſe ingratitude, we ſee
How *Ennus* brought himſelf to miſery.
Behold a gentle nature! *Æſop*'s love
From *Ennus* all his former wrongs remove.
He doth affect him ſtill, (although he may
A heavy and ſevere chaſtiſement lay
With juſtice upon *Ennus*) and with mild
And gentle words inſtructs him as his Child.
Then takes him home again, (there hath not been
In any Age ſcarce half ſuch kindneſs ſeen)
Reſpects him ſtill, and (as he firſt begun)
Gives him the right of an adopted Son.
But this contents not *Ennus*, ſtill his mind
Is troubled, and doth new *Chimera's* find,
Which freſhly to his vexed Soul ſuggeſt,
That *Æſop*'s wrongs can never be redreſt:
And now with horror and diſtraction flies,
Seeking a place to end his miſeries,
Runs up and down. At length a mountain ſteep,
Whoſe hanging head o'erlooks th' unfathom'd deep,
Nimbly aſcends; thruſt on by raſh deſpair,
Falls headlong through a ſteep deſcent of air:
Till the all-ſwallowing waves a grave do lend,
And to his moſt unthankfull breath give end.
Thus (though awhile ungratefull men may flouriſh)
Thoſe Crimes o'erthrow them which themſelves do nouriſh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Æſop reſolves the former Queſtions of the King of Egypt, *who had projected to build a Tower in the Air.*

ÆSOP after this ſending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles; which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young Children in Baskets, and obſerve them in what they ſhould command. The Winter now being paſt, and Spring coming on, he provides all things ready for his Journey, and taking the Eagles and the Children departs into *Egypt*, to the great admiration of the People of that Countrey. *Nectenabo* hearing that *Æſop* was come, I am enſnared, quoth he to his friends, for I underſtood that *Æſop* was dead. The King commanded the day after that all the Officers ſhould come together, clad in white robes, and he himſelf put on his royal Attire, and his Imperial Diadem. When he was ſet upon his high Throne, he commanded *Æſop* to be brought. To what do you liken me, quoth he to *Æſop*, and thoſe that are with me? Thee, quoth *Æſop*, I liked to the Vernal Sun, and thoſe with thee to a ripe Harveſt. The King admiring his anſwer, beſtowed many favours upon him. The next day the

the King came clad in White, but commanded his Friends to put on their Purple. When *Æſop* came in he asked him the ſame queſtions. Thee, ſaith he, I compare to thee Sun, thoſe that ſtand about thee to the Sun-beams. *Nectenabo* inquires what he thought concerning his Kingdom, whether it was not far beyond that of *Lycerus*. Do not think ſo, quoth *Æſop*, for your Kingdom compared with his, though it ſhine like the Sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the glory of it is palpable darkneſs. *Nectenabo* admiring his Anſwer, enquires where they were that ſhould build the Tower? They are ready, ſaid he, if you will ſhew us the place. The King going out of the City ſhews him a large Plain. *Æſop* following him, brings the four Eagles with the Children hanged in Baskets about them; and giving the Children working Inſtruments, bad them fly. They being carried aloft cry'd out, bring us Stones, Mortar & Timber, fit for building. *Nectenabo* ſeeing the Children carried aloft by the Eagles, ſays to *Æſop*, how ſhould I do for flying-men? He replies, *Lycerus* has ſuch: thou being but a man, wilt thou contend with a King equal to the gods? *Nectenabo* confeſſes himſelf conquered, but, quoth he, let me enquire of thee, and do thou anſwer me further. I have here Mares who when they hear the Horſes of *Babylon* neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canſt reſolve me this, let me ſee it preſently. I will give you an anſwer to morrow, quoth he. Going thereupon to his Lodging, he commanded the Boys to take a Cat and drag her about the City. The *Egyptians* ſeeing that, forthwith carry the report to the King, for they worſhip this animal. The King calling *Æſop* to him, asked him whether he did not know how that the *Egyptians* do worſhip the Cat? It did no ſmall injury to *Lycerus* the King, quoth *Æſop*, For this Cat the laſt night kill'd his fighting Cock, which gave him intelligence how the tedious night paſſed. Art thou not aſhamed to lie, quoth the King? How could the Cat

kill

in one night go from *Egypt* to *Babylon*: He ſmiling replyed, and how, O King, can the Mares of *Egypt* conceive upon the neighing of the Horſes in *Babylon*? The King attending the Wiſdom of *Æſop*, admired at his fortunate Genius. Not long after this he ſent for men from *Heliopolis* to queſtion with *Æſop*, with whom when they had diſputed, he invites home to a banquet. When they were ſet, one of the *Heliopolitans* ſays to *Æſop*, I am ſent from one of my gods to ask thee a queſtion; Its falſe, quoth *Æſop*, the gods have no need to learn any thing, thou doeſt not only bewray thy own ignorance, but accuſeſt one of thy gods. Another again replies, there is an huge Temple, and a Column bearing up twelve ſtately Cities, each of which are born up with thirty rafters, which two Women conſtantly courſe about. To this *Æſop* anſwers; The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Months, the rafters the days of the Month, the day and the night are two Women interchangeably ſucceeding each other. The day following *Nectenabo* calling his friends about him, ſaid, For this *Æſop* we owe tribute to King *Lycerus*. One of them reply'd, we will command him to anſwer us two queſtions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To morrow, quoth *Æſop*, I will return you anſwer. Departing there he made a writing, wherein was contained *ſc. Nectenabo confeſſes he ows a thouſand talents to Lycerus*, in the morning he brought this to the King. The Kings friends, before the writing was open'd, all cry'd out we know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confeſſing, quoth *Æſop*, did you ever know or hear that the King of *Egypt* owed King *Lycerus* a thouſand talents? *Nectenabo* concludes, ſaying, *Lycerus* is very happy, having ſo learned a man in his Kingdom, and thereupon gave him the tribute agreed to be paid, and moſt friendly diſmiſſed him.

BY this time Winter's paſt; the time drew on,
That *Æſop* now muſt give ſolution

To the King of *Egypts* queſtion: he provides,
And with all winged ſpeed to *Egypt* rides,
Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had
Brought up, and for his purpoſe uſeful made;
Unto whoſe feet four children faſtned were
In Baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the Air,
They might ſupport the children: being arriv'd,
Th' *Egyptian* King him joyfully receiv'd;
The entertainment paſt, he asks the King
Where he ſhall now erect this wondrous thing.
So ſtraight into a ſpacious field they go,
Which *Nectenabus* did to *Æſop* ſhow,
And told him that's the place. *Æſop* ſurveys
The ground; and at each ſeveral corner lays
An Eagle and a Child. The Eagles flie,
And with them bear the Children up on high;
Till *Æſop* cries, Send up ſome Labourers, King,
That thither may your Stones and Mortar bring,
Before they go too high; and quickly they
Shall to thy Tower the foundation lay.
But when the King perceived *Æſops* wit,
He was with admiration ſtruck at it,
And yields his tribute loſt. But yet to try
Once more ingenious *Æſops* ſubtilty,
He now propounds a queſtion, which was this,
A ſtately Temple in a place there is,
Wherein a Column ſtands that Column rears
Twelve other, each of them a City bears,
And o're each City thirty ſails are ſpread,
Upon the which two Women hourly tread.
Æſop replies, The Temple Heaven call;
The Column Earth, the which ſupporteth all;
The twelve great Cities; and thoſe Cities may
Be term'd the Months; the thirty ſails diſplay
The days of every Month; the Day and Night
The Women are, one black, the other white.
Thus *Æſop* by his wiſdom could foreſee,
And ſoon unfold the cloſeſt myſtery;

Whom

Whom now the King with far more great regard
Doth entertain, and bountʻously reward.
So after many diſputations paſt
'Twixt him and the Philoſophers, with haſte
Æſop returns to *Babylon*, to bring
The Tributes paid by the *Egyptian* King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP *comes again to* Babylon.

ÆSOP at length returning into *Babylon*, declares all that fell out in *Egypt*, and gave the tribute to King *Lycerus*, who commanded a famous ſtatue to be erected to the renowned glory and memory of *Æſop*. Not long after he determined to ſail into *Greece*, and ſo with the Kings leave departed ſwearing he would return again into *Babylon*; and there end his days. After he had viewed all the Countries of *Greece*, and made himſelf famouſly known for his wiſdom, he arrived at laſt in *Delphos*.

ÆSOP arrives at *Babylon*; whom all
The Sages meet, & bring to the Kings great Hall
Where he preſents the Tribute, and doth tell
His diſputation, and what elſe befell;

Which being related, feasting was prepar'd,
No sumptuous cost for entertainment spar'd,
So highly *Æsop* was esteem'd, that when
The King had seen him but return agen,
He thinks him 'bove a Man, his wit was so,
That from a mortal Brain it could not flow;
And to expres his admiration more,
And shew his noble gratitude, before
In publick Market he a Statue rears,
Which *Æsops* Portraicture and Image bears,
That after times might not unmindful be,
Of *Æsops* Wisdom and true Industry.
But *Æsop* now, whose ever working mind,
Though much he knew, more knowledge seeks to find
Once more resolves to travel; which intent
Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent:
Till *Æsop*, by a faithful promise made
Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade;
And so for *Greece* departs, that Region he
Of all the rest desirous is to see;
Where, in what place soever he remains,
By affability kind usage gains:
(So court'ous, wise, and affable was he
That good behaviour hid deformity)
Thus through all *Greece* he travels; every place
Making him welcome with respective grace,
Till he arriv'd at *Delphos*, whose cros's fate
We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

ÆSOP *coming to* Delphos, *is betray'd, and relates the* Fable *of the* Rat *and the* Frog.

WHen he was arrived at *Delphos* many very gladly gave ear to his Eloquence, but gave him little reſpect. He therefore looking upon them, ſaid, ye Men of *Delphos*, I may fitly compare you to the wood which is carried upon the Sea, ſeeing it afar off, we judge it of great value, when it's come near we ſlight it. So I, when I was far from your City, did admire you, but coming amongſt you, I find you the moſt uſeleſs amongſt men, thus I am miſtaken. When the *Delphians* heard this, fearing, leaſt he ſhould diſparage them in other places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden cup out of *Apollo's* Temple, and cunningly put it amongſt *Æſop's* baggage. He not aware of their ſubtilty, went his way to *Phocide*, the *Delphians* after him, and charged him with Sacriledge. He denies the fact, they untie his baggage, and find the Cup, which they ſhew to the City with no ſmall uproar. *Æſop* ſeeing their ſubtilty, deſired them to let him looſe: they were ſo far from that, that they caſt him into Priſon, and paſſed ſentence upon him.

Now *Æſop* no ways able to extricate himſelf from their wiles, bemoans himſelf in Priſon as he ſate. While he was lamenting himſelf, a familiar friend, *Demas* by name, came to him, and deſired to know the cauſe of his grief. Thus he replies; a Woman having newly buried her Husband, wept daily at his Grave; one plowing not far off, fell in love with the Woman, and leaving his Oxen, went himſelf to the grave, and wept with her. She asked him, Why do you lament thus? Becauſe I have lately, quoth he, buried a good Woman, and after I have lamented, I find much eaſe. The very ſame hath hapned to me, quoth the Woman. If we are in the ſame caſe of miſhap, quoth he, why may we not make our ſelves happy in marrying together: for I love thee as well as my Wife, and thou loveſt me as well as thy Husband. While this diſcourſe held, a Thief came and ſtole away his Oxen. Returning home without his Oxen, he determined to weep exceſſively. The Woman meeting him, weep you ſtill, quoth ſhe? Now, ſaith he, I have cauſe to weep. So I have avoided many dangers, have full cauſe to mourn, not knowing any ways to eſcape this. After this came the *Delphians*, and drew him by force out of Priſon to a ſteep and craggy precipice. Whereupon he thus ſpake to them, When Beaſts ſpake, the Mouſe was familiar friend to the Frog, invited her to ſupper, carried her into the ſtore-houſe of a rich man, where there was good food. Eat ſaith the Mouſe, my good friend. After this banquet was ended, the Frog led the Mouſe to ſupper with her, but that you be not weary with ſwimming, quoth the Frog, I will faſten with a ſmall thred your leg to mine: this doneſhe leaps into the water. The Mouſe is drowned before they get half over, who dying thus ſaid, You are the cauſe of my death, but your betters will vindicate me. The Eagle ſeeing the Mouſe dead, and ſwimming in the Pond, ſnatcheth at her, and carrying her away, finds the Frog hanging by a ſtring

at

at her foot, and ſo makes an end of both. Thus I who innocently am to die by your hands ſhall find an avenger; for all *Babylon* and *Greece* will require my life at your hands.

Æ*SOP* in *Greece* ſuch love now having found
And with ſuch good reſpect his wiſdom crown'd
He next intends for *Delphos* to prepare,
Where ſtands *Apollo*'s Temple; hoping there
To find moſt welcome. But as in a fair
And pleaſant Meadow Serpents hidden are,
And in the longeſt graſs do lurking lye,
To ſting th' unwary travellers paſſing by,
While heedleſly they on them tread: ſo here
While *Æſop* wiſemen ſeeks, moſt Clowns appear,
Who (envious at his knowledge) plot and ſtrive
Æſop of life and fortunes to deprive:
Yet without cauſe produc'd, or publick ſhew
Of juſt proceedings durſt not ſeem to ſow
Their open malice, 'gainſt him. Wherefore one
More ſubtil than the reſt, while to be gone
From *Delphos*, *Æſop* with all ſpeed doth hie,
Conveys into his Cloak-bag ſecretly
A golden Cup, which from *Apollo*'s fane
The Prieſt accuſeth *Æſop* to have tane.
So hue and cry is after *Æſop* ſent,
And apprehends him although innocent;
Taxing him of high Sacriledge; and ſo
They ſearch his Male, and do the Goblet ſhow
Before a Judge. Then back they *Æſop* force,
To *Delphos*; where arraign'd, without remorſe
The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knew
The accuſation falſe, and *Æſop* true.
But *Æſop* now, his Sentence being paſt,
(As richeſt Pearls, amongſt the Swine b'ing caſt,
Regardleſs quite are loſt) to them doth tell
A Witty Fable, trying to expel
Their malice againſt him; which thus begun;

The FABLE.

BEtween the Rat and Frog great love is grown
The Rat invites the Frog with him to dine;
Great delicates provided were and Wine,
No coſt was ſpar'd: paſt Dinner, to requite
The Rat, the Frog inviteth her at night,
To ſup with her; but 'twixt their houſes was
A brook, and dang'rous for the Rat to paſs;
Yet that the Rat might o're more ſafely go,
It is decreed, the Frog unto her Toe
A ſtring ſhould faſten, and the nimble Rat
Taking faſt hold, and hanging upon that,
Should ſo be haled over: but as they
(The Frog the Rats death plotting) ſtruggling lay
I' th' midſt oth' Brook; a Kite (viewing the fray)
Stoops, and both of them ſeiſeth for prey.
Thus whilſt the Frog unjuſtly drew the Rat
To ſudden death, ſhe haſtens her own Fate.

So you whoſe moſt untrue complaints do draw
The heavy judgements of the *Grecian* Law
Againſt my innocence; the gods ſhall take
Due vengeance on your Country for my ſake.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

ÆSOP is led to execution where he related the Fable *of the* Country Clown, *and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner.*

FOR all this the *Delphians*, spared not *Æsop*, tho' he fled to *Apollo*'s Temple they drew him thence, and led him to an high precipice: Hear me ye men of *Delphos*, quoth *Æsop*. The Hare being pursued by the Eagle, fled into the nest of a Hornet; The Hornet intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare; the Eagle flaps the Hornet with her wing, and devours the Hare; The Hornet observing where the Eagles nest was, flew into it and brake her Eggs, the Eagle the next time builds her nest higher, the Hornet serves her so again: The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and lays her Egs; between the knees of *Jove* (whose bird she is) intreating his preservation of them: The Hornet making a ball of dirt, flew into *Joves* lap, and there dropt it, *Jupiter* arising to shake off the dirt; forgetting himself, lets the Eggs fall, and brake them. But when he had learn'd of the Hornet, that this was done in revenge of a former injury, not willing therefore

fore that the Eagle ſhould decay in her kind, he deſired that the Hornet and the Eagle might be made friends. The Hornet being averſe, *Jupiter* deferr'd the breeding of the Eagle till ſuch a time that no Hornets ſtir. And you men of *Delphos*, deſpiſe not this God to whom I have made my refuge, though he have but a ſmall Temple. The *Delphians* little regarding what he had ſaid, hale him to execution. *Æſop* perceiving that nothing prevailed with them, cries out, Ye cruel blood-thirſty men, give ear to me: A certain Husband-man growing old, had never been at the City, deſired his Servants to carry him thither to ſee it. While he was upon the way in his Waggon, there fell a ſtorm, and it becoming very dark, the Aſſes loſt their way, and led him to a ſteep Hill: and now ready to fall down, O *Jove*, quoth he, what injury have I done to thee, that I ſhall ſo unhappily be ſlain: eſpecially when my days muſt end not by generous Horſes, or good Mules, but by dull Aſſes? and that's my preſent miſery, that I am not to be ſlain by men of worth and honor, but by the moſt vile and baſer ſort. He now upon the brink to be caſt down related this Fable: A certain Man dearly loving his Daughter, ſent his Wife into the Country, and in the mean time violates the chaſtity of his Daughter: But ſhe cried out, Father, you do amiſs, I had rather this were done from any but your ſelf, though it proved my perpetual diſgrace. This I alſo ſay againſt you, O ye unjuſt Men of *Delphos*; I had rather have fell into *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, or into the quick-ſand of *Africa*, than into your hands, ſo unworthily to be put to death. I call the Gods to witneſs that I die wrongfully, who will revenge my unhappy fate. The *Delphians* upon that threw him off the Rock, and ſo he died. Not long after a grievous Peſtilence fell out amongſt them, and the Oracle told them, that *Æſops* wrongful death was to be expiated. Whereof they being guilty, erected over him a famous Monument

But

But the heads of *Greece*, and the wiſeſt ſages, when they underſtood what was done againſt *Æſop*, went into *Delphos*, diſcuſſed the matter with them, and became ſevere avengers of innocent *Æſops* death.

WHile thus the *Delphians* ſlighting *Æſops* wo,
A long with him to execution go,
No juſt crime laid againſt him, but the hate
Of his accuſers, to purſue his fate:
Envy ſo much prevail'd, that whence he ſtrove
By witty Fables, and intreats to move
Some pity from them, all his foes appear
More deaf than Adders ever ſtopped ear;
And all poor *Æſops* ſighs and tears were vain,
His Wiſdom now could no remorſe obtain.
But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to death,
Hath ſcarcely time to ſpeak or draw his breath,
Till at the fatal place arriving, when
Æſop the ſpectacle of death did ken,
Some time of reſpite gain'd, he thus did ſay:

The FABLE.

A Country Clown *there was, which from the day*
Of his firſt birth had nere the City ſeen,
But led a Ruſtick Life, and ſcarce had been
Four miles from home. At laſt he doth require
Leave of his Lord, who yieldeth his deſire.
He for a Waggon Aſſes doth provide,
And ſo in pomp will to the City ride.
But as he goes, a ſtorm ariſing drives
The Aſſes from the way, and quite deprives
The ſilly Clown *of ſence (unskilful how*
To guide them, being taken from the Plough)
Till wandring up and down at laſt they came
To a ſteep Mountain, and aſcend the ſame;
But at the top; for want of guiders skill,
The Cart turns over tumbling down the Hill:
While thus the Clown *cries out, Great* Jove, *muſt I*
For no offence die thus wretchedly?

My

My death by Aſſes *me far worſe doth grieve,*
Then if I it did from the Horſe *receive.*

Ev'n ſo cries *Æſop*, fares it now with me,
For I by Aſſes die moſt wrongfully.
But if I were by wiſe and juſt Men try'd,
I thus unjuſtly ſhould not now have di'd.
This being hardly utter'd, *Æſop* ſtraight
From the Executioner receives his Fate,
And headlong from a Rock is thrown; whoſe end
Unjuſtly wrought mov'd juſter Heav'n to ſend
A Peſtilence through *Delphos*, and to take
Vengeance on them for wronged *Æſops* ſake.
And thus the wiſeſt of his time did fall:
Whoſe death may be a warning to them all,
That guiltleſs blood revenged ſtill ſhall be
On them and theirs that ſhed it wrongfully.

F I N I S.